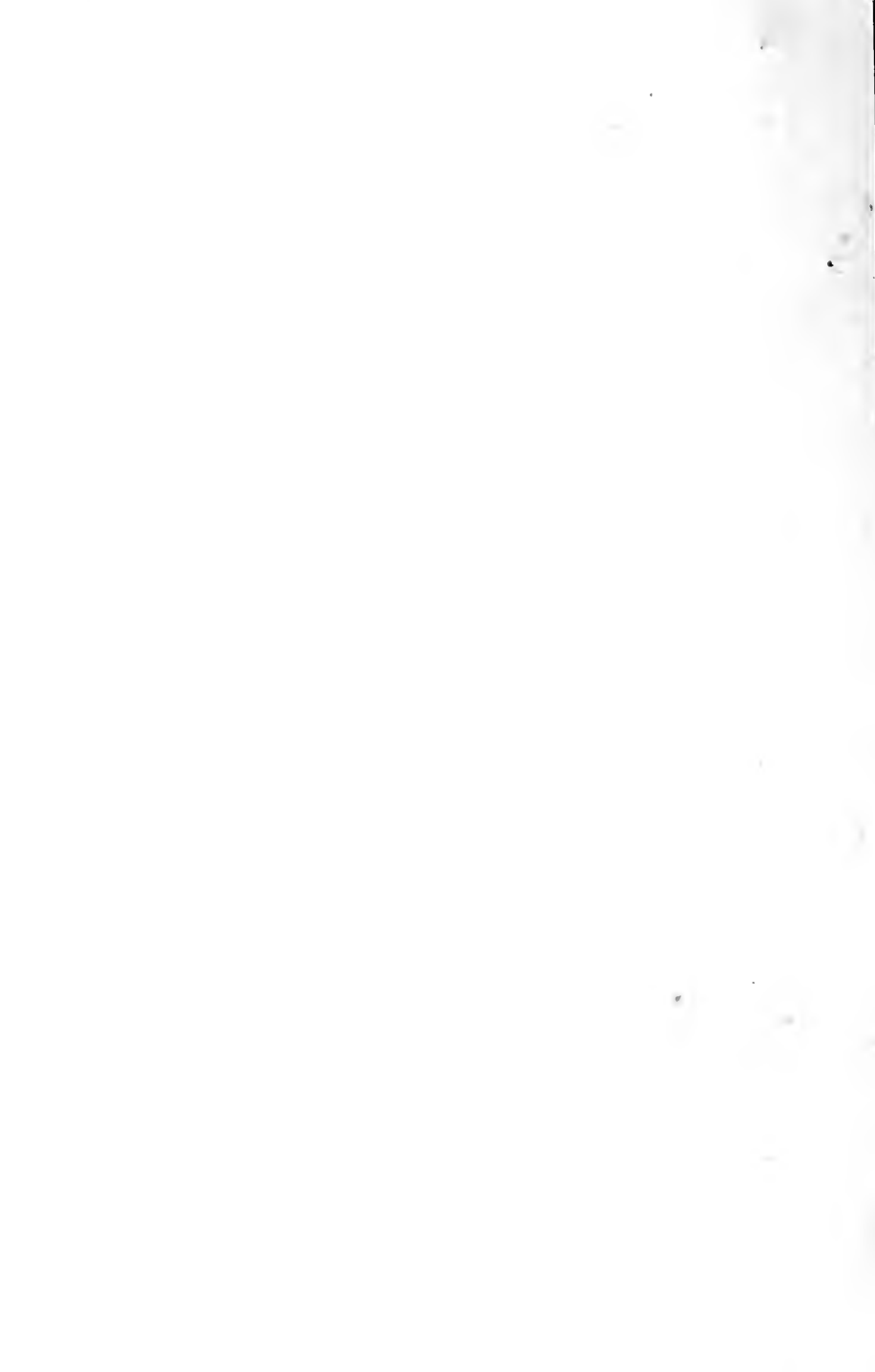


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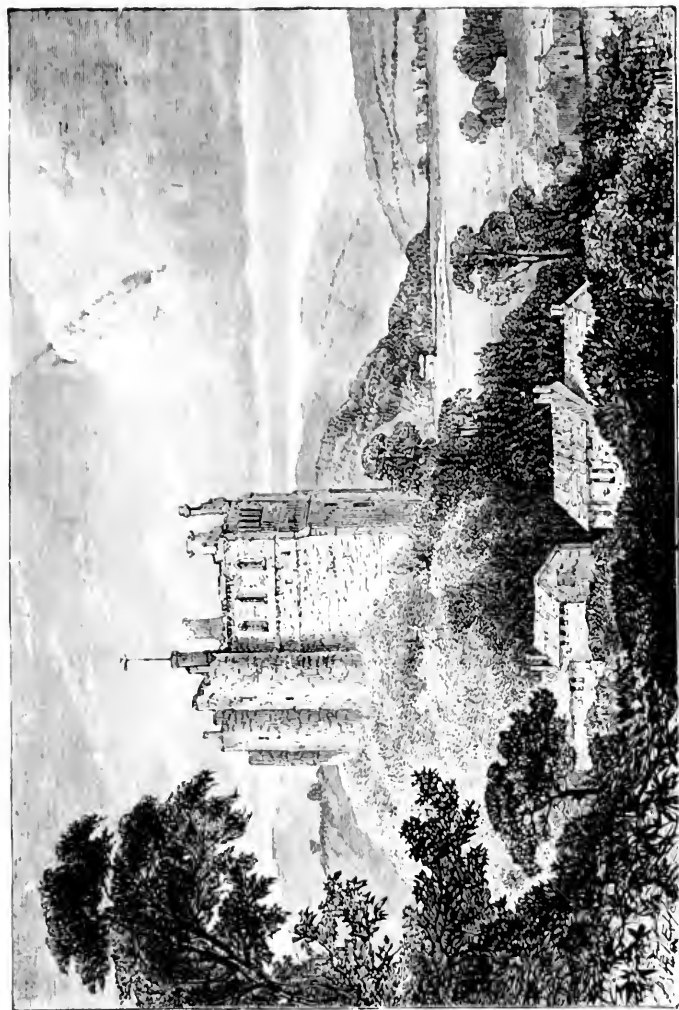




The History of Haverfordwest
and
Some Pembrokeshire Parishes.



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HAVELFORDWEST CASTLE IN THE TIME OF THE PLANTAGANETS.

The History of Haverfordwest with that of Some Pembrokeshire Parishes.

Originally written by the
late John Brown, Revised
and added to by :: ::
J. W. PHILLIPS &
FRED J. WARREN.
by whom all copyrights
are reserved. :: :: ::

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:: Haverfordwest ::



This enlarged Edition
is with their kind
permission respectfully
dedicated to :: :: ::

SIR CHARLES and LADY PHILIPPS,
of
Picton Castle - - - Pembrokeshire.



PREFACE.

The present work is a revision and an extension of a book written by the late Mr. John Brown, of Market Street, Haverfordwest.

The happy idea of commemorating the peaceful accession of our gracious Sovereign King George V. by issuing a new edition of "Haverfordwest and its Story" occurred to Councillor Richard Sinnett, who enlisted the co-operation of the Haverfordwest Improvements Committee and its energetic Secretary (Mr. Sidney J. Rees, the then High Sheriff for the Ancient Town and County), with the result that the work of adapting the older book and of adding to it was entrusted to two local historians Mr. J. W. Phillips, Solicitor and Mr. Fred J. Warren, the Borough Accountant. How well these gentlemen have performed their difficult task will be seen in the following pages. They have spared no pains to make the book entertaining, trustworthy, and, as far as space has permitted, exhaustive.

The Authors wish thankfully to acknowledge the ready help accorded them by Miss Evans and the gentlemen named below, without whose assistance the book would be less full :—

The late Mr. Edward Laws, Tenby, for his list of South Pembrokeshire words printed in his "Little England Beyond Wales" incorporated in the list given in this book; Dr. Henry Owen, the well-known authority on everything relating to Pembrokeshire; Professor Sir Edward Anwyl; Mr. A. H. Birch (for assistance in the

derivation of words); the Rev. W. G. Spurrell, Carew; The Ven. Archdeacon Hilbers ; the Rev. Joel Davies, B.D., Pontardawe; Col. Morgan, Swansea; Mr. J. O. Morgan Prendergast (for tracing plans of Haverfordwest Castle and assisting to take measurements); the Head-Quarters Police (for assisting to sound deep well at the Castle and taking measurements, etc.); Mr. Gilbert R. Phillips (for making sketches of Haverfordwest Castle); Miss Nesta Evans (for sketch of Haverfordwest from an old print); Mr. Joseph Gibby, High Mead (for Roose words and expressions), Mr. R. Rossiter (for South Pembroke-shire words) ; Mr. A. J. Wright, Mr. Hugh Saunders, C.C., Mr. Dudley Morris, and the worthy Town Clerk, Mr. R. T. P. Williams, for assistance in various ways.

This little book, it is hoped, will enable many an exile from the ancient Town and County to re-view the scenes of his youth and provide the younger generation with a readable history that will spur them on, as citizens of "no mean city" to civic endeavour worthy of the history and prestige of "Honey Harfat," the Capital of "Little England beyond Wales."

Haverfordwest,
May, 1914.



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ERRATA AND ADDENDA.

Page 15, line 24, for "1475" read "1745."

„ 26, Explanatory Notes for Nos. :—

(1) Arch. Cam., Vol. XV., 5th Series, p. 226.

(2) He died about 1115, Powel p. 151.

(3) In the Reeve Account of the Town of Haverford, 1404-5, 6s. is allowed for the custody of the six gates of the town of Haverford, *pro tolucto domini salvando* at last year.

(4) 1766 "Decided to take down the North Gate it being in a ruinous condition"—Minutes of the Haverfordwest Corporation.

„ 27, note 1, for "misoe" read "mise."

„ 33, note 7, number in text has been left out.

„ 38, 4th line from the bottom, for "insile" read "fusill."

„ 38, last line, for "Castle" read "Castles."

„ 40, line 10, for "Brehinoch" read "Brehinock."

„ 57, line 25, for "Chancel" read "Charnel."

„ 66, 3rd line from the bottom, for "or" read "of."

„ 69, line 5, after "alterations" insert "and."

„ 74, line 4, for "transept" read "transepts."

„ 74, line 11, for "Batha" read "Batho."

„ 103, line 3, for "Poerfield" read "Portfield."

„ 139, line 19, for "forocious" read "ferocious."

„ 140, line 3, for "1875" read "1758."

„ 140, line 6 from bottom, for "Cathederal" read "Cathedral."

„ 151, for "1361" read "1381."

„ 160, line 12, for "progrees" read "progress."

„ 163, line 9, for "Gail" read "Gyle, in the note read "Gail."

„ 193, line 5, for "has" read "was."

„ 208, for "Crwtaw" read "Crwtaw" and for "Grwt" read "Crut."

„ 216, line 22, after "minutely" insert "described."

„ 226, line 1 to come in after last line on page 227.

„ 227, line 3, for "stifie" read "stifle."

„ 228, line 9 from bottom, for "hadge" read "hedge."

NOTES.

Page 42.—In April, 1914, excavations were undertaken by the Pembrokeshire Association for the Preservation of Ancient Monuments at Haverfordwest Castle. The Courtyard was excavated to the depth of 13 feet with a view to finding the supposed passage, but nothing of the kind was found. A cavity, however, came to light 8 feet by 7 covered by a solid mass of grouted masonry, the sides being formed of rock; under this was found a pot containing a paper recording the previous examination of the place when it fell in in January, 1871.

The dungeon under the Brehinock Tower was also found and explored, it is 16 feet below the lowest floor of the tower and the original approach appears to have been through an opening about 3 feet square in the floor. The shoulder-headed doorway in this tower has been opened and a stairs leading straight up into the Castle was found, the upper end was blocked and the whole space filled up tight with rubbish which has now been cleared out.

The doorway and passage is extremely well built, the top being especially worthy of notice; the upper end which was walled up is about 3 feet below the present floor level and the wall which it passes through is 7 feet thick. In the roof there is a square opening running out to the side of the Tower. This may have been intended for light or possibly for the insertion of a piece of timber to assist the defenders in holding the passage in time of danger. The entrance to the S.E. turret and

the lower part of the newel stairs has been opened out, beneath which there appears to be a chamber with a built-up window in it, but the entrance has not yet been found.

Page 140—A copy of the portrait of General Sir Thomas Picton, painted in oils, taken from the original in the Shire Hall, Carmarthen, has recently been hung in the Shire Hall, Haverfordwest. (See illustration page 140).

Page 170—According to George Owen there was a Lazar house situate at Merlin's Bridge, Haverfordwest, dedicated by St. Mary Magdalene.



The History of Haverfordwest.

CHAPTER I.

ITS FOUNDING, NAME, & ANCIENT PRIVILEGES.

Among the towns said to have been built (Circa 338) by Magnus Maximus the murderer and successor of Gratian is "Caer Alun". Maximus married a Welshwoman Elen daughter of Eudav regulus of Monmouth and Hereford by whom he had three sons. It is quite possible that he named the town after his wife "Caer Elen" and that it got corrupted to "Alun". In Cymraeg "Elen" means an angel or goddess. Woodward in his valuable "History of Wales" says that the ancient chroniclers recorded the fact that Maximus the great (the alleged founder of what was possibly the Roman Station of Caer Alun) was the son of Llewelyn and was at Rome when Caradawg the Earl of Cornwall sent his son Meurig to bring Maximus to Britain where by art and by bravery and in spite of the active rivalry of Cynan Meiriadawg, our hero Maximus won the hand of and married Helen the daughter of Eudaf Earl of Erging and Enas two districts of Monmouthshire. Thus the chroniclers; now the historical story:—There was at this time in Britain a soldier from Spain who had served with distinction under Theodosius, and had gained the confidence of his comrades; whilst the natives respected him both for his prowess, and for that he had married, as was said, Helena, the rich and noble daughter of Eudda of Caernarvon. Him the discontented troops hailed as Augustus; and the Britons joined in the elevation of "Maxen Wledig," in 383, A.D. Levying a mighty host, he marched against Gratian, and soon overthrew and killed him. Theodosius the Great was glad that he did not aim at more than the empire of the Gauls, and gladly recognised him as his partner. But Italy was too

tempting to the fortunate General and he soon found an excuse for entering the territories of the young Valentinian, whom his mother conveyed to the protection of the Byzantine emperor. Theodosius took the field against the British emperor; and after more than one defeat, Maxen Wledig fell into the hands of the victor, and was beheaded in 388, A.D. Thus fell the "Robber of Richborough," as Ausonius styled him. If—says the Rev. James Phillips—the identification of this Romano-British foundation with Haverfordwest is correct (and it appears to be unquestioned) then the county town of Pembrokeshire may claim as its founder the man who for a while divided with Theodosius, the sovereignty of the Roman world. The ford which is referred to in the town's name was a little above the site of the new bridge Friars Lane and was the chief crossing for the traffic between Roose and Dungleddy. In 1220 Llewelyn ap Iorwerth burnt the town to the Castle Gate. In 1258 Llewellyn ap Gruffydd the claimant to the Welsh Sovereignty made a successful inroad into Pembrokeshire and made an onslaught on the Flemings. Probably this included an attack on the Castle of Haverfordwest which town was the capital of the Flemish Colony.

In the autumn of 1276 the "Gate Keepers of Haverford" arrested and handed over to the King, Eleanor, the daughter of Simon de Montfort, who was returning from France under the escort of one of her brothers to marry Prince Llewellyn, to whom she had been betrothed during her father's brief regency. After two years' captivity she was released and married her ill-fated lover. In September, 1394, Richard II. came to Haverfordwest on his way to Ireland.

In 1405 a French force of 12,000 took the town but the Castle being held by a strong garrison the invaders made away for Tenby where they were joined by Owen

Glendower with ten thousand followers but in the end the hopes of Owen were completely disappointed. Glendower was defeated by the men of Pembroeshire in a battle fought near St. Clears. On August 8th 1485 Henry Tudor and his uncle with their army entered Haverfordwest on the march to Bosworth.

Few towns can claim to have been honoured with more royal visits than Haverfordwest. King Henry II. came in 1153, King John was here in May 1210, King Richard II. occupied his Castle here in 1394 and five years later he came again when returning from Ireland by way of Milford Haven. The Protector Cromwell was of course here in 1648. In 1485 as has been noted King Henry VII and his army marched through the town. George IV also passed through and so did the late Duke of Edinburgh.

Haverfordwest was a place of no little importance in mediæval times and seems to have carried on a considerable trade not only with places within the King's dominion, but also with foreign ports, as appears by letters of safe conduct, mandates, orders and other documents which are still preserved in the Record Office. There are frequent orders relating to the collection of customs prises—i.e., duties—of wine and other matters showing that a large trade was carried on with continental ports, for it must be remembered that Milford did not then exist and that except Pembroke practically all trade coming into Milford Haven came to Haverfordwest. Large export duties were levied upon some articles as is shown by an order dated May 4th 1282 to the sheriff of Hereford directing him to go in person to Haverford for the purpose of collecting the King's new custom of woolfells, and hides taken out of the realm, viz half a mark for each sack, half a mark for every three hundred woolfells, and

a mark for each last¹ of hides.² In 1324 there was an order to the collectors of customs in the Port of Haverford threatening strong measures if they did not certify to the king in Chancery before St. Marks Day, April 25th, the quantity of wool taken from that port to parts beyond the sea from Whitsunday last.³ Frequent acts of Piracy are mentioned; in one case a ship named "La Mariote Ly Yowel" laden at Haverford with goods for Gascony was driven by contrary winds into the port of Riva de Sella in Spain and was there boarded by armed men, and goods to the value of £400 carried off. About a year later we find that the Prior of Carmarthen who had been ordered to find "victuals, arms and other garnitures" for the castles in South Wales, had loaded a ship at Haverford with the stores required, the ship was captured by the Scotch rebels and, as marine insurance was not then invented, the King ordered the treasurer and Barons to do what was right for the Prior; whether the unfortunate Prior ever got compensation the account does not state. In 1301 Oct. 1st masters of ships and other sailors going to Gascony or any ports of the realm of France to fetch wine or ply merchandise, were directed to keep their ships continually in the form of a fleet so that they might not be taken by surprise; they were also ordered to take wise precautions whenever they landed to buy victuals or ply merchandise. An order was sent to the bailiffs and men of Haverford—the only Welsh port mentioned, to warn the masters and sailors of their port to this effect. The good men of this country do not seem to have been above a little piracy when opportunity offered for we find under

(1) a load of about twelve dozen.

(2) Lordship of Haverford p. 147.

(3) Ib. p. 151

date Sept. 29th 1304 a complaint by Wm. Pierre, merchant of Majorca and Domingus Peris, merchant of Seville, of the illegal seizure of their ship and cargo, coming to England to trade, by several masters of English ships, amongst others Richard Parkemer, master of La Note of Haverford.

In the reigns of Edw. I and II there are frequent Orders to the bailiffs and men of Haverford to provide ships and provisions for the use of the King in Scotland and elsewhere. A letter from the burgesses of Haverford to King Edw. II., with respect to the ship which they provided in aid of the King's Service against Robert de Brus, is still preserved in the Public Record Office. The ship was to be fully armed and provisioned for seven weeks and to be at the port of Walrikeforde¹ near Kirakfergus in Ulster, by the morrow of Midsummer day.²

Bad money seems to have been a trouble in mediæval times as it is in the present day and the statute *de falsa moneta*, 27 Edw. I., was passed to deal with the evil. In 1299, the Bailiffs of Bristol arrested a sum of money belonging to Arnald the Smith a merchant of Gascony, in consequence of the King's late ordinance that no one should bring any false money into the realm from parts beyond the sea. Upon examination it was found that he had £22 in pollards³ which it afterwards turned out he had received in Haverford for his wine, there sold; the money was in consequence ordered to be restored to Arnald "to make his advantage thereof" but we are not told whether the pollards were confiscated or not.⁴ In the next

(1) Olderfleet, Co. Antrim.

(2) The Lordship of Haverford p. 10.

(3) Counterfeit money.

(4) Lordship of Haverford p. 148.

year the Bailiffs of Haverford amongst others were ordered not to permit any silver money or any white money of the King's mint, or any silver whatsoever to be taken to parts beyond the sea from that port without the Kings special licence, and they were directed to cause this order to be publicly proclaimed in the said port every fifteen days, and that "the King has now wholly condemned money in pollards and crockhards ² and other like money and that no money except sterlings of his mint shall be current henceforth in the realm." ³ In 1537 George Tayllour was granted the office of collector of customs in the ports of Pembroke and Tenby and Haverfordwest with the offices of butler and silaginarius ⁴ and similar appointments which seem to have been of some importance are found; later, auditors were also appointed to worry officials and make sure that they did not pocket the cash then as now. In 1484 the appointed auditors of all accounts of the King in South Wales, amongst others those of the lordship of Westhaverford were William Mistlebroke and Richard Lusser. We wonder whether they had power to surcharge and what particular form of Financial Statement they required?

The earliest known charter granted to Haverfordwest was that by Henry II in the 12th century but very probably this only confirmed the liberties and privileges already enjoyed under a still earlier charter, by the Burgesses. Nearly every English Sovereign, Earl of Pembroke and Lord of Haverford, are mentioned in the records as granting charters to the place; but the most important one is that wherein Edward V on the 30th April 1479 by his title of Prince of Wales and Lord of Haverford "of the mandate of the Lord his father and by the advice

(2) False Money.

(3) *Ib.*

(4) Vendor of wheaten flour.

of the Lords of the Council, together with the assent of his mother the Queen" granted that "the town of a mayor, sheriff, two bailiffs, and burgesses.....and their successors be incorporated one corporate community in deed and name.....Haverford and shall have succession and a common seal." In 1545, or 9 years after Henry VIII divided Wales into Counties, the town was created by Statute a town and County of itself.

The town first received the elective franchise in the 27th year of Henry VIII when its superior importance caused it to be endowed with that privilege in lieu of its being conferred on the Merionethshire boroughs.

In 1546 statutory power was obtained to create Keepers of the Rolls for each County and probably soon after, our Custos Rotulorum was appointed—the present holder of this ancient office is Sir Charles E. G. Philipps, Bart., of Picton Castle.

Among many other grants in the Corporation archives are those to the Feltnakers' Corporation, the Blacksmiths' do., the Glovers' do., the Saddlers' do., the Tailors' do., and the Carpenters' Corporation.

In an Elizabethan charter it was ordered that the Mayor, &c.....should have timber from the forests of Coedrath and Narberth for among other things the repair of the Chancel of the Church of St. Mary—deadwood for burning and greenwood for building. Coedrath forest probably refers to Saundersfoot woods, and Narberth, too, probably means Canaston (Cynogston) wood, the forest which tradition says was infested with highwaymen.

In a conversation which the writer had recently with Mr. John Ballinger, the eminent bibliographer and librarian of the Welsh National Library, that gentleman said that an original Elizabethan Charter granted to Haverfordwest is in the possession of the Cardiff Corporation, it having

formed part of Sir Thomas Philipps's valuable collection of manuscripts which Mr Ballinger purchased on behalf of the city of Cardiff.

It is stated that one Richard FfULK was the first Mayor. After him, the first-mentioned Mayor was Thomas Browne in 1490. Among some of the curious Mayoral rights were the following:—

The fishery in "Dongleddy" (properly Dauceddau) commencing at Kilfiggin and extending to White Stone (a large white or grey lichen covered stone on the beach below Uzmaston). His Worship is also entitled to tolls in kind on apples brought up to the Quay for sale viz. 200 apples from every cargo. The sheriff is also entitled to 100, the Bailiffs to 50 each, and the Sergeants-at-Mace and the Town Crier to 100 between them.

Here is a brief note as to the towns earliest water supply:—previously and down to 1833 the inhabitants obtained their water for domestic and general purposes principally from springs known as the "Fountain Head" in Dew Street where there was a covered reservoir from whence the water was conveyed through Shut Street (Waterchute) in leaden pipes, to a public conduit situate on the side of "Pillory Street" opposite the upper or south porch door of St. Marys Church; as well as from private and public wells. In the year 1697 the Corporation leased the "Fountain or Conduit Head" to one William Yearnold, a plumber, of Abergavenny, for 500 years at a peppercorn rent, which in the year 1834 was assigned to the Water Commissioners for a consideration of £200. Whether the "Fountain" was the Dewi's Well that gave the name it now bears to the street we cannot say; but it probably was. ¹

(1) There was formerly another well near the entrance to the Drang in the street close to the pavement.

During the Cromwellian struggle the Town suffered from the levies and exactions of both sides owing to its shifty tactics. Now the Cavaliers would make it pay for its disloyalty to the amount of £160 and cause the municipality to keep the walls and gates of Town and Castle in repair, and then Cromwell would order the demolition of the stronghold. The Rev. James Phillips in his "History of Pembrokeshire" says "On Sunday July 16th (1648) Cromwell rode up to Haverfordwest where he was welcomed with merry peals from the bells of St. Mary's. During his brief stay he was the guest of the Prust family, at their house near St. Martin's Church, the site of which is still known as 'the Cromwell Corner.' Each morning little Bobby Prust the son of his host took him to Gwyn's Ditch (or Queen's Ditch) off Cokey Street, [Cokey Street or Cuckoo Street appears to have been what is now called City Road] that he might have his morning draught of the delicious spring water."

The same writer says that tradition has persistently asserted that the plague was brought to Haverfordwest on a market day by sailors from an infected ship lying in Milford Haven. Those who died of the pestilence are said to have been buried in a field off Cokey Street¹ The population at this time was about 3,000. The Corporation rented two houses in St. Martin's, one was used as the Pest house and the other was "had for the Tarr-coats" or men who tended the sick and buried the dead. Sanitary regulations were drawn up and the people exhorted to repentance and prayer and to avoid sin. The County contributed £48 13s 7½d to help to relieve the famine conditions which supervened.

(1) Probably a small triangular shaped field on the north side of City Road still called "The Mayor's Field."

It may be permitted to the writer to here speculate on the derivation of the name of the town seeing that many writers have ventilated their ideas on the question which has not had its final answer.

The Welsh name borne by the town is "Hwlffordd" "ffordd" meaning a road, way, or passage, and "Hwl" a sort of vine. It is interesting in this connection to note that there is a tradition that a sort of vine grew in the open on the banks of the river near the town.

The termination "west" which has puzzled so many people is, it is suggested, sufficiently accounted for by the fact that at this place there was and is a ford over the western Cleddau. What the prefix "Haver" is, it is more difficult to try and say. In provincial English "haver" means "oats" so Haverford may have been the ford where the corn was brought for shipping away. One more suggestion is that "Haver" is another form of "Aber" meaning "mouth of a river, haven or creek"; Aberfordwest meaning the western ford over the river. Some authorities say it is another form of the Norse place name Hafnaford.

THE MAYORAL INSIGNIA

Mr John Ballinger the National Librarian writes:—

In answering your query about the Maces of Haverfordwest. I found that we had not a copy of Jewitt's Corporation Plate and Insignia of Office, so had to take steps to secure the book before I could answer the query.

It would not appear that the existence of two maces has anything to do with the fact that Haverfordwest is a County in itself. The number was rather dictated by the number of sergeants at mace. You will find that many towns which are merely ordinary boroughs have two and sometimes three maces. Your own neighbour Tenby has two and so has Pembroke.

Mr. Jewitt says:—

The insignia consist of two maces (a mayor's chain and badge) and town and mayoral seals.

The maces which are of silver, $20\frac{1}{4}$ inches long, closely resemble those of Brecon, Cardiff, Swansea, and other Welsh boroughs. The Shafts, which are plain, are now divided a little above the middle by double conical knops which should properly form the grip). The heads are semi-globular, with a double cresting of fleur-de-lis, (the lower being reversed and perforated). On the flat tops are the royal arms of the Stuart sovereigns. The heads are each divided into four compartments by nude female demi-figures with arms bowed upwards to the head and pilaster-like terminals. Each mace bears the date "1630." (There appear to be no hall-marks). *

The mayor's chain, of gold, consists of a series of links with the initial H of the name of the borough, and enamelled shields with the royal arms of Kings who have granted charters. The large central link represents the royal arms, etc., of Queen Victoria. From this is suspended the badge, which bears an adaption of the device of the reverse of the old seal, with the red dragon of Wales in base, and a Tudor rose above, and other devices, with crossed mace and fasces. Between the badge and the chain is a small enamelled medallion with a portrait of Her Majesty the Queen. On the back of the badge is inscribed: "Presented to the Mayor Aldermen and Burgesses of Haverfordwest by George Leader Owen and Jane Lady Maxwell of Calderwood his Wife, of Withybush in the County of Pembroke, in commemoration of the Jubilee of the reign of Queen Victoria 1887."

The old seal (is a very fine double one, of latten, of the second half of the thirteenth century, circular in form,

*[These maces have been recently repaired by and at the cost of George Lambert, Esq., F.S.A.]

and 2½ inches in diameter. The obverse bears the figure of a ship with the sail furled and the yard lowered. In a raised structure in the bow is a man sounding a horn, and behind him a banner of arms. In the stern is a similar platform with a man blowing a trumpet, also with a banner behind him. On the fields are three small floral or stellar devices. Legend:

Sigillum Commune De Haverfordia.

The reverse bears a representation of a fortified gatehouse with central and side towers. On the central tower is a warder blowing a trumpet, and on the side towers are banners of arms flying in contrary directions. On the field are in base, a wyvern; on the dexter side, a lion rampant, and on the sinister side, an eagle regardant. Legend:

O Lector Salve Cœli Pateant Tibi Valve.

On both sides of the seal the little banners bear what seem to be imitation arms only.

The present seal is simply an embossing stamp [copied from the reverse, with the legend of the obverse, of the old seal].

The mayor's seal is a smaller version of the common seal with the legend:—

The Mayor of Haverforwest his seal of office.

The mayor's official robe is scarlet trimmed with sable. The town clerk wears a black gown.

THE HOUSE OF PICTON.

No history of the town would be complete without a reference to the House of Picton whose ancestral home Picton Castle is situate near the confluence of the eastern and western Cleddau. A still more ancient stronghold probably once occupied the site. In the reign of William Rufus the fortress was besieged and taken by William

de Picton a Norman knight who was a follower of Arnulph de Montgomery the first Norman invader of Pembrokeshire. Wm. de Picton having rebuilt and strengthened the place gave to his new possessions his own name, and from that time to the present, a period of 800 years, it has never ceased to be tenanted by those who can trace their descent from its first Norman possessors. Joan the daughter and heiress of Sir Wm. Picton a descendant of the first Sir William, married Sir John Wogan of Wiston knight, and brought him the Picton Castle Estate as her dowry. John Wogan a descendant of this marriage married Ann daughter of James Butler Earl of Ormond by whom he had two daughters Katharine and Ann. Katharine married Owen Donne of Middlescumb in Carmarthenshire and had Picton Castle as her portion. Sir Henry Donne a descendant, was killed at the battle of Banbury in 1469, leaving two daughters Jane and Jennet. Jane espoused Thomas ap Philip of Cilsant in the County of Carmarthen and brought him Picton Castle.

This family is of great antiquity being lineally descended from Cadifor ap Collwyn of Blaencych Lord of Pembrokeshire who on account of his large estate was known as Cadifor Fawr or the Great; he was of the same tribe as Vortigern King of Britain and paternally descended from Maximus King of Britain and Emperor of Rome. Cadifor married Helen daughter and sole heir to Llwh Llawen Fawr, a Lord of South Wales, died in 1084 and was buried in the priory at Carmarthen leaving three sons among whom his lordships and possessions were divided: he was succeeded by his eldest son Bledri surnamed Latimer and styled Lord of Kilsant which Lordship he inherited by the gift of his father together with Guidegada, Traiau, Elgood, Castle Coch in Penrhyn, Llandilo, Cantref Yw, Manner-Gayng, Coed Ralph at Saundersfoot, and Stackpoole in the county of Pembroke with divers other lands.

He married Clydwen daughter of Gryffydd ap Cydrych Lord of Gwynfe and had Rhys ap Bledri who married Ancreta daughter of Rhys ap Gryffydd Prince of South Wales styled Lord Rhys and lineally descended from Cadwallader the last King of Britain of the British race; by her he had Sir Aaron ap Rhys who succeeded his father and becoming a Crusader he attended King Richard I. into the Holy Land in the year 1190 where for his gallantry against the Saracens he was rewarded with the Order of Knighthood of the Sepulchre of our Saviour and the King gave him for arms a Lion rampant, sable, in a field argent, to which Sir Aaron added a ducal coronet and chain, a beautiful symbol that he bound himself and all his posterity to be for ever loyal to the Crown of England. In the course of the family history Philip ap Evan had Meredith who first assumed the patronymic of Philips instead of Ap-Philip. Sir Thomas Philips knight left Kilsant the seat of his ancestors and resided at Picton Castle of which he became possessed by his marriage with Jane, daughter and heiress to Henry Donne of Picton. The first baronet was Sir John Philipps who was created such in 1621 He married Anne daughter and coheir to Sir John Perrot. The 2nd baronet Sir Richard garrisoned the Castle for King Charles I. The 3rd baronet was Sir Erasmus Philipps; a granddaughter of his married Sir Robert Walpole, knight of the Garter. The good qualities of the fourth baronet Sir John are set forth on a marble monument in St Marys Chancel Haverfordwest. The 7th baronet Sir Richard was in 1776 created Baron Milford of Ireland. On his death the baronetcy passed to the descendants of the youngest son of Sir John, the 1st baronet and the peerage became extinct till in 1847 Sir Richard Philipps was created a Peer of the United Kingdom with the title of Lord Milford. He died without issue and the Castle and extensive Estates passed under the Will of the 1st

Lord Milford to the second Lord's half-brother the Rev. James Henry Alexander Gwyther, Vicar of Madeley, Salop who assumed the family name. He became as already stated Vicar of St. Marys. Dying in 1875 he devised the property to his elder surviving daughter Mary Philippa the present Lady Philipps who was married in 1868 to Sir Charles Edward Gregg Philipps Baronet, Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the County of the Town of Haverfordwest.

The Castle was taken by the Royalists in 1644 and one of the 3 children captured in it was probably Anne daughter of Sir Richard Philipps. It was later retaken from the Royalists.

It may be here remarked that the arms of the town are according to Burke's General Armoury and Lewis' Topographical Dictionary an old man's head in profile, couped at the neck. The corporate seal represents a castle triple towered on a mount; from the centre a man blowing a horn; on each of the other towers a flag; and the tower supported by two heraldic tigers or dragons one of which is described as a Wyvern which is a species of two legged dragon.

In De. Coetlogon's "History of the arts and Sciences" published in 1475 these arms are engraved. They appear to be argent, an old mans' head in profile (looking ad dextram) couped at the neck, proper—Vol 2 plate facing p. 275.

Here are some very interesting extracts from the 1648 accounts, of Disbursements by the Town "Accomptant towards the maintenance of 84 prisoners which came from Pembroke."

To paid to 3 women for fetching of 5 burdens of Straw for the prisoners to lye uppon £0 1s. 3d.

Then follow other payments for cleaning the "Shear Hall after them" and to boatmen for bringing provisions down the river to the Roundhead Camp at Carew, one item being for "Shrowds for 24 soulders which were wounded against Pembroke, and for burying of them."

Other important entries are:—

"To paid for ringing the 6th of July when Lieut. Genrall Cromwell came to towne 1648:—2s.

Then follow entries for refreshments for Genl. Laugharne, Lt. Col. Goffe, and Col. Okey and on the 12th June 1648, 18s 4d was paid for 18 gallons and 3 pintes of syder sent to Lt. Genrall Cromwell to the Leager and for Cartes to carry the syder." On the 21st June 1648 Col. Horton was given a gallon of "sacke" and on the 7th July 1648 Col. Pryde had a "pottle". On the XVth of July 1648 six shillings was "paid when Lt. Genrall Cromwell came to Towne, for a gallon of sacke."

The oldest Deed in the Corporation Archives bears date 1247. The Corporation's ancient manuscripts also include fragments of the Register of St. Marys Church for the latter part of the 16th century and early part of 17th century and some papers apparently of 1568 record the Sale of the Chalice and Eucharistic vestments of the same church the advowson of which it is stated was purchased by the Corporation in the reign of James I. Elizabeth's grant to the corporation of the Rectory of St. Mary's with the advowson of the Vicarage was for the term of 21 years. There are also valuable autograph letters including some of Sir Rowland Laugharne, Sir John Stepney, Sir Robert Needham, M.P. for Haverford west from 1645 till Pride's Purge 1648, Admiral Deane killed in 1654 in the Dutch War, Hugh Peters, James Philipps of Tregibby, Col. Horton, the "good Sir John" Philipps of Picton Castle, and some letters from Sir Wm.

Wogan, M.P., in the reign of James II. in reference to an attempt by the Court party to set aside the ancient Borough Charters.

A new council house appears to have been built in 1685.

In December 1792 the Mayor was requested by the Council to call a meeting that the towns people might "express their loyalty and attachment to the King and Constitution as by Law established and their detestation of levelling and republican principles attempted to be disseminated among the people of this Kingdom by seditious publications; " and in Nov. 1795 an "address to His Majesty on his escape from the late daring attempt on His royal person" was presented by the Rt. Hon. Lord Kensington M.P. for the town.

Markets and Fairs.

Our Fairs are mostly of ancient origin. The late Alderman Thomas Lewis James J.P. who examined the Charters for information on this subject ascertained much that is of absorbing interest. He found that April Fair is our oldest—older even than those referred to in the Charters. The second fair held in September is also so ancient that its origin cannot be traced. A Market was held in Haverford in the earliest times. King John in 1207 confirmed to Robert de Hwlffordd the privilege of a market here. The following Fairs and Markets were granted by Royal Charters now in the possession of the Corporation:—

St. Thomas' Fair (10 days) 19th Ed. IV. This Fair was to be held within the Town and "precincts of the same in the Vigil of the Translation of St. Thomas the Martyr and by the same Feast and by seven days immediately following together with a Court of Piepowder."

May Fair (3 days) 7th James I. On the Eve, Feast and morrow of the Feast of St Philip and Jacob the Apostles. "Jacob is a variant of James."

July Fair (3 days) 7th, 8th and 9th July, 7th James I. St. Thomas' Day.

August (3 days—Eve, Feast and Morrow of the Feast of St. Bartholomew the Apostle), 7th James I.

By the charter of the 6th Wm. and Mary the June, September, and October fairs were granted.

The weekly markets were granted as under:—
Tuesday and Saturday 7th James I, Thursday 6th Wm. and Mary.

List of Charters.

Henry II (1154-89).

As the Flemish settlements in Pembrokeshire took place in 1107, 1111, and 1155, it may be considered probable that Henry I (1100—35) had also granted a charter to the Town.

William de La Grace or Marshal, Lord of Haverford (1189—1219), John (1199—1216), William Marshall the second, Earl of Pembroke (1219—31), Gilbert Marshall (1234—41), Edward I (1272—1307), Edward III (1326—1377) Richard II (1377—1399), Henry IV (1399—1413) Henry V (1413—1422) Henry VI (1422—1461) Edward IV (1461—1483); Edward V (1483), Richard III (1483—1485), Henry VIII (1485—1546), Edward VI (1546—1553) Mary (1553—1558), Elizabeth (1558—1603), James I (1603—1625), William and Mary (1689—1702).

Malkin writing in 1803 says:—The market here is one of the largest and most abundant in Wales particularly for fish in the greatest plenty and variety. It is also a very large corn market; and there is a great fair for horses and cattle of all kinds on the 7th July St. Thomas's day, by which they mean St. Thomas a Becket the tutelary saint of the upper town.

A ROW.

On the 31st October, 1740, at the Sheriff's Tourn held at the Guildhall in the Town and County of Haverfordwest before the Mayor and Sheriff "A Scandalous and notorious Riott was committed by several persons then and there assembled who during ye sitting of the said Court in a forceable and riotous manner leaped on ye table of the said Court, broke the Cryors staff forced the officiating Clerk from his seat, threw down his papers and the Rolls of ye said Court, threatened and insulted the Mayor and Sheriff then and there sitting on the Bench, and tho' they were often ordered desired and requested by the said Mayor and Sheriff to dismiss themselves and move off from the said table that the business of the said Court might be proceeded on and perfected yet nevertheless they still persisted and continued in the same insulting, audacious and riotous manner for the space of half-an-hour and upwards in open defiance of the Laws of the realm and to the evil example of others, whereby the business of the day was obstructed and the Mayor and Sheriff obliged to adjourn over the said Court to another day. All which actings and doings if not taken notice of in a proper manner and the author and perpetrator thereof brought to condign punishment for the same may be of very dangerous consequence to the good Government Peace and quiet of the Corporation". It was therefore ordered that the persons concerned be prosecuted and that certain Freemen who took part in the riot be disfranchised "having acted directly contrary to their oaths of Burgess-ship" J. Barron a member of the Corporation dissented.

December 1740. Corporation subsequently served with a Mandamus from the King's Bench and the disfranchised Freemen were restored to their respective freedoms.

Extract from a Diary.

"History all fact relating to the opening of a public carriage road, from a mere Horse track. From Mathry to Haverfordwest in the lifetime of the late Mr. Ford of Stonehall in the County of Pembroke who subscribed £100. Others did the same as communicated to me by the late Mr. Thomas Reynish of Wolfsdale in the Parish of Camrose in the County aforesaid.

Previous to this Road being opened for a carriage road in order to convey Corn and other provisions to Haverfordwest from Mathry one Farmer would borrow horses of other Farmers to the number of sometimes 30 in a row with one Welsh Bushel of Corn on each horse with a suitable number of men to guide and manage them. Passing under Mountain Hall through a deep ditch (the only road) full of mud and water the men without stockings or shoes going into Haverfordwest in this condition to sell their Corn to the Merchants, passing or creeping through the North Gate Street which is now in the form of a Cork screw and on arriving in Haverfordwest one can imagine what sort of a figure they cut then."

John Tamlyn.

September 21st 1859.

MORE ABOUT THE TOWN'S NAME.

In some old records, which I am pleased to be able to lay before my readers, Sir James Perrott of Haroldston (to whose will reference is made in my account of that parish), left certain property to Herbert Perrott, whom he describes as of Mooretown in the county of Hereford-East.

"Among other acquisitions which Herbert Perrott derived from his kinsman, was a volume of services in manuscript, which, judging from the various entries contained in it, seems to have served as a family Bible of the Haroldston family, a long while back. For example:—

"John Harold died 1393, and he is described as Dean of the Cathedral Church of Haverford, clearly meaning Hereford."—Arch. Cambrensis.

"William of Worcester invariably calls Hereford by the name of Hereford-East, to distinguish it from Hereford-West or Haverfordwest."—Ibid.

"A warrant to the Lord-deputy exists in the Record Office touching the attainder of Sir John Perrott, in which is clearly written *Herefordensis in occidentali parte*."—Ibid.

"Still, on the other side, there are abundant proofs that the name Haverfordwest was in use in very early times."—Ibid.

"Let us go to thy court, and we shall find thee at Havreford, like in a high fair."—Extract from a poem by Glytton Glynn, A.D. 1450.

Thus having given my readers my authorities, I leave them to choose. I may add, that in Camden's "*Britannia*" there is a map of England as it appeared during the Saxon Heptarchy, and in this the spot now called Haverfordwest is denominated "*Aberdaugleddau*," or the harbour of the two Cleddys. "The said Towne is situate as before is remembered & consisteth at this present of three pishes (parishes), viz., One of our Ladie being the Queenes as impropriate to the late Priorie of Haverforde. One other of St Martine being also the Queenes as impropriate to the late Priorie aforesaid and the thirde of St. Thomas likewise impropriate and latelie purchased by Sir John Perrott Knyght."

"The same is the best buylt the most civile and quickest occupied Towne in South Wales but yet greatlie impayred touching traffique since the subsidie of Tounage

and Poundage have been paid and other impositiōns sought to be levied."—Lordship of Haverford.

In early times Pembroke was the County Towne and a letter from Wm. Barlow Bishop of St. Davids to Thos. Cromwell, afterwards Earl of Essex is extant, dated 1536 in which he begs that the shire town be appointed at Haverfordwest in the midst of the shire (whither men may at all seasons repair) and not, as hitherto at Pembroke which is not only remote, but inconvenient as it is necessary for those in this part of the county to ferry over Milford Haven which is sometimes too stormy to be crossed (The Lordship of Haverford P. 144).

A curious letter is preserved dated Carmarthen the 8th July, 1528, from R. Gruffyth ¹ to the effect that 20,000 Irishmen have come within these twelve months into Pembrokeshire, the lordship of Haverfordwest, and along the sea to St. Davids. They are for the most part rascals and of the dominion of the rebel Earl of Desmond. ²

In a charter granted by James I., the original of which is in the possession of the Town Council, the preamble runs thus:—

"Whereas our town of Haverfordwest, otherwise Haverford, without our county of Pembroke, situate upon or near the great and famous port of Milford, in our aforesaid county of Pembroke, is an ancient town, and of great strength and force to resist our enemies, and to defend the country thereto adjacent; and also a town occupying and exercising merchants, and having much

(1) Sir Rice ap Griffith, grandson and heir of Sir Rice ap Thomas: he was beleaded 1531, see Laws Little England pp. 236 and 238.

(2) Lordship of Haverford, p. 33.

business in and upon the sea by reason of the same port of Milford," etc., etc., thus showing the estimation in which the town was held in early times.

There is one very remarkable circumstance, in connection with this town, which I must not omit,—that is, that there is a seat in the House of Lords specifically assigned to the Baron of Haverfordwest, who, while he is Marquis of Waterford, is also distinctly and separately "Baron Tyrone of Haverfordwest."*

There are some other very noteworthy and curious circumstances connected with Haverfordwest, which, though apparently known to everybody, have not been so prominently kept in view as, I think, they should have been. Haverfordwest is a town and county of itself. Everybody knows that, it is said; and so are several other towns and cities. Carmarthen is the borough of the county of Carmarthen; Chester is the county of the city of Chester; and Bristol the county of the city of Bristol.

There is however, a very significant difference in these cases. None of the latter places has a Lord-Lieutenant, as Haverfordwest has; the magistrates of this town and county being nominated by him. Another peculiarity is, that the magistrates of the town and county of Haverfordwest appoint their own chairman of Quarter Sessions. When I say that this peculiar distinction should be more prominently asserted, I have in my mind a circumstance which occurred quite recently. On the occasion of the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Swansea an event of no little interest to South Wales, all the

* The Marquis of Waterford Baron of Haverfordwest formerly an Irish Peer, when created an English Peer 8th Aug. 1786 he elected to be called by the name of the nearest Town on the opposite side of St George's Channel, and Haverfordwest being that Town he assumed the title "Baron Tyrone of Haverfordwest" the family de la Poer Beresford have no other connection with the Town.

Lord-Lieutenants in South Wales were invited, as such, to meet their Royal Highnesses, with the single exception of the Lord-Lieutenant of Haverfordwest. And yet the omission was submitted to without any protest.

When a Sovereign is proclaimed, too, an order is sent the Mayor of Haverfordwest direct from the Privy Council.

In the 27th year of Henry VIII it was enacted (I copy this from the original edition of "Statutes at Large," which differs from modern editions in this important particular—that repealed statutes are not expunged), "That the Lordships, townes, parishes, commotes, hundreds, and cantreds of Haverfordwest, Kilgaren, Llansteffan, Laugharne, otherwise called Tella-Laugharne, Walwyn's Castle, Dewisland, Llanfie, Narberth, Slebech, Rosemarket, Castellau, Llandofloure, in the said counties of Wales, and every one of them . . . shall stand and be guildable for ever, from and after the said feast of All Saintes, and shall be united, annexed, and joined to, and with, the said countie of Pembroke."

But in the thirty-fourth and thirty-fifth years of Henry VIII. it was enacted—"And furthermore, the King's Majesty is contented and pleased, notwithstanding the statute made in the 27th year of his most gracious reigne, that where there hath been but 12 shires in Wales, the town of Haverfordwest shall be a county in itself as it hath been before this tyme at the will and pleasure of the king's said majesty, and that it shall be separated from the county of Pembroke at the King's pleasure. And that the King's High Justice of the said Countie of Pembroke shall be High Justice of the said countie and towne of Haverfordwest, and shall have like power and authoritie to and for the administration of justice within the said countie and town of Haverfordwest, as is limited and

appointed to the said Justice to and for the administration of Justice in the said countie of Pembroke," etc., etc.

Again, in an Act of the same year, "touching the repairing and amending of certain decayed houses and tenements in England and Wales:—

"Forasmuch as in times past, divers and many beautiful houses of habitation have been within the walles and liberties of the town of Shrewsbury in the county of Salop, the citie of Chester in the County of Chester, etc.; Haverfordwest in the countie of Haverford in South Wales, which are now fallen down and decayed," etc. No mention is here made of Pembrokeshire. It is, however, noteworthy, that for anything that appears to the contrary, the sheriff was never appointed by the king, but by the corporation. Yet during the interregnum, or whatever it may be called, in 1652, "William Marychurch, sheriff, was fined at Haberdashers' Hall for bearing office (being formerly in arms for the king), and displaced in the appointment." So the appointment was under Government control.

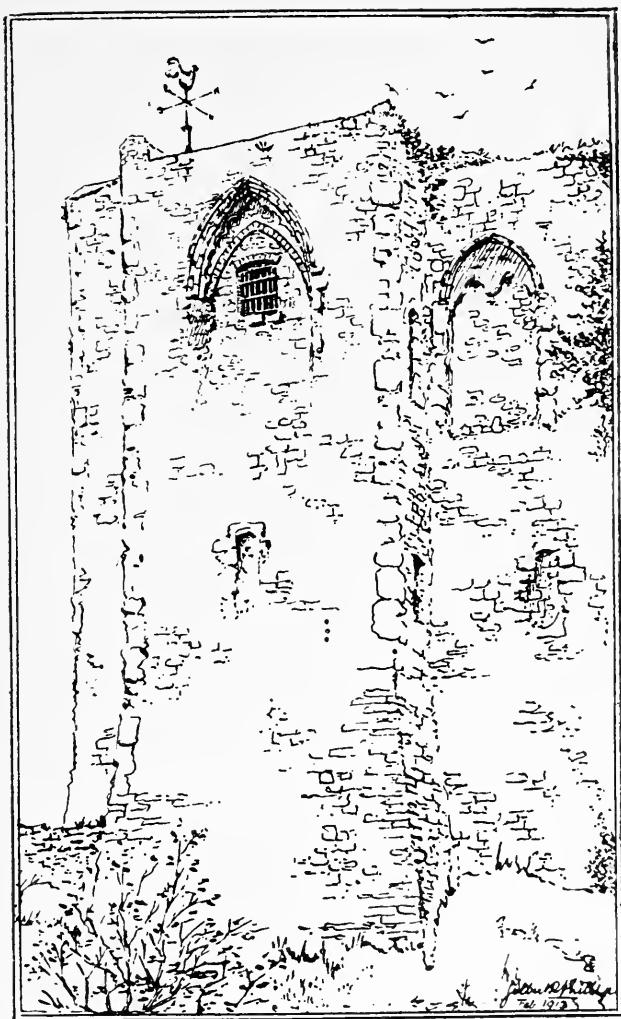
This Wm. Marychurch was a Captain and one of the gallant defenders of Prix Pill near Milford against the Parliamentary forces. The Marychurches are a very old Pembrokeshire family. Roger Marychurch was Bailiff of Tenby in 1444 and its Mayor in 1452 and 1453. He married a Miss White of Tenby. After 1526 the name leaves Tenby and appears at Haverfordwest.

CHAPTER II.

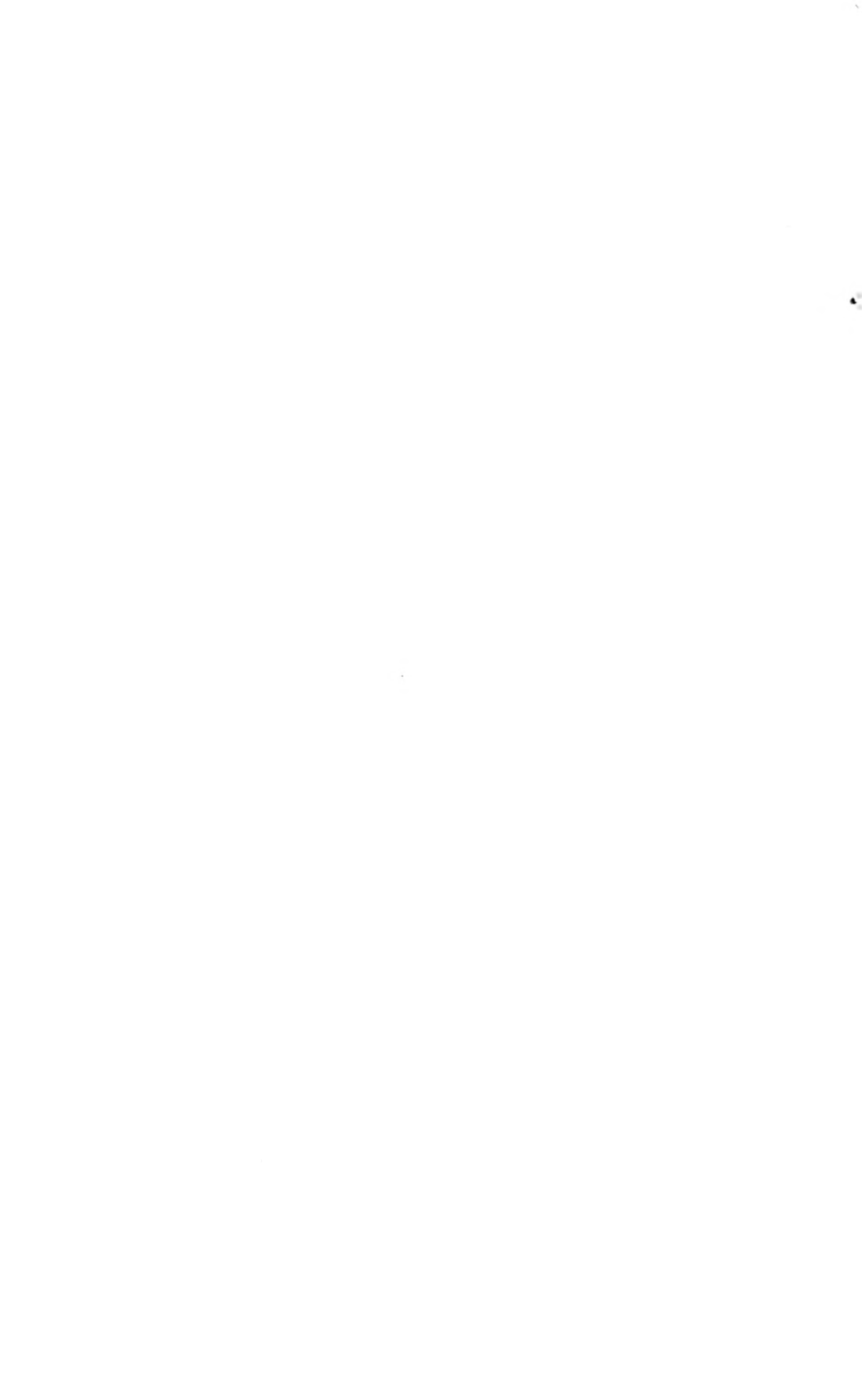
HAVERFORDWEST CASTLE.

Haverfordwest Castle ¹ is said to have been built by Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Pembroke circa 1100 ² and was one of the strongest and most important of Welsh Castles in the middle ages. Little now remains but the shell, the interior and other works having been destroyed after the civil wars. The town was formerly surrounded by an embattled wall entered by four gates ³ three of which were perfect about 150 years ago. These were the North ⁴ gate in North Street near the Rising Sun Inn; the West gate in Dew Street just below the Grammar School; the South gate in Market Street at the top, and the Red Gate at the bottom of Holloway.

Small portions of the walls may still be traced along North Parade commonly called Pigs Parade (a corruption, probably of Pyx Parade); under the houses on the west side of Bridge Street and the foundations of the Market Street Gate in a cellar near the top on the east side. There are also considerable remains behind the houses in Quay Street west side and between the houses occupied by Mr. E. H. Ellis and Mr. Wm. Williams in Dew Street. In Oct. 1136 the great battle of Cardigan was fought and soon afterwards Gruffud ap Rhys laid seige to Haverford Castle, captured it and devastated the whole district of Roose. Giraldus tells us that in his time (Henry II) a famous robber was confined in one of the towers and was often visited by three boys, the son of the Earl of Clare and two others, one of whom was the son of the lord of the castle and the other his grandson, sent there for their education. The robber was in the habit of making arrows for the boys, and one day, being brought from his dungeon, he shut himself up with the boys. A great clamour instantly arose as well from the boys within, as from the people without; nor did he desist with an uplifted axe,



Haverfordwest Castle ~ J.E. Angle



to threaten the lives of the children, until indemnity and security were assured him in the most ample manner.

In 1153 the castle was visited by Henry II on his return from Ireland and in 1210 May 31st and 27th Aug. King John was at Haverford on his way to and return from Ireland ¹. In 1220 Prince Llewellyn burnt the town up to the Castle walls but was unable to take the castle itself. In 1231 King Henry III thanked Weremund de Peremart, Constable of Haverford for his good services since the death of William Earl of Pembroke, and ordered him, upon the delivery of the Castle to John Marshal and Amarius de sancto Amando, the appointed keepers of the Castle amongst others to come to him for an interview. Edw. I was at Haverford in 1284 Nov. 28 and 29 after his campaign in Wales, and in 1301 a mandate was issued to Walter de Haclut, keeper of the Castle to deliver the same to Edw. the King's son ². There are frequent orders between 1301 and 1326 to the Bailiffs and men of Haverford to provide ships and men at the Kings wages for service against the Scots and in one case an army was ordered to assemble at Haverford and to embark there under Roger de mortuo mari, (mortimer) of Wygemore for service in Ireland against Edw de Brus and his Scotch rebels ³. Towards the end of the reign of Edw. II., Robert de Penres, Keeper of the Castle and Town was ordered to make an array pursuant to the Statute of Winchester, to see that beacons are erected and watchmen and sentinels placed in all proper stations and to raise all the forces of the Town of Haverford

(1). Particulars of the payments made by the King whilst at Haverford appear in the Rotulus Misoe and Rotulus de Prestito of this year (Rec. Com.) Lordship of Haverford p.-1.

(2). Ibid p.

(3). Edward Bruce, brother of Robert Bruce, invaded Ireland in 1315—Ibid 10.

and the parts adjacent, and bring them to the King with power to arrest the disobedient ¹ Richard II was at Haverford Castle 28th Sept., 1394, on his way to Ireland ²

In 1405 the French allies of Glendower besieged the Castle of which the Earl of Arundel was Castellau "slaying all the inhabitants of the Town but such as fled." The French did not take the castle though the records show that considerable damage was done to the building particularly to the gate near St. Martins' Church which was one of the Castle town gates. In the account of Walter Crolle, the reeve at Trawger (Trefgarn) Michs 1404 to Michs 1405 is the following entry "Rent of the meadows of Tranger, nothing this year (usually 8s. per annum) because the greater part of the same was destroyed by the Welsh rebels ³ and in the account of Wm. Daykin 1407—8 John Roos, the late reeve is respited of half the rent of Trawger because the buildings and crops were burnt and destroyed by the rebels in that year ⁴ It is difficult to realize in these peaceful days what living in Haverford must have been like at this period. The Patent Roll 3. Henry IV 1402 refers to the appointment for the good governance of the marches of South Wales, and for the resistance of the malice of the Welsh rebels, of Richard Lord Grey ⁵ to assemble the people of Haverford, Roos and St. Davids, amongst other places, to war against the rebels as often as shall seem expedient to him, with power to receive into the Kings grace any of the rebels upon surrender of their arms. The Castle of Haverford in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries seems to have been a place of considerable importance as appears by the extensive repairs and addi-

(1). Lordship of Haverford p. 12. (2). Ibid p. 62. (3). Ibid p. 82.
(4). Ibid p. 83.

(5) Of Codnor, he was in command against the followers of Owen Glyndwr.—Ibid.

tions from time in time done to the building. In 1387-8 large quantities of timber were sent from Carmarthen to Haverfordwest Quay and delivered in the Castle; a new stable 92ft long by 12ft broad was built by John Reymin who was paid 32s. 8d. for his share of the work and an old tower was also rebuilt with stone wall and roof at a cost of £17 5s. 9d. at the same time, and divers masons were paid for working on the weir. In that year, Thomas the armourer was paid 5s. for repairing and cleaning the armour and artillery of the Castle and Roger Lenthale was appointed constable at a fee of 10 marks per annum.

An Inventory of Armour in Sept. 1388 shows that there were then in the Castle 18 basinetts ¹ 18 doublets 12 pairs of gauntlets of plate, 17 umbiers ² 18 visors and 12 pairs of vambraces ³. The artillery consisted of 2 great guns, 6 iron hand guns 1 iron ram for the guns, one iron spike for the same and an axe, a barrel of gunpowder, 140 stone balls, 6 crossbows ⁴ 400 arrows with heads and 100 quarrell bolts 4 belts 2 old crossbows 140 old quarrell bolts 6 bows and 6 sheaves of arrows. In 1407-8 the sum of £12 6s 8d was paid for building a new tower near the outer gate of the castle a new drawbridge near the inner gate, and for making and covering over the well under the castle. In 1472-3, a new outer gate was provided at a cost of £3 3s. 6½d., and repairs were done to the drawbridge. In 1477-8 four acres of wood were bought of the Lord of Slebech in Mynwere wood to provide timber for repairs at the castle and mills at 43s 4d per acre.

(1). Helmets.

(2). The part of the bassinet which protected the face.

(3). Armour for the forearm.

(4). The crossbow had been known to the Romans and was used in the early part of the 12th century, but it was forbidden by the second Lateran Council in 1139 as a weapon hateful to God—Boutell arms and armour p. 138, and early Norman Castles—Armitage p. 370.

In 1479 Edw. Prince of Wales afterwards Edw V ordered "oure trusty and welbeloved chapeleyn, maister Owen Pole" to expend out of the issues of the lordship £100 upon the repair of Haverfordwest castle, but as will be seen by the following survey the place had fallen into decay before the time of Queen Elizabeth.

Dr Henry Owen states (Arch. Cam. VI Vol III 39—55) that there is at the Public Record Office (Land Rev. Misc. Book Vol 238) a survey of the "Castle and Lordship of West Haverford with the Town and County of Haverford, otherwise Haverfordwest, late part of the possessions of Jasper late Duke of Bedford" taken on the 14th May, 1577, by Robert Davy ¹ the deputy of John Herbert, Esq., the Queen's Surveyor for South Wales, gentleman, the deputy of Sir Edward Mansell, the Seneschal of Haverford. After a memorandum showing the geographical position of the castle the survey proceeds to describe the castle as follows:—"the same hath bene a verie proper pyle buylt uppon a Rocke and had the Towne in olde tyme on the North side thereof, but the Towne now flourishing is all well neere on the South side of it.

"Also the Gatehouse or entrance thereunto is on the West side, having had in it a Porters Lodge, an utter gate, and ynner gate with ii portecullices, all now utterlie decayed (as the rest of the rooms hereafter touched are) also within the utter gate and over the ynner gate hath bene the schequier, of XIII foote square with a prison house under it.

"Also there is on the said North side a Tower ² sometimes consisting of divers rooms and hath adjoyning

(1). Receiver for South Wales in 1595; see Owen's Pembrokeshire p. 566.

(2). This would seem to be the Tower which survives in Buck's view of the Town.

to it the walles of a stable, which was ^{xx}iiii (Four score to six) foote in length and X in bredth.

“Also from the said stable forward on that side standeth a wall of xxi yardes longe with a Wach Tower in the middest therof, from thence towardes the north east a like wall compaswise of XL yardes longe, with a Turrett in the myddest thereof.

“Also from the said gatehouse southwarde, a short wall of X yardes in length; from thence towardes the southwest a wall of C yardes in length with a Turrett in the myddest, without this wall a forced banke borne up with another wall and within that circuit a greene walk. Also the castle greene before you come to the mayne building contains half an Aker.

Also concerning the late inhabited pte of the castle being utterlie decayed as before, the gatehouse or entrie thereinto hath on either side a Lodge, under that gate is a vawte wch seemes to have bene made for some privie waye into the Towne but none dare search the ende of it. Upon the east side of the said gate a rounde Tower and from that a thicke wall of xxxiiii foote' longe. At the ende of that another rounde Tower under which is a stronge prison house called Brehinock. The Roomes within this mayne building in brief be these. A Hall of XLV foote long and xx foote brode with a chymney in it having under it a lardge roome (with a chymney) called the Coyning House out of which goeth a stayer into a walke called the Queenes Arbour, in the east corner whereof is a rounde turrett and at eech ende of the Hall a Tower. Also a Chapple of xxiiii foote longe and XVI foote brode. A great Chamber (with a chymney) of xxxiiii foote longe and xiiii foote brode. One other Chamber (with a chymney) of XX foote longe, and xiii

foote brode. A pantrey of xiiii foote square. One other roome for offices of XII foote longe and VII foote brode with other small roomes and a Kitchin with III Chymneys Also within the circuit of these buildings is an ynnere Warde or greene of LXX foote square having a well in it.

"Md. Within the said castle Greene or utter Courte the Justices of the great Sessions doe begin the same Sessions whensoever thei be holden for the countie of Pembroke and all warrantes and writtes beare date there and iudgements upon life and death are geven there, all iudgements are there affirmed, all fynes proclaymed and all idiournementes made. Nevertheless the Justices are forced to sett in the towne Hall in default of a convenient Shire Hall or Court House, in ye castell wch in my poore opinion wolde be made as well for purpose, as for the keeping of the courtes concerning the Lordshippe."

The report mentions three corn mills in the Parish of St. Martin and the right of fishery there at a rental of £10. Whereon the surveyor remarks:—

"Fo. 25a.—The aforesaid mylles doe stande uppon and overthwart one of the rivers called Doygleddy, having that name by reason of their force and swiftness by falling from the mountaynes in great aboundance upon everie rage of raigne; and to prevent the peril that might betide them by sodaine floodes, uppon the myll leete about a flight shorte from the mylles were polli-tiquely devised a Headweare with certaine floodgates."

(1). By the Charter to Haverfordwest of James I. the justices of Great Sessions and the Sheriff and Justices of the Peace of Pembroke-shire were empowered to hold their Courts at the Guild Hall of Haverfordwest; persons attending at these courts were exempted from the jurisdiction of the Mayor and Sheriff of Haverfordwest.

He goes on to remark that the floodgates have been of late neglected and the banks decayed.

"By reason that the under farmer hath been used without any assignment to cut flagges and turfes in a meadow of the Queenes adjoyninge."

Then follow particulars of certain of the demesne lands in and by the Town, held by Sir John Perrot for terms of twenty-one years at various rentals. Among them are six acres of meadow presented "to lye beneth the bridge and is called Cathlott Marshe,"¹ marsh and herbage by Cwynesdich,² the boundaries of which are the lands of John Vaughan of Narberte, Doctors Parke, the Queen's lands called Austerslade, and Fowles meade the BlackMeadow, near Austerslade,³ "above Bellman's-well there"⁴; "thirtie yards of land called Ffigges hole, otherwise Ffroghole⁵ and Gostmeade in the Queen's high-way leading to Austerslade;" the Mill meade from the Mill to the "hedweare" between the two rivers, "one part thereof called Round Meade⁶ is over the river next to the lande belonging to Prendergast," and "three roodes of lande betwixt the rivers neere little Eylardes Mill and Austerslade." It is noted that the new rents assessed by the surveyor are to begin as to

(1). Cartlet; the Jubilee Gardens occupy part of the old marsh, whither the town's people used to resort to shoot at the butts.

(2). An older name was Gundwynes dich, and later Queen's Ditch, it is near City Road at the top of the hill.

(3). Now known as Slade about half a mile from North Gate along Slade Lane: the name occurs in an old deed dated 24th January, 1620.

(4). A strong spring near Slade about which there was a law suit recently.

(5). This name was common near the town.

(6). Well known to bathers at the headwaters as the Withies and still part of the mill property.

(7). Little Eylardes Mill was on the left hand side, Haverfordwest end, of Crowhill Bridge going from the town. the leat can still be traced through five-fields and the existing cottage probably stands on the site of the Mill.

tenants at will from Michaelmas 1579, and as to leaseholders from the expiration of their leases. The total rental of the Castle, town, and mill of Haverford is £56 15s 9½d.

During the Civil War the castle was held for the King. Towards the middle of Feb. 1644 the Parliamentarians took Pill Fort. The news of this defeat was quickly conveyed to Haverfordwest. Consternation and terror seems to have struck all the Royalists at that place amongst whom were Major Gen. Sir Henry Vaughan, the Gov. of Haverfordwest, Sir John Stepney, Lieut.-Col. Butler, the High Sheriff of the County and others of note. They were utterly bewildered by the news that the enemy had resolved to appear next before Haverfordwest. And a story is related of them, that their terror was so great that a herd of cattle seen on a hill above the Town in the indistinctness of the twilight was taken by them for soldiers, which caused them to depart hastily from the Town. Haverfordwest without a shot being fired, fell into the hands of Col. Laugharne on the very morning after this disorderly retreat of the Cavaliers.¹ On July 13th the same year, the Castle was retaken by Gerard and on Aug. 1st in the following year "Laugharne fell upon a party of the kings' forces, under Stradling and Ennerton (Egerton), near Haverfordwest, and gave them a great overthrow, took 400 prisoners, divers officers of note 1000 arms, 20 colours and four pieces of ordinance, and retook Haverfordwest². This was the battle of Colby Moor in the Parish of Wiston, other accounts say that the Royalists lost 150 men killed and about 700 prisoners³. The town was not taken until the next

(1). Arch. Cam. v. xv., p. 26.

(2). Whitlocke's Memorials.

(3). Several members of the Foley family of Ridgeway in the Parish of Lawhaden fell in the battle, and later the harsh Protector decimated the family estate.

day, Saturday. During the night the place was deserted, except a small garrison in the Castle and on Monday the attack on the old fortress was begun, "but much ammunition was spent to little purpose." On Tuesday the Castle was stormed and was once more in the hands of the Parliamentarians.

In 1648 the Castle was ordered to be dismantled by Cromwell in the following letter, the original of which is preserved by the Haverfordwest Corporation.

"Re this Ire by the hand of Mr. John Lort this 12th of July 1648. Wee being authorised by Parliament to view and consider what garrisons and places of strength are fit to be demolished, and we finding that the Castle of Haverford is not tenable for the service of the State, and yet that it may be used by disaffected persons to the prejudice of the peace in these parts. These are to authorise and require you to summon in the Hundred of Rouse and the inhabitants of the towne and county of Haverfordwest, and that they forthwith demolish the works, walls and towers of the said castle, so that the said castle may not be poss'ed by the enemy to the endaungering of the peace of these parts.

"Given under our hands this 12th July 1648. To the Maior and Aldermen of Haverfordwest.

"We expect an account of your proceedings by Saturday, the 15th of July instant.

Roger Lort.

Sam Lort.

Tho Barlowe.

If a speedy course bee not taken to fulfill the com'ands of this Warrant, I shall be necessitated to consider of settling a garrison.

O. Cromwell."

The mayor and aldermen set to work, but found the work so difficult that they made a representation to Cromwell, with the result that the inhabitants of the hundreds of Daugleddy, Dewslan, Kemes and Kilgerran were ordered to assist the people of Roose. But despite the Protector's threat the greater part of the Keep remains to this day, though the outer ward, a good deal of the enceint and the gates have been destroyed.

The following autograph order of Cromwell's is preserved and may be seen in the Council Chamber:—

“To the Maior and Aldermen of Haverfordwest.

“Whereas upon view and consideration with Mr. Roger Lort, Mr Samson Lort, and the Maior and Aldermen of Haverfordwest it is thought fit for the preserving of the peace of the Countie, that the Castle of Haverfordwest should be speedily demolished, these are to authorise you to call into your service the inhabitants of the Hundreds of Dungleddy, Dewisland, Kemes, Roose, and Kilgerran, who are hereby required to give you assistance.

Given under our handes, the 14th of July, 1648.

O. Cromwell.”

A Parliamentary survey made in 1653 describes it as a ruinous castle containing, with the ditch about two acres and worth 40s per annum. The site of the castle and castle ward was then in the occupation of Mr Mayler a shoemaker of Haverfordwest and the ditch in the tenure and occupation of James Brown. The surveyors go on to say that the “old stone walls now standing in and about the said castle are of small value there being good quarries of stone in and about the said Town which is brought to ye said towne at as easie a rate as the stone can be digged out of ye said walls, in consideration where of wee value of the said old walls at ten pound.”

The Lordship of Haverford was in mediæval times often held by men distinguished in History and frequently by members of the Royal family or the King himself. It was not unfrequently incorporated in the Earldom of Pembroke, but was from time to time resumed by the crown from its powerful tenants and was eventually vested in the King. In 1213 Falkes de Breaute ¹ was ordered to give full seisin of the castle of Haverford and its appurtenances to William Earl Marshal, to whom the King had restored the same. Queen Eleanor of Castile consort of Edw. I., Isabel the wife of Richard II., Duke Humphrey and his wife Eleanor (of whom we read so much in Shakespeare), Richard III., Henry, Duke of York and many other nobles whose names are written large in history held the Lordship which included the Town and Castle of Haverfordwest and the manors of Talbenny, Langum, Haroldston, De Rupe (Roch), Trefgarn Owen, West Dudwell, East Dunston, Mountain Cot, West Dunston, Ormaston, Great Pill, Robenson, Rickaston in Roose, Camrose, St. Ishmaels and the Islands of Skokeholm, Middleholme and Skalmey (Skomar) besides sundry parcel of land near Haverfordwest and the various dues and toll levied in the town of which "prises" of beer and wine, and profits from the sale of rabbits from the Islands were important items. In the account of John Rowe 1387—8 the reeve of St. Ishmael for the carcasses and skins of rabbits we find 3,120 carcasses from the islands of Scokholm, Skalmey, and Middelholme besides tithe; sold 2,318. Food for 2 ferreters 540 carcasses and food of two ferrets 26 carcasses.

N.B.—In the Receiver's account the sum of £11 9s. 2d. (the value of 3,000 rabbit skins of last year and charged

(1). He garrisoned Bedford Castle against Henry III. in 1224 which after a vigorous siege was taken by storm and Falkes, who had escaped before hand went into exile; his brother William who commanded the garrison was with 80 of his men immediately hanged.

as if sold at Haverford) is respited, because by order of Ienan ap Gwelo and his predecessor they were conveyed to Bristol at the lords' expense. At Tenby (Dyneb) they were put in a wet place for a week, and were further wetted both on the sea during the passage, and in a damp storehouse at Bristol, whereby they became rotten and of no value ¹. There are in the Public Record Office set out in detail in "The Lordship of Haverford" curious accounts of repairs to the mills and mill pond. On P. 66 is given an "Inventory of the dead store of the castle of Haverford" which includes—one table in the hall 3 pairs of trestles, 6 forms, 1 iron pan, 3 small iron pans for throwing lead, 1 grappling iron ² and 18 pairs of fetters."

The expenses of the Haverfordwest Mills during the year 1387—8 are curious ³ amongst other items are the following:—

Paid to divers carpenters for falling oaks and large thorn (spin) in the forest on Llanstephan (co Kermerden), for making shulles, courbes, cogges, trendeles, postes, trabes and other necessities for the mill of Haverford together with their carriage from the said forest to "le lachern" ⁴ and thence by sea to Haverford sum 50s. 6d.

Paid for iron and steel for fastening iron hoops around the trendel, insile and rot and for hynkes, billes and the making of one iron dish for measuring toll, &c., 7s. 8d.

Haverfordwest Castle — Clark states ⁵ that "The castle of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, whether in Nor-

(1). Min Ac 1207 No. 11—Lordship of Haverford 80.

(2). King Stephen during the siege of Ludlow Castle was caught by a grappling hook thrown from the wall and was being dragged up to the battlements, when he was rescued by the Scottish Prince Henry.

(3). Lordship of Haverford p. 84.

(4). Laugharne.

(5). Mediaeval Military Architecture in England Vol. 1, p. 121.

mandy or in England, were of two distinct types—those with the rectangular and those with the shell keep”—Haverfordwest¹ is a castle of the first named type and stands upon a rocky hill in the centre of the present Town at an attitude of about 80 feet above the river Cleddau. The position, which commands an extensive view of the surrounding country before cannon came into use, must have been exceedingly strong for on all sides, except the south west, which was defended by a deep ditch the natural hill is very steep on the East side, indeed precipitous². A building standing in such a position could not be sapped and the mediæval method of attack by malvoisin³ must have been almost impossible. Of the original castle very little now remains but portions of the Norman keep, an irregular quadrangle, which encloses an area measuring about 108 ft. x 97, now partly occupied by modern buildings which make a proper examination of the interior impossible. The internal walls, with the exception of one or two fragments, which have been made use of in the later building, have all been removed in order to adapt the structure to the purposes of a prison. Within this quadrangle there is a well cut through rock 120 feet deep and about 6ft in diameter⁴. The curtains are for the most part from 8 to 9ft thick except on the north west side where the walling is twelve feet in thickness; the masonry faced with good hammer dressed work is everywhere of the strongest description and great diffi-

(1). Mrs. Armitage considers that there was a motte — *i.e.* a high artificial mound here originally.—The early Norman Castles of the British Isles—p. 280.

(2). The rock has been much cut away here to make room for modern buildings.

(3). A wooden tower built as high as the walls from which projectiles could be shot at the battlements malvoisins were covered with hides to prevent them from being set on fire.

(4). Made or deepened in 1407-8, sec. Min. Acc. 1207, No. 13, for that year and Lordship of Haverford.

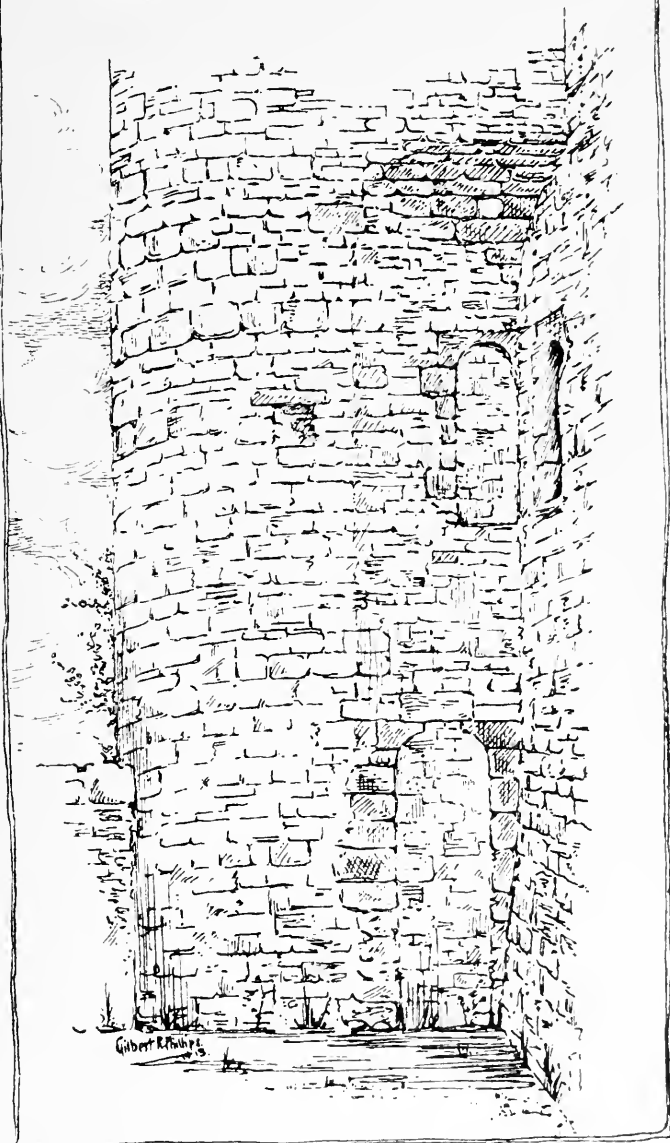
culty has been experienced when it has been necessary to break through walls; the material used is gritstone of the kind known as Boulstone and Nolton sandstone. In the West curtain, which is modern though, probably built upon the original foundations, there is a small half round tower with a doorway in the centre now forming the entrance to the offices of the Pembrokeshire Constabulary. In this curtain, there are two small salient angles. At the south west angle there is a massive three quarters round tower with prolonged sides, Brehinoch in the Elizabethan report; it is 61 ft. in height, but is probably somewhat lower than it originally was. On the east side adjoining the curtain the tower is flattened from the base for some distance upwards and in this flattened side near the ground level is a blocked up shoulder-headed postern¹ above which, at about half its height the tower is corbelled out so as to rise to a drum summit. There is a dungeon under this tower which, however cannot now be approached and there is what appears to be a garderobe shaft in the wall showing in the wall near the top, but without any visible external outlet. Many years ago when the place was still used as a Gaol the surface of the courtyard in one place suddenly caved in in front of a barrow which was being wheeled by a prisoner doing hard labour. It was found that the roof of an underground passage had given way and upon examination it appeared to lead into the basement of this tower but, as the roof seemed insecure it was not explored to the end. The south curtain the lower part of which is original Norman work is quite plain without pilasters, and batters consider-

(1). This may be the entrance to the "Queenes Arbour" now a garden of small fruit trees.

(2). There are remarkable dungeons in Dunvegan Castle Isle of Harris and Castell Coch near Cardiff, the latter is said to be the worst mediæval dungeon in Britain.

Maverfordwest Castle.

• Brekinrock Tower •



ably at the base; it is 66 feet long and about 40 feet high and contains the pointed windows of the chapel. The parapet is entirely gone. The South East angle is somewhat peculiar. It has no tower but a circular turret the upper part of which has gone, formed in the thickness of the curtain and in the East curtain six feet from the angle there is a buttress tower with a projection of 10 feet quadrangular and apparently solid below but with chambers in the upper part. The pointed East window of the chapel is in this tower and has a plain drip stone over. This and the windows in the south curtain which are all blocked up appear to be of thirteenth century date; probably the walls were all raised or the upper parts reconstructed at this time; the S.E. angle of the curtains and the buttress tower are finished with a broad chamfer which dies away near the ground level. In the Eastern curtain, most of which is also Norman are the blocked pointed windows of the Hall and under them is a range of narrow Norman windows of Nolton stone with a similar range at the same level on the South side. This curtain which measures about 126 feet is curved considerably at the end towards the north where there is a re-entering Angle terminating in a mural drum tower ¹ three quarters engaged the upper part of which is quite modern; it is now a mere shell and is not used for anything ². At the end of the Eastern curtain there is an archway below the foundations which may have been a sally port; near this point there was originally a roadway which led down into Holloway to the Red Gate. The outer enceint on the north and northwest

1. In this tower the last execution which took place in Haverfordwest was carried out.

2. Considerable alterations appear to have taken place here, probably after Cromwellian times, as this angle can hardly have formed part of the original work.

still remains, together with the lower part of a rectangular mural tower now converted into a stable, the wall is pierced by small narrow loops low down and now completely buried on the inside; on this side there was formerly a deep ditch now filled up. In the gardens to the southwest of the castle on the lower side of the road known as Castle Hill, a revetment can be traced which seems to be the "forced banke" of the Elizabethan surveyor. On the other side of the ravine, opposite this wall in High Street, and forming part of the house now occupied by Dr. J. H. H. Williams, there is a massive wall 9 feet thick, running the full height of the house, and in the back wall of this house there is a large round arch, now plastered over, which probably formed part of one of the outer gates of the castle. A large subterranean passage has lately been discovered, when laying drains under the yard of this house leading towards the Castle, but unfortunately it has not been explored¹; a stone shot such as would be used in a mangonel or petrary was also dug up at the same time. The castle was originally surrounded by a separate wall with houses inside; this was called the castle town², and was quite distinct from the Town itself. St. Martins Church was inside this wall; but it is not clear how many gates there were in it; there certainly was one at the bottom of Church Street, just below St. Martin's Church and the building mentioned above was probably another; these together with the four Town gates may be the six gates mentioned in the Reeve accounts of 1404—5 already referred to.

1. A passage has also been found apparently leading to the North Gate.

2. Castle and Gloucester Terrace and part of Castle Back; considerable remains of this wall may still be traced from Perrot Avenue through the gardens and the back of Church Street.

About the year 1674, Charles II made a special grant of the revenues arising from the lands and tenements belonging thereto, and of other lands belonging to the Crown in the lordship of Haverfordwest, estimated at the yearly value of £20 2s 11d to Thomas, Earl of Danby, his heirs and assigns for ever. It is said that the portion of land now called Slade Farm was the Castle Grange, and that the walls enclosing the castle extended to a considerable distance. In Ogilby's "Book of Roads," printed in 1696, the town walls are marked as standing, and, as the town at present stands, would stretch from the Old Bridge, through Holloway, and past the North Parade. Passing half-way up Barn Street, they would cross over to Shut Street and the top of Market Street, and from thence down Goat Street to the river.

There was, probably, a bridge of some kind crossing the river at that time, but the Old Bridge, as we know it, was the gift of Sir John Philipps, and was built in 1726. From the Earl of Danby the castle grounds appear to have passed into the possession of the Duke of Leeds; for in 1808 forty-three years' arrears of rents were paid to that nobleman by John Higgon and R. B. Prust, Esquires. Between 1674 and 1780 (the precise date cannot be ascertained), the site was let, not sold, to the county of Pembroke for the purposes of occupation as a county gaol. It was generally believed until lately that the freehold was owned by the county; but this impression appears to be an erroneous one, as in an indictment for trespass, involving the question of certain rights stated to belong to the owners of the castle, the Crown, not the county, prosecuted; and certainly the latter has not possession of the title deeds.

In John Howard's "Report on Prisons," printed in 1791, the following entry appears:—

"Carmarthen Circuit, Pembrokeshire, County Gaol at Haverfordwest.—In 1782 I had the pleasure to find a new gaol built on the Castle Hill, instead of the ancient loathsome place of confinement."

"Haverfordwest Town and County Gaol.—The prison was very close, dirty, and offensive. The room over it, used as a Bridewell, clean." The last-mentioned was at that time used as the town police station.

About the year 1820 the modern building adjoining the castle was erected for prison purposes. Before that date there was an open space, used partly as a bowling-green and partly as gardens. At the back of the castle, immediately overhanging Bridge Street and stretching towards the north, where the row of houses called Glo'ster Terrace stands, there was formerly a road leading up to the castle. It is still called the Holloway, which may have meant originally a covered way, or subway, down to the river. Bridge Street, before the Old bridge was erected, was most likely a strand or river side. Mr. Marychurch, to whom I am indebted for much interesting information, remembers the ground at the back of the castle thus open, so that one could go up in a straight line from the north corner of Bridge Street.

CONSTABLES OF THE CASTLE OF HAVERFORD.

(From the Lordship of Haverford P. 171)

1207 Robert son of Richard Tankard.

1231 Weremund de Peremort.

1231 John Marshal.

1231 Maurice de sancto Amando.¹

1231 Richard Marshal.²

1245 Nicholas de molis.

1246 Robert Waleraund.

1246 Walter Marshal.³

1. Of St. Amand. 2. Earl of Pembroke. 3. Earl of Pembroke died 1245.

- 1276 Markes Brachesford.
- 1291 Robert de Bures.
- 1291 Walter de Pederton.
- 1291 Walter Hakelut.
- 1296 Hugh de Cressingham.
- 1297 Walter de Pederton.
- 1300 Walter Hakelut.
- 1308 Hugh de Paunton.
- 1308 Aymer de Valencia.¹
- 1326 Robert de Penres.
- 1331 Guy a Brian.²
- 1343 William Harold.³
- 1361 Laurence Wynston.
- 1369 Thomas de Felton.
- 1381 John de Clanevou.
- 1387 Roger Lenthale.
- 1388 Maurice Wynn.
- 1393 Thomas Percy.⁴
- 1403 Thomas Sturmyn.
- 1404 Rolland Leynthal.
- 1407 John Castel (? sub-constable) died before Mch.
1408.
- 1442 Geoffrey Pole (to succeed to office on death of
Roland Leynthal appointed by letters patent of
Henry V).
- 1462 William Herbert.
- 1469 John Donne.
- 1472 William Herbert.⁵
- 1480 William Younge.
- 1483 Henry Duke of Buckingham.
- 1484 Richard Williams, John Stephens (ante 1521).
- 1521—1532 Robert Acton.

1. Earl of Pembroke. 2. See *Old Pem Families* p. 64. 3. Of Haroldston. 4. Afterwards Earl of Worcester. 5. Afterwards Earl of Pembroke. 6. Son of the above.

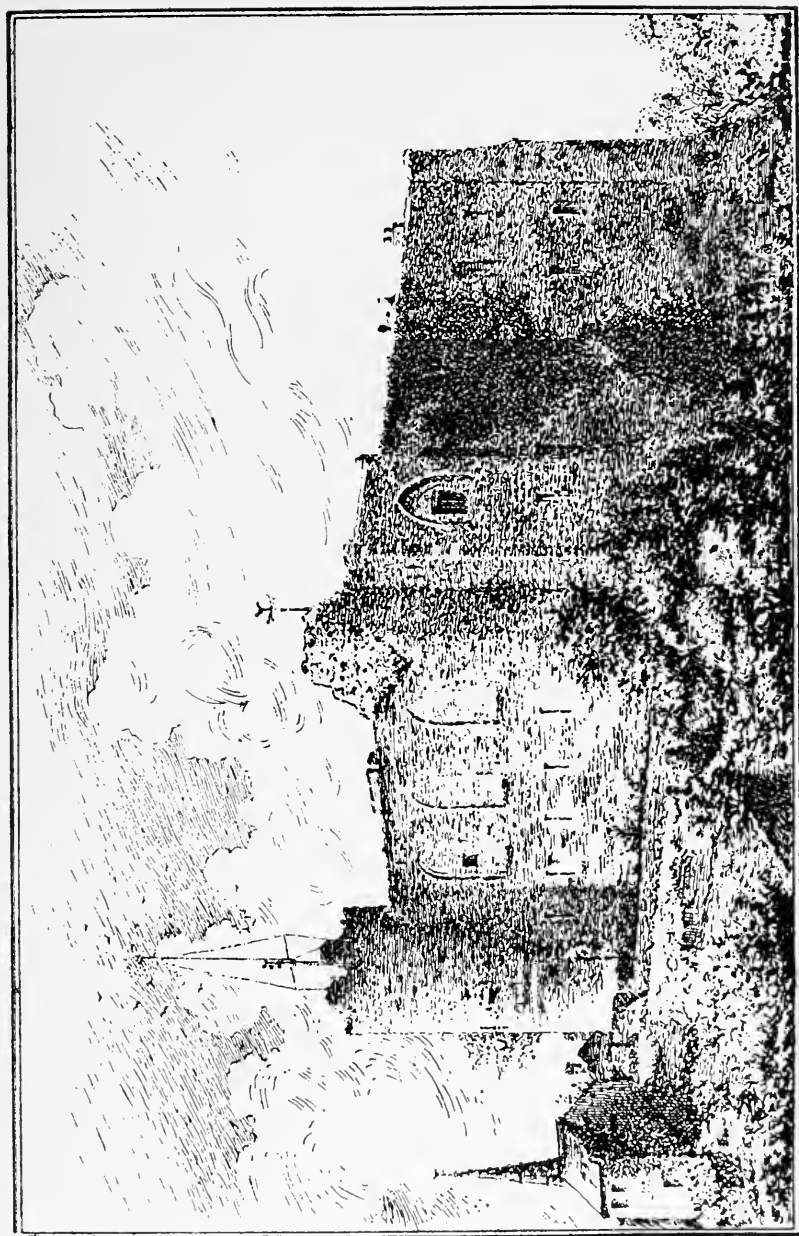
MUSTERS IN WALES, 1539.

List of the kings subjects inhabiting the country between the ages of 16 and 60 and upwards with a true note limiting the certainty of horsemen and footmen harnessed; their armour and weapons. (The Lordship of Haverford Pp 57-8).

THE LORDSHIP OF HAVERFORDWEST.

	No. of Persons.	(With Jackes (1) Sallettes (2) and splints (3).)	Naked and appointed to a staff.
Camrose	60	4	56
The Parish of Roche	47	6	41
Noltone (4)	18	1	17
St. Ismaell	30	3	27
Harastone (5)	10	1	9
Robertstone (6)	10	—	10
Steyntone	63	10	53
Llanstaduol and Harastone			
West	63	6	57
Llambestone	10	—	10
Tref Garne Owen	10	1	9
Talbennyne	20	1	19
Usmistone (7)	18	2	16
Llangome	20	2	18
Rudbert (8)	10	1	9
Slebarche	10	—	10
Huberstone	22	4	18
Mynwere	10	1	9
Rose market	23	—	23
	<hr/> 454	<hr/> 43	<hr/> 411

1. Coats of Mail. 2. Helmets. 3. Protection for the arms. 4. Noltton. 5. Haroldston, St. Issells. 6. Robeston West. 7. Uzmaston. 8. Redberth.



HAVERFORDWEST CASTLE.—FROM SOUTH-EAST.



HAVERFORDWEST CASTLE

A PRIZE POEM.

High o'er the Cleddau's silv'ry stream there stands
 A ruined Keep, which, though in its decay,
 Doth tell us of its grandeur in the years
 Of long ago, when proud it reared its head
 A pile majestic, of Hwlfordd the crown;
 And of that town the mother; yea, e'en now
 Its homes do cluster round her, clinging like
 Affrighted children to her skirts. Upraised
 By Gilbert, first of Pembroke's Earls, 'twas long
 The home of haughty Norman knights, and those
 Their vassals true, who oft beat back mad crowds
 Of Cymric tribesmen and their chiefs who fought
 A long and stubborn fight for Fatherland
 And freedom from oppression. Chieftains rude
 Would dare to thwart the purpose base of some
 Proud Baron who would slay like serfs, the brave
 And dauntless Britons.

Yet, it's Country's weal
 The stronghold served when once it drove the French
 Invader back, disheartened and dismayed,
 Ne'er more to try and cross its miry moat
 Where lay the corse of his warrior-slain.
 When Peace would reign—the hall, well-filled with guests,
 Would echo back the peals of laughter loud,
 Which jolly jest or saying smart would raise;
 And oft' the wassail bowl was passed along
 And minstrels sang the knights an oldtime song.
 Fair ladies, gallant knights and sportive squires
 Would through the portal pass to tournament
 Where knight fought knight to win a fair one's smile
 And wished themselves much further from the lance
 The while. Such nights of noisy revelry

And feasting, too, were seen; when those who owed
 The Earl their suit and service, met around
 His hospitable board which groaned beneath
 The weight of rare good cheer, and justice did
 The bountiful repast; but Mirth short lived,
 Would die with torch's blaze, and all be still
 Till dawning, when to Mass the fighting men
 Would go, and shriven be by tonsured priest.
 Then to the chase they'd hie, or spend the hours
 Upon the reedy marsh, the vicious boar
 To madden with the hound and spear, or send
 The falcon-hawk ahovering o'er the shore,
 To pounce the flutt'ring fowl upon; when from
 The river bank perchance, some Welshmen wild
 Would rush upon their enemies, deal out
 Some deadly blows, and drive the unprepared
 To seek their safety, thro' the subway dark,
 Within the Castle Walls. The Cymri then
 Would leap into their coracles and flee,
 Lest Norman vengeance overtook them ere
 They reached their undefended homes. 'Twas thus
 The Castle-guard lived out their days before
 Its downfall came.

The proud Protector knew
 Its strength, and so the harsh behest, all born
 Of Civil strife and war, fell from his lips;
 And Hwlfordd's fortress desolate became:
 Yet, part remains to tell the tale, and teach
 Us that Mankind is marching on. It stood,
 A monument of feudal sway and of
 Baronial power. It stands, a witness to
 The death of oligarchical control;
 But its surroundings token forth the growth
 Of greater rule than that the Nobles had—

The power of the People. Once, it spake
 Of government by fear and force of arms,
 And violent resistance by the oppressed,
 Of savage slaughter and of streams of blood
 Of wrongful seizure manfully withstood,
 And dark deeds, unavenged, to stand revealed
 When God rolls back the crimson scroll of Crime—
 To-day this utterance from out its walls
 Is heard:—"The power of the Sword will die.
 "The spirit of advancement needs it not."
 "It leads, who will be led, to Peace and Love!"
 And ever thus, to those who list' aright,
 The old place speaks.

FRED. J. WARREN, (Gwynfardd Dyfed.)

CHAPTER III.

THE CHURCHES, &C.

Some philosopher—I know not whom—designates Man
 "a religious animal," and I think the same observer would
 have further described the Haverfordwest people as very
 religious animals; for, looking at the population (in 1801
 only 2880), the number of places of worship is certainly
 marvellous. It sounds almost like satire—though I make
 the remark in no satirical vein—that Giraldus Cambrensis
 says, on the occasion of Archbishop Baldwin visit-
 ing Haverfordwest during the time of the Crusades, for
 the purpose of beating up for volunteers, that after a
 sermon in Latin, which none of his auditors were likely
 to understand, some two hundred enlisted under the
 banner of the Cross, and started off to fight for the re-
 covery of the Holy Sepulchre. One can only credit the
 folks of that day, as of succeeding ones, with a large
 amount of religious sympathy.

Nor has the old town been without other evidence of
 this. At least one martyr, William Nichols, sealed his

convictions with his blood; to whose memory a rough stone was erected in the High Street, and held its place for years. Its removal, by whomsoever ordered, is a grave reflection upon the religious faithfulness of the authorities of the day.

The following is taken from the Pembrokeshire Herald of September 23, 1881:—

“TO THE EDITOR.

“Dear Sir,—I have extracted the following account from the first (black letter) edition of Foxe’s ‘Book of Martyrs,’ which good fortune has thrown in my way, in the hope that it may interest some of your readers, and serve to keep green for a while the memory of a valiant townsman. The stone, set up to mark the place where ‘the honest, good, simple, poore man was martyred,’ has, I fear, been ‘improved away’ not long since. But he ‘being dead yet speaketh;’ and it is not right, I think, even for the least conservative among us, in these half-hearted unbelieving days, to let slip the records of our fathers’ faith, and of their courageous bearing in the fiery time of trial.

“I have transcribed the whole account verbatim, except in one or two places, where I have expanded abbreviations, of which the purport was not very obvious.—I am, etc.”

“The suffering and martyrdome of William Nicole, put to death by the wicked hands of the Papistes, at Haverfordwest in Wales.

“We finde in all ages from the beginning, that Sathan hath not ceased, at all tymes, to molest the Church of Christ, with one affliction or another, to ye trial of theyr faith, but yet never so apparently at any time to all the worlde as when the Lord hath permitted him power over

the bodyes of the Saintes to the shedding of theyr blood and perverting of religion, for then sleepeth he not, I warrant you, from murdering of the same unless they will fall down with Achab and Isabell to worship hym, and so kill and poyson thayr owne souls eternally; as in these miserable latter days of Queen Mary we have felt, heard and seene practised upon God's people.

“Among whom we find recorded an honest good simple poore man, one William Nicoll, who was apprehended by the champions of the Pope for speaking certayne wordes agaynst the cruell kingdom of Antichrist and on the ix of Aprill 1558 was publicly burnt and tormented at Harefordwest in Wales where he ended his life in a most happy and blessed state and gloriously gave his soule into the handes of the Lord whose goodness he prayed for ever and ever. Amen.”

“Thys William Nicoll (as we are informed), was so simple a good soule that many esteemed him half foolish. But what he was we know not, but thys we are sure of—he dyed a good man and in a good cause whatsoever they judge of him. And the more simplicity and feebleness of wit appeared in him the more beastly and wretched doth it declare their cruell and tyrannical act therein. The Lord give them repentance therefore if it be hys blessed will. Amen and Amen.”

[The stone, which, according to tradition, marked the spot where William Nicholl was burned, occupied a position in High Street, near the building which, until recently, was used as the post office. The spot in the martyr's day was part of the market-place of the borough. The stone was of a dark colour, well worn, and about four feet high; it was removed between sixty and seventy years ago, when some alterations were made in the street. A county gen-

tleman, Mr. Lloyd Philipps of Dale Castle who witnessed the removal with regret, asked for the stone, and had it conveyed to his residence, where he intended to preserve it. It is much to be regretted that our authorities allowed this memorial of the martyrdom of Nicholl to be removed. Carmarthen has worthily perpetuated the memory of Bishop Ferrar, who was burned in that town. Haverfordwest should not, in the language of our correspondent, "let slip the records of our fathers' faith and of their courageous bearing in that fiery time of trial."—Ed. P.H.]

A monument was erected in 1912 to Nicholl's memory.

And here it may not be out of place to remark that, notwithstanding the unimpassioned temperament of the Flemings, there have not been wanting occasions when their blood has been roused to boiling point touching what they deemed matters of conscience. Although this is not the time to go into the morality or policy of the question, which has been long since set at rest, I may mention a notable event which occurred here, about eighty-three years ago, at the time of the agitation respecting Catholic emancipation. A county meeting was called by the High Sheriff to consider the matter, and a large gathering assembled on the Castle Green, as it used to be called, in front of the then recently erected "House of Correction." On a large platform stood the speakers: on one side the late Earl of Cawdor, Dr. Morgan, the Rev. John Bulmer, and I know not whom beside; on the other side the Rev. Samuel Fenton, a clergyman named Harries, and some others. So high did the Protestant feeling run that a riot broke out on the spot. The popular enthusiasm knew no bounds. The Earl of Cawdor was very roughly handled by the mob, and it required the intervention of the authorities to prevent his being dragged out of his carriage. No doubt his lordship deeply felt the indignity, and it was always

thought by the townsfolk that he never forgave them. Those who knew the true nobility of the Earl's character never would credit this: there is, however, a Spanish proverb that the injured may forgive, the injurer never; and possibly the town, which was certainly to blame, never forgave the Earl.

The riot did not end here. The mob was in possession of the town, and played havoc with the residences of all the obnoxious parties, smashing the windows, and in other ways demonstrating their indignation. It was a wise remark of "the Duke" that "a county meeting is a county farce."

ST. MARY'S CHURCH.

St. Mary's Church is second to no ecclesiastical building in the Principality and according to the late Mr. S. Williams of Rhayader "is as beautiful a specimen of the Decorated style as anything in the country and could only be compared in point of beauty with the magnificent Cathedral Church of Salisbury." The south wall of the nave which is 3ft 8in thick, is no doubt the original wall of a Norman Church, it not being usual to build walls of this thickness in the thirteenth century, and under the plaster above the windows may be traced the remains of round arches. Possibly portions of the tower walls also belong to this period. The south porch seems to be of the same date, with a 13th century doorway and at this time presents some curious features: it appears to have been originally higher than it now is and the upper portion may have been removed when the Tudor Clerestory was added to the nave. In the south west angle there appear to be remains of a spiral staircase and balcony, which probably led to a parvise: the large recess in the south wall on the inside is a puzzle. The beautiful nave

and chancel arcades of Caen stone, and the chancel arch with their extremely rich capitals and mouldings on which serpents ¹, an ape playing the Welsh harp ², a pig playing the crwth, and other curious symbolic devices appear, were built in the thirteenth century. The clere-storeys to nave and chancel with the richly carved and panelled oak roofs were added in the fifteenth century together with the north wall and windows. The east window of the north aisle the west window of the Tower and the groined vaulting of the Tower also belong to this period.

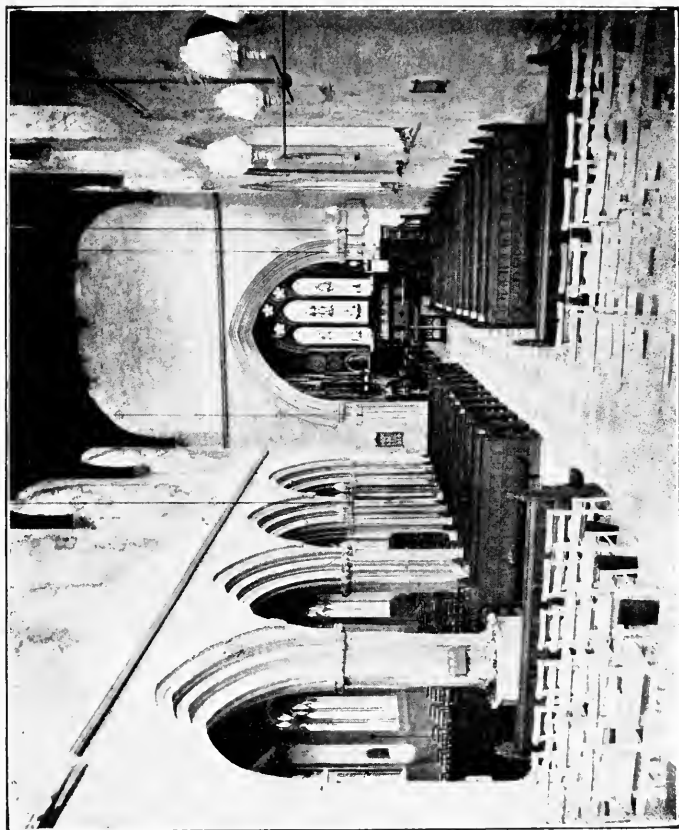
The nave roof of oak which is one of the finest in the Kingdom, was originally painted in bright colours with gilded bosses like the beautiful choir and chancel roofs at St. Davids and must then have presented a very fine appearance ³. The Tudor rose is frequently met with in the carving, one of the centre bosses of this design being an extremely fine example of the carvers art and perfectly proportioned to the height of the roof from the floor, the principal nave corbels ⁴ are all worthy of careful inspection, some of them being of curious symbolic designs, probably of foreign workmanship. The church contains a fine carved bench end of genuine Flamboyant work, representing the overthrow of Satan by the Archangel Michael. The poppy head shows on the side the arms of England and France quarterly the French quartering being charged with three fleurs-

1. The serpent symbolises as well as the evil principle also regeneration and the love of Christ. In the Egyptian and Classic Arts the serpent signified reviving health as in the beautiful symbolic figures of the well known Portland or Barberini Vase.—The Church Treasury Tindall Wildridge.

2. This may have derisive reference to the Welsh who were not loved by the people of Haverford.

3. Traces of the colouring were found when the roof was restored.

4. The organ loft was erected about 1736 the timbers for the work being given by Sir John Philipps, of Picton, from Picton Woods.—Corporation Minute Books.



ST. MARY'S CHURCH—INTERIOR.



de-lis. This alteration in the Royal Arms was first made in the reign of Henry V. 1413—1422 and remained unchanged until Queen Elizabeth came to the throne; the carving seems to date from the early part of the 15th century and is undoubtedly of foreign workmanship. There are also two survivors of the old oak choir stalls which were, in 1844, removed and chopped up for fire-wood to make way for sham Gothic high pews with cast-iron poppy heads and plaster ornaments. The organ was erected in 1737 by public subscription at a cost of £600 10s 0d and is supposed to be by Byfield: it has since been much altered and was in 1889 entirely reconstructed by Hill but all the old stops, except some of the numerous mixtures were retained and several new ones added. The richly carved case is stated by some to be the work of Grinling Gibbons but as Gibbons died in 1721, this can only be true supposing the case belonged to an earlier organ of which we have no record

Above the Chancel Arch are the colours of the old Pembrokeshire Militia Regiment, now disbanded, and on the wall near by a bronze tablet has been fixed at the expense of Dr. Henry Owen of Poyston who was also the generous donor of the iron gates at the North Entrance; the tablet bears the following inscription—For God and Country.

Above this Arch
are deposited the Colours of the
Royal Pembroke Militia
a Regiment first raised in 1589 as the
Royal Pembroke Fusileers
and known in later years as the
Royal Pembroke Artillery
The Regiment whose Head Quarters
were in the Town served from
1793 to 1802 in Ireland and

Volunteered for Active service
in the Peninsular War and in the
Indian Mutiny

It was absorbed in 1909 in the
Royal Regiment of Artillery

These colours were presented
to the Regiment in 1808 and were
laid up in this Church on Sunday
the 13th day of June 1909
God Save the King.

There is on the South side of the nave a recumbent monument of which Mr. Bloxam says¹ "The object then was no less than the sepulchral effigy of a pilgrim, of a class so rare that I have only come across one other example in this country .. This effigy then at Haverfordwest, which as far as Wales is concerned, is probably unique, is much mutilated and abraded, especially the head which appears to have been represented bare and reposing on two cushions, the undermost square, the uppermost lozenge-shaped. The effigy appears to have been sculptured in the peculiar garb appropriated to pilgrims, the exterior robe or gown of which was called the selavine. The skirt of this is open in front, a short distance upwards. Under the right elbow is a vestige of the bourdon, or pilgrim's staff, whilst on the left side of the effigy appears the pilgrim's wallet or scrip, suspended by a strap over the right shoulder. On the scrip, are represented scallop-shells, indicating the shrine to which the pilgrimage had been made. The hands are conjoined on the breast in prayer. From the shape of the slab (a parallelogram) on which the effigy reposed, I should imagine this to be a monument of the early part of the fifteenth century." The three escallop shells indicate

1. Arch. Cam. Ser. 4. Vol. 14. p. 267-8.

2. At Ashby-de-La-Zouche, Leicestershire.

a pilgrim to the shrine of S. James de Compostella. Near by there is what appears to be a stone confessional, an unusual feature in an English Church though often found on the continent. The original bell cot for the sanctus bell still is in its proper position on the east gable of the nave and contains a bell dated 1681. In the north west corner of the churchyard the charnel house with its vault beneath formerly stood. It was a plain building of massive masonry lighted with small, plain lancet windows of Caen stone, and had for many years been used as a Police Station. The existing thirteenth century gateway is a part of the old building which was in 1891 pulled down by the Trustees of Sir John Perrot's Charity to widen the street. During the removal, two skeletons were found in carefully formed recesses, just at the spring of the arch on the inside of the churchyard, over the vault with solid walls built above and around them. The gateway has been restored at the expense of the Pembrokeshire Association for the Preservation of Ancient Monuments.

Mr. Francis Green of St. David's, has kindly supplied the following information:—

Extract from the will of Maurice Canon, dated 13th May, 1587, and proved on 10th July, 1587.

“The late King of England by letters patent granted to one Lusa a house called the Chancel House ¹ in the north part of St. Mary's Church, Haverfordwest, which afterwards John Sutton, of Haverfordwest, purchased, and the estate of which Mr. Sutton, I have purchased with other lands in Haverfordwest, of Thomas Wogan, gent, and his wife Thomasina Sutton; I direct that a

1. In the Min. Acc. 1207, No. 15 a schedule of the decayed burgages in the town of Haverford 1473-1474 is given in which the Charnel House is mentioned.—Lordship of Haverford p. 137.

lease of this house shall be made to the Corporation for 1000 years at a rent of 1d; and whereas the said house conteyneth three rooms, the uppermost for keeping the Sheire armor, the second for cleaning the same, and the vaulte or lower parte in my owne hande for a woodehouse; and whereas also the gentlemen of the Sheire maye chaunce to think it strange that rent should be demaunded of them henceforthe where they payde me none, I made no accompte thereof, because I was much beholden to moste parte of all the saide gentlemen, therefore to avoyde contention I woulde wishe in discretion that so longe as the saide twoe roomes are kepte to so good a use, the said Maior and Corporation doe lett the gent of the Sheere have the same for some reasonable rent, I meane a noble of tenne shillings a yeare at the most, so longe as it is converted to that use and keepe the repayre.

There is a marble tablet on the wall inside the altar rails which is so placed that few visitors would be likely to take the trouble of reading the inscription upon it. It is, however, singularly quaint and touching; and the terse and striking sentiment with which it concludes, is a grand expression of true Christian philosophy.

Dutiful, pliable, and engaging,
 Meek, unelated, and humble,
 Gifted with uncommon beauty and improved talents.
 Nobly rising above the temptations of a world
 Maddening after pleasure,
 Holding all its dazzling, fashionable follies in detestation,
 Shamed neither by scoffs nor raillery
 From singularly devoting to her God the bloom of her youth,
 Supported in sickness by an assuring faith,
 Facing the King of Terrors without fear,
 Thanking God for calling her when others were left :
 Thus lived the lovely Hussy Jones,
 Peculiarly marked by God for his own,

And, having made haste to keep his commandments,
 Finished her task at sixteen, full of grace and
 ripe for glory.
 The hope, pride, delight, and admiration also, of
 Her surviving friends, to whom she continues
 A blessing even in death : lessening their attachment to earth,
 And quickening their longing for Heaven.
 O Grave thy victory is over the unburied ;
 O Death, thy sting is to the living.

Obiit 19, January 1791.
 fil. nat. max. Jos. Jones, M.D.

Another tablet in the north aisle runs thus:—

“Elizabeth, the beloved wife of Captn. John Parr, than
 whom few better ever lived, or a sincerer Christian ever
 died.

“To name her virtues ill becomes my grief ;
 What was my bliss can now give no relief ;
 A husband mourns. The rest let friendship tell—
 Fame spread her worth. Her husband knew it well.”

Under the west window there is a monument to the
 memory of Richard Knethell, dated 1609. In 1608, he
 was Mayor of the Town. The Knethells formerly lived
 at Hook in the Parish of Langum.

St. Mary's possesses one of the only two mural brass
 tablets which escaped sacrilegious treatment in the
 county. It is to be found on the south wall of the chan-
 cel and bears the following epitaph.

John Davids of ye Towne and County
 of Haverfordwest, Esq., departed this life ye xi
 day of September, 1651, aged 51.
 Sage his wife departed this life ye 4th day
 of February, 1654, aged 62.

The Rectory of St. Mary's was vested in the Haver-
 fordwest Corporation by a Charter of Queen Elizabeth.

Sir Jas. Perrot of Haroldston son of Sir John who
 died Feb. 1637 lies buried in the chancel but no trace
 of his tomb remains.

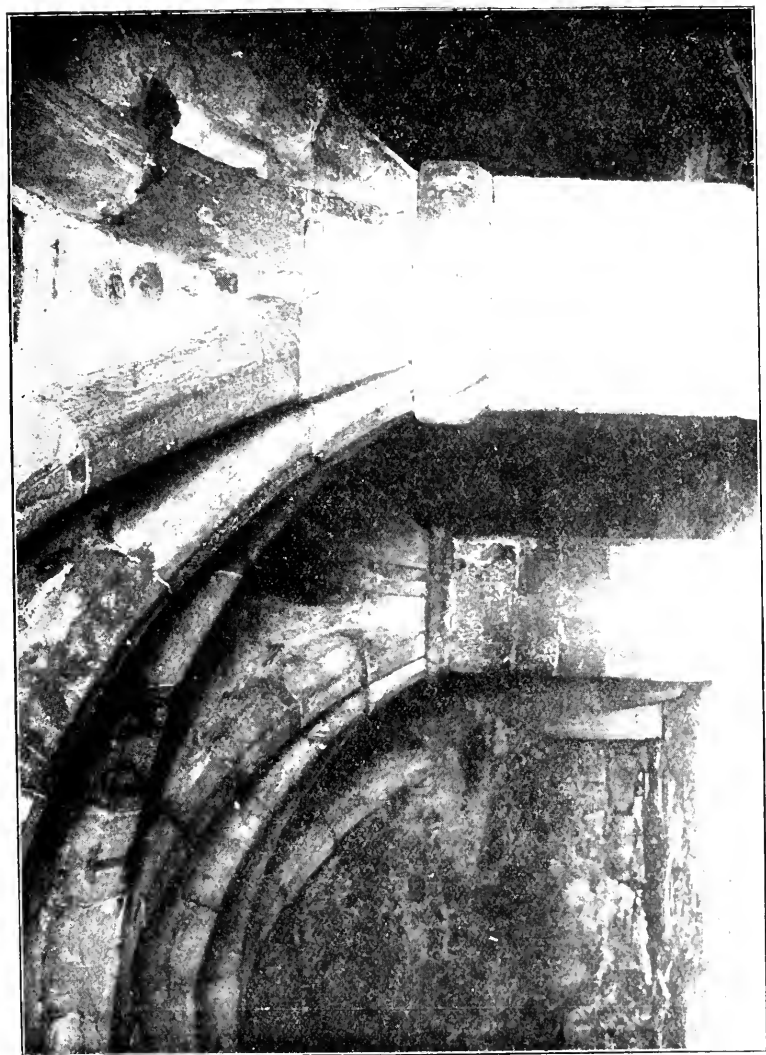
Near the South East corner of the Church under a dwelling house there is another large Charnel Vault in perfect condition. It is groined with plain chamfered quadripartite Norman Vaulting, springing from two plain round pillars down the centre and probably dates from the early part of the twelfth century. The front wall is 7ft thick and there is an opening at the side into other ancient vaults; the doorway has been altered. At the south west angle of the church yard there is a curious building now used as a fish market. It is also groined with two bays of plain chamfered quadripartite circular vaulting with longitudinal and cross ribs springing from two round pillars; probably there were originally ornamental bosses at the intersections of the ribs, but these have gone; above this there is another chamber with plain pointed vaulting without ribs. In the back and side walls are round headed windows blocked up; the upper chamber is approached by stairs and a separate door and was until recently used as a Record Office; the building, which does not appear to be ancient is well worthy of a better use. It is wonderfully dry and could with little expense be fitted up as a small museum.

We will fancy ourselves moving among the frequenters of the old church some sixty years ago. First of all (to quote the familiar rhyme)—

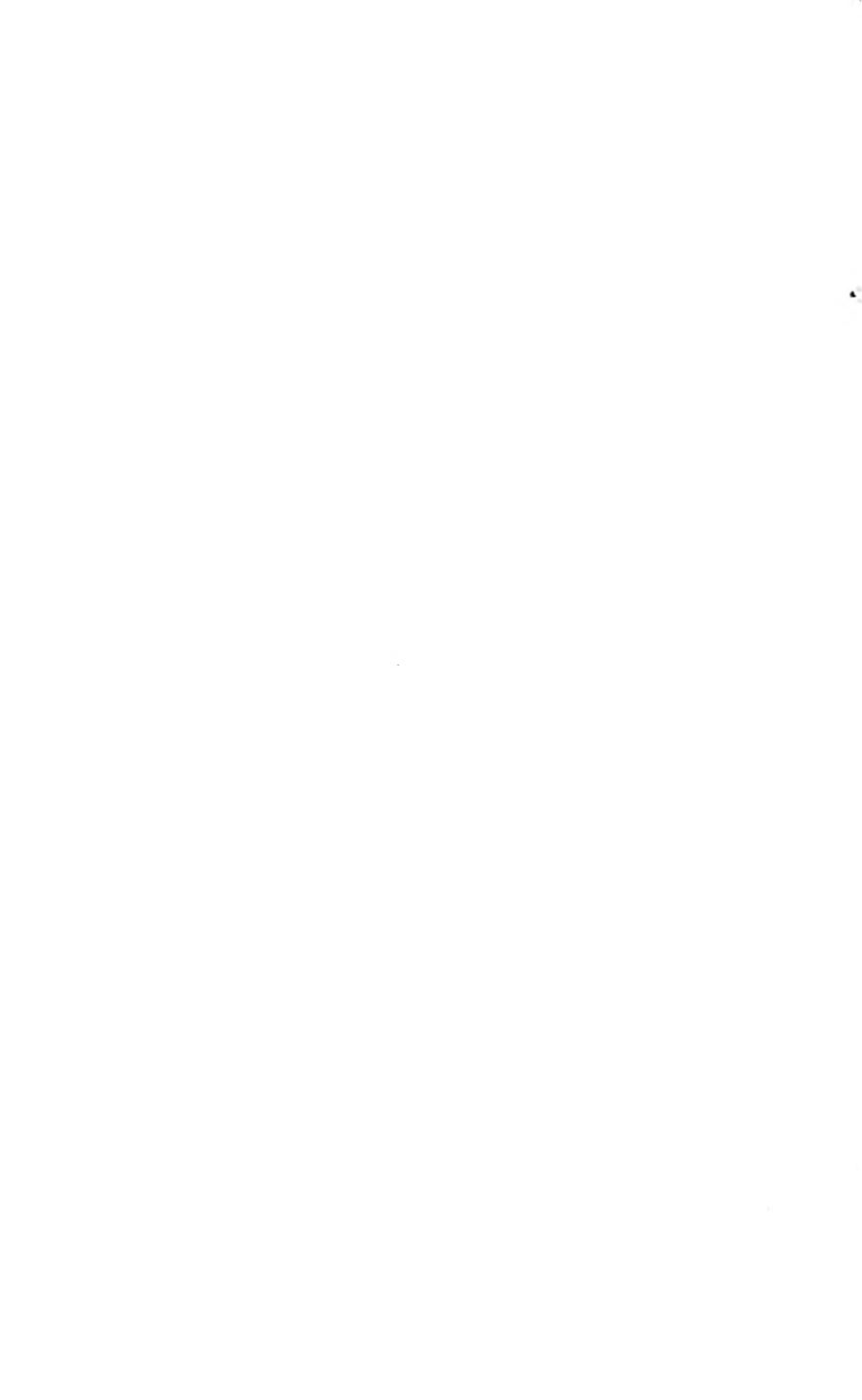
“There goes the Parson, oh, illustrious spark.

And there, scarce less illustrious, goes the clerk.”

The former personage, whom none could help respecting, was universally known as “the old Parson,” not from any marks of extreme age, but because he had three sons, each of whom had won his honours, and was in holy orders among us. As the old gentleman bore in sight, with his brown wig and stout walking-stick, and a keen black eye that used to look through one, a



OLD GROINED CRYPT, HIGH STREET.



stranger did not need to be told who he was. He was master of the Free School, where he ruled strictly yet lovingly. And what a host of fine fellows he did turn out. "Men's fellows, Sir," as old Bob Ferrier once said, whilst describing a previous generation of boys. They were many of them, of the stamp of which one may suppose Dr. Arnold would have been proud. The parson was an active magistrate as well, and an accomplished chemist. He performed daily and seventh-day duty in church.

Then there were Joe Tasker the organist (never called anything else),* who loved the old organ as a tar loves his ship; and old John Banner, who used to make poetry, and was quite a character in his way.

I remember on one occasion, many years ago, there was a town meeting in the Shire Hall at which all the local celebrities were present, and a little good-humoured chaffing was going on while they waited for the business which related to town matters to commence: Mr William Rees was in the chair; and, seeing poor old John Banner, said, "Well, Mr. Banner, could you give us a stave while we are waiting?" The old man responded:—

" Mr. Rees, when you've a son,
The bells shall ring, and there'll be fun."

Mr Rees, who never was blest with children, was quite knocked over for once, and his handsome countenance looked a shade ruddier than usual.

There was, besides, a host of humble officials, "black coats," and other pensioners, bell-ringers, and many others.

One old gentleman, whose office seemed to be to keep the unruly boys in order, was called a whip-dog. Going

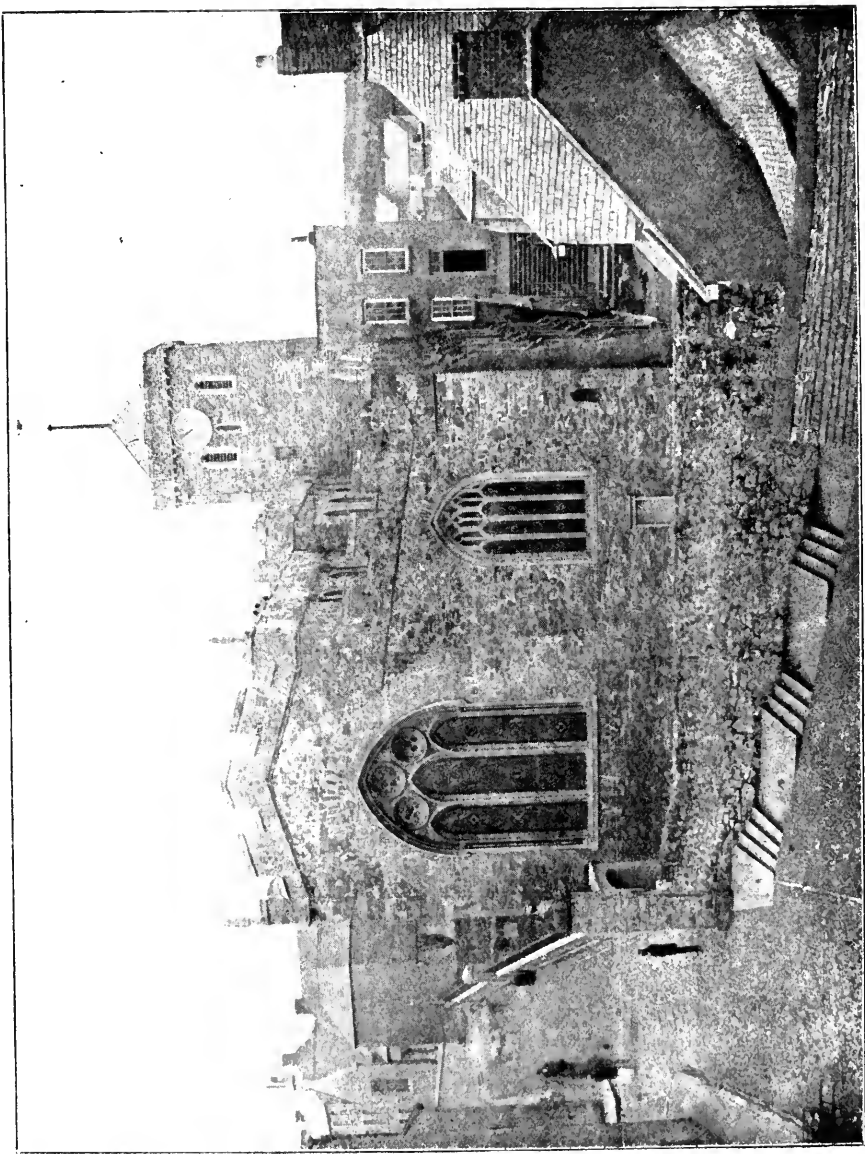
*Mr. Tasker was also a composer of music. One tune written by him and named Transition is set to the well known hymn beginning "I'll praise my Maker while I've breath."

out to the porch one day, he observed a group of respectable young men standing about. "In or out, gentlemen," said the old man; "that's the little man's order;" and they knew that he referred to the deputy-mayor, whose orders must be obeyed.

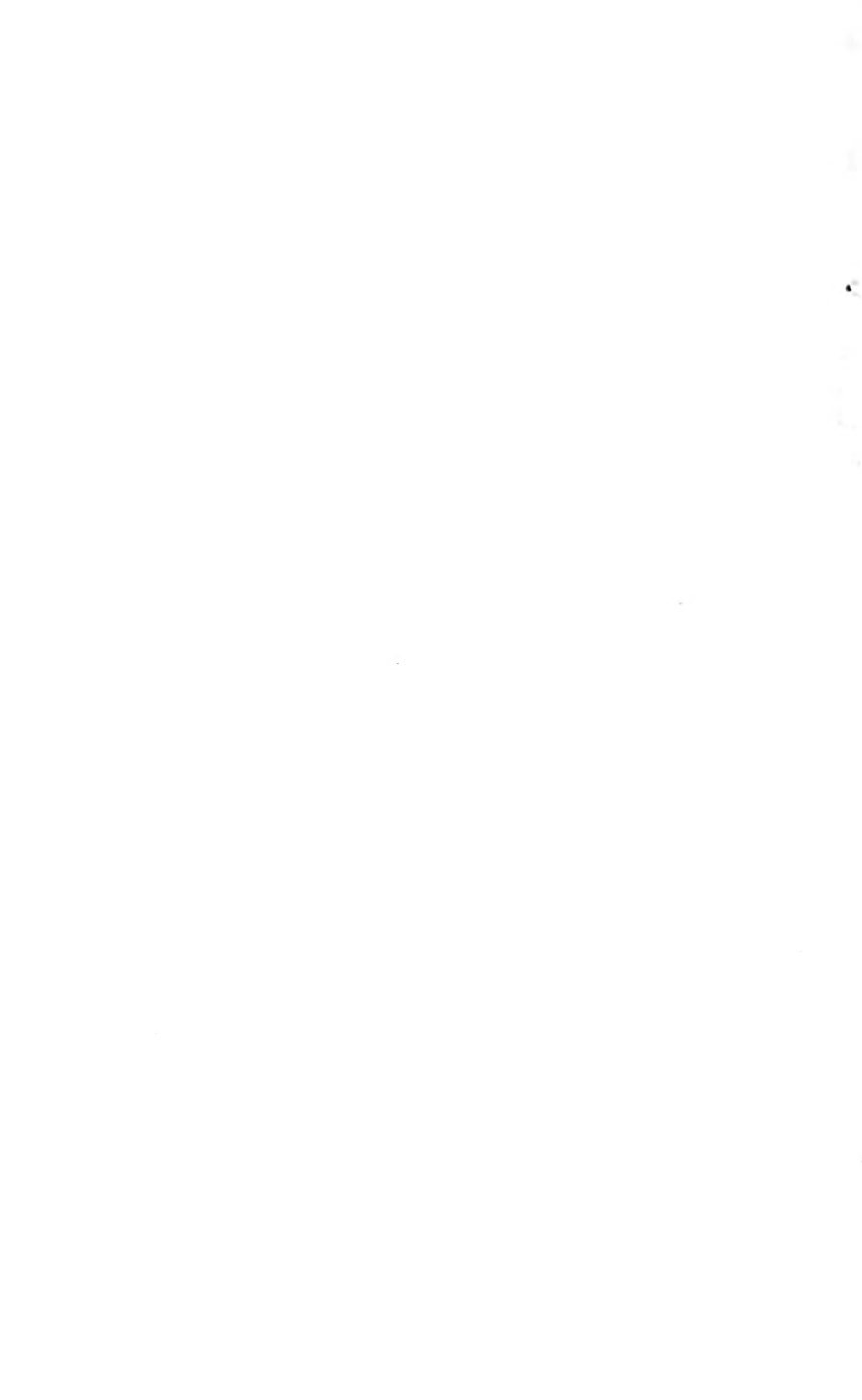
Things are differently managed now, and, no doubt, more decorously; but those were "the good old days," and I love to recall them.

Over the northern porch, the principal entrance, formerly stood the Council Chamber—a double chamber, musty and worm-eaten, where everything was redolent of past ages. It was always a subject of remark, that it was not seemly that meetings, where the strife of party politics was sure to arise, should be held over the threshold of the church. But at that time the expediency of the union of Church and State was scarcely called in question, and dissenters were not eligible for admission into the council; so that all were churchmen, in name at least. For I know not how many years the arrangement was undisturbed.

It was not without regret, one would think, that at length the town authorities yielded to the fiat which went forth, and quitted the old chamber, where their predecessors had so long ruled, for a cold, miserable, unfurnished apartment in the Corn Market. But the old chamber had been doomed from the time of the passing of the Municipal Reform Bill. If Brown, Jones, and Robinson, or any other dissenters, were to be admitted into the council, the removal of the council from the neighbourhood of the sanctuary was inevitable. The very presence of dissent outraged the time-honoured sentiments of the place, and an occasion of disputation was not long in arriving.



OLD VIEW ST. MARY'S CHURCH, SHOWING OLD COUNCIL CHAMBER.



For years unnumbered a gratuity of £10 a year had been paid out of the corporate funds towards the expense of ringing the church bells on public occasions. By the way, it was a trite town joke, when inquiry was made as to whom the bells were being rung for, "Mr Gibbon the Tuns,"¹ "the Tuns" being the general resort of the jolly old ringers, who, it was said, were in the habit of mortgaging their fees.

Now it so happened that a very eminent Divine came on a visit to the neighbourhood. He was a man worthy of all respect, and though a Nonconformist, had rendered high service to the cause of the Established Church, by means of the influence which he wielded in the Methodist Conference. All parties had occasionally joined to do him honour, and testify their sense of his services.

Arriving in the town, which had been fairly stirred at the news of his visit, the intelligence reached the ears of the ringers who instantly set the bells a-going. Scarcely had the first peal died away, when the vicar made his appearance, and being informed of the occasion, exercised his authority, and ordered the ringers to desist. It seemed too trifling a matter to be taken notice of. The distinguished personage left the town, and his visit became a matter of history. But it was considered by the council, the majority of whom had by this time become political dissenters, that there was a grave principle involved in the affair. If the town council paid the ringers for their services on public occasions, were they not the judges of what were fit seasons for the exercise of their vocation? It was moved forthwith that the payment should be discontinued, and the proposition was readily carried.

(1). The Tuns stood where Tasker's School now is.

Some years elapsed. The leader of the Nonconformist party happened to visit the metropolis on some business of a public nature. On his return, the bells were set to work to announce the fact; but strange to say, the first bell that was called upon cracked its sides, and so a protest was practically entered against the usurpation of dissent.

The advowson of St. Mary's was sold in 1840 by the Corporation to the Rev. Thomas Watts for £800.

A few years afterwards the advowson was purchased by the Rev. J. H. A. Philipps, of Picton Castle, and with it went the old council chamber, which for between two and three centuries had been the scene of the municipal government, and doubtless of many an interesting debate. On clearing out the old time-worn furniture of the chamber (the books and charters had been previously removed), an old letter was picked up from the floor, and was about being consigned to the waste paper basket, when some one happened to glance at its contents. Since I have commenced my history it has been handed over to the authorities, but on the minutes of the old council there is no mention of it. As my readers will, I am sure, be interested in perusing it, I append a copy of it in this place.

“London, Feb. 1st, 1717-18.

“Gentlemen,—After heartily condoling with ye (ye) loss of your late worthy Representative in Parliament, whose sodaine and unexpected departure may give us all a quick impression of our great change: I beg leave to acquaint ye, that my declining for several years past to offer my services to my County under that character has been ill resented by many of my friends, who I have

reason to believe entertain too favourable sentiments of me; which consideration (however) has determined me to give ye this trouble, and to request the honour (if I may be thought worthy of it) to supply the present vacancy. None who are well-wishers to their country (as I trust you all are) will conceive a prejudice to me for avoiding those unwarrantable methods of obtaining Favour that are so commonly put in practise on these occasions, a mischief which this nation has long suffered under, and is lamented by all wise and good men, as what in time (without some better provision) may prove hurtful to ye constitution.

“Gentlemen, I have no other views in this Address than being put into a capacity of serving ye Publick and your worthy Corporation in particular after the most effectual manner I am able. But if you have cast your eye on any other Gentleman whom you may judge more fit and likely to answer those purposes, I shall most readily concur with ye in the choice, forbearing any further steps that may give occasion for division (the worst of evils) among you. Earnestly begging God so to direct ye in this affair that your election (on whomsoever it falls) may be unanimous.—I am, Gentlemen, your most obedient and faithful humble servant,

JOHN PHILIPPS.”

In explanation of the letter, of which I have presented my readers with a copy, I may say, that a few days previously the election of a burgess to serve in parliament took place: and a Mr. John Laugharne, who had represented the constituency before, was re-elected. On the very day of his re-election he received a summons more peremptory than any from an earthly government—sudden death removing him from his constituents. In this emergency the letter was received by them.

St. Martin's—Parish and Church—The church of St. Martin is by no means an ordinary structure. It is older than St. Mary's, and probably was originally built at the same time as the Castle, according to an old rhyme with which the natives of the town have been, from time immemorial, familiar:—

“ St. Martin's bell rang many a knell,
When St. Mary's was a furzy hill.”

It has a very fine perpendicular west window, perhaps the finest in the County of that period, and contains a highly ornamented fourteenth century sedilia and piscina: there is also a fine coffin lid in a recess on the north side of the chancel with a floriated cross somewhat disfigured by a later inscription: there is probably very little in the existing building except the tower and portions of the nave earlier than the fourteenth century. Over the south porch is a parvise measuring internally 15ft. 3in. x 11ft. 2in. and of considerable height: inside there are two curious recesses the larger one probably a fireplace. There is also a set off in the wall near the roof from 9in to 11in in width. The floor, of timber is quite modern as also is the well stair and the window. An old print shows an external door in the S.W. angle of the churchyard but the original approach was probably inside the Church in the S.W. corner of the side Chapel: on the South side above the Porch entrance, a square window-opening can be traced. The present floor of the church covers a good many monuments, none of them of any great interest or antiquity a complete list of which exists. The arcade between the nave and side chapel is quite modern. Originally there was a single arch or large span which was, for apparently no sufficient reason removed in 1865 when the church was restored. The Organ is a very fine toned

instrument of two manuals and pedal organ and was originally built by Father Schmidt ¹ for St. David's Cathedral: of his work only the open metal diapason pipes on the great organ remain. About the year 1843 the instrument was restored by Lincoln and in the year 1881 it was rebuilt by Vowles of Bristol and placed in this church.

The surroundings of the old church were probably very different from what they now are, even a century ago. According to a tabulated statement of the census of 1801, there were only twenty uninhabited houses in the whole town; there have been a few good houses built in the present century. It was formerly after the style of "St. James's and St. Giles's;"—poor cottages elbowing rich neighbours. Certainly several of the old rich families then resided there. Round the castle dwelt the substantial burghers and their dependants ages ago. Bridge Street and "the Friars" lovingly embraced each other; and the old town presented an appearance of mediæval prosperity, which, looking at its present state, we should hardly dream of.

In this parish resided the Prusts, the Mayletts, the Batemans, and many other wealthy families, whose names may be found in the old registers, and, with the exception of the first-mentioned, only there.

One extensive mansion, which long survived its history, was named after the Protector, "The Cromwell," in remembrance of his having been entertained there during his visit to the town. After sinking into one stage of decay after another, it was in comparatively recent times swept away in what it is the fashion to call town improvements.

1. Schmidt lived in the 17th Century and died before April 1708.

The parish of St. Martin was, no doubt, the town when Gilbert de Clare in the twelfth century, built the castle. To quote the words of Froude, "the beautiful houses which have fallen to decay, were those which, in the old times of insecurity, had been occupied by wealthy merchants and tradesmen." These, however, were afterwards exchanged for more convenient and ornamental dwellings, in more airy and agreeable situations. In a town so pleasantly situated as this, well-to-do citizens would take up their dwellings where they could avoid the inconvenient crowding which had formerly been submitted to for the sake of protection and safety.

St. Thomas—This Church dedicated to St. Thomas the Martyr has been much altered in modern times and little remains of the original building but the South Wall, part of which is of great thickness and is undoubtedly Norman. In it is a blocked-up rood loft stair and an opening that may have been a low or a leper window. During the building of the North Aisle, foundations of a wall were found which showed that the Nave had at one time been wider than it now is, which would just bring the tower in the centre line between the North and South Walls. The Church contains a Sepulchral Slab placed upright against the West Wall now showing the head of the figure only. There is a beautiful floriated cross in relief with an incised palm branch on the top of the slab, and an Anglo Norman inscription in Lombardic Capitals along one edge with the following inscription "F Ricard Le Paumer Eit Ici Dieu de Saalme Eit Merci, Amen." The stone was dug up many years ago in the Churchyard when excavating a grave and is probably as old as the time of Giraldus, and may well be the monument of one of those Haverfordians who he tells us were so wonderfully moved by his sermons in the Latin.

and French tongues neither of which were understood by his hearers. The Tower which is 78 feet high has an embattled parapet and stands at the west end of the church. It is a fine example of thirteenth century masonry, with perpendicular alterations, contains a very good toned bell bearing the motto "Sanctus Gabriel Ora pro nobis." The old Sanctus bell which, has of late years been recast was inscribed "Give thanks to God T.W. 1585." On the west face of the Tower a small rood or calvary made of stone having the three figures on it has been built into the wall high up. There is a good perpendicular west window.

1 A Charter of King Edward III confirming an earlier grant shows that "Robert son of Richard son of Tankard² of Haverford gave unto God and St. Mary and St. Thomas the Martyr of Haverford and for the service of God's Canons there and for Service in the future of the Churches of St. Thomas Haverford St. Mary and St. St. Martin with all tithe and obventions" &c.; certain special tithes are mentioned and the boundaries of the present Churchyard which was part of the grant are minutely described; in one place it says "And also of all the land from the West Gate of the Cemetary of St. Thomas as the main road leads to the Market as far as the Lepers land and from thence as far as Little Haverford." It is not known where the Lepers land was, it was probably a settlement where Lepers had to remain and there was a Special Chapel for them somewhere in the Town, Little Haverford is the old name for St. Thomas Green.

The endowments of the three Churches above mentioned were impropriated by the Priory and at the dissolution were granted by the Crown to various

1. Dugdale's Monasticon Vol. vi. pt. 1. p. 444.

2. Robert, son of Richard Tankard was constable of Haverfordwest Castle in 1207.

persons. Tradition says that the St. Thomas Tithe was granted to Sir John Perrot and that he immediately gave it back to the Church; there is nothing to show whether that was so or not, but the great tithes still form part of the endowment of the living. In the survey of 1577 there is apparently a reference to it in describing the Parishes, viz., "One other of St. Thomas the Martyr as impropriate and latelie purchased by Sir John Perrot, Knight."

The Church formerly had a coped ceiling and was possessed of rare acoustic qualities. Amongst the Monuments in the Chancel is one to the memory of Sir Richard Walters of Rhosmarket; another recording the death of a little daughter of Lady Moriarty accidentally burned to death. The inscription on the latter runs thus:—

" Here rest, Sweet babe,
And wait the Almighty's will,
Then rise unchanged,
And be an angel still."

In the South East corner of the Nave, where the pulpit now stands, there was formerly a raised Square seat, which might be fairly designated the Squire's Pew. This was occupied by the Jordan family. Under this enclosure there was a family vault. A friend whose veracity could be relied on, related the following circumstances to the late Mr. John Brown 70 or 80 years ago.

"She was then an aged woman, but she told me that when a girl, living in the neighbourhood of the Church, she was one day drawn by curiosity to look on while this vault or recess was opened to receive the remains, I think, of an aunt of the late Sir William Ower. While standing there the sexton called her attention to one of the coffins lying in sight. On his removing the lid she saw the remains of one who had lain there for at

least some scores of years. The face retained a natural appearance, and flowers placed in the coffin their blooming colours. As they gazed, however, the exposure seemed to act with withering effect, and the lineaments which they looked upon quickly vanished!

All the land surrounding the Church was glebe, until an exchange took place, and the fields immediately to the east of the yard, and bounded by the Parade, were handed over to a layman in exchange for two fields on Merlin's Hill.

The Churchyard is beautifully situated, commanding a view of castle, priory, river, valley, and distant hills. There was formerly a curious mound, or rath, in the north-east corner of it, where tradition said cannon had been placed with which to batter down the castle.

From the Parade the view of the surrounding country is very fine. Sir William Owen, Attorney-General for Wales, was accustomed to say that he had never, in travels which he had taken all over the Continent, seen a more beautiful landscape.

For many years the Churchyard was very sadly desecrated by being used as a playground for the boys of the Free Grammar School which abutted on it; and, with a little burgage adjoining, known as Kitty John's Field, was the scene of endless pugilistic encounters. But this cause for scandal has been long removed, the School now being situate in Dew Street.

It is a somewhat singular circumstance that a large portion of the tithes of the ancient priory church, as also of those of the Parish of St. Ishmael, near Dale, is paid away to the Corporation of Tewkesbury.

1. General Sir Thomas Picton was educated in this school and his name was cut in large letters on one of the desks.

On the river side, near the priory, where now the tannery stands, there was formerly an important mansion. The late proprietor of the property stated that, in altering the old place for the purpose of building stores, he came across massive balustrades, such as are only to be found in houses of importance.

A number of silver coins were unearthed in St. Thomas' churchyard some years ago, the find including silver pennies of Henry III and Edw. I. Silver half groat Edw. III silver 6d and 3d Elizabeth 1575, silver shilling Car I sixpence Wm. III copper reis piece John V. of Portugal farthing Wm. and Mary and in the grave yard of Saint Martins a silver Groat of Q. Mary.

St. Ismael's Church, Uzmaston, a little out of the Town serves that part of it called Cartlett formerly Cathlott. The Church is an ancient structure of stone in the Early English style of architecture and consists of Chancel, Nave, north Aisle, south porch and the lower part of a tower at the N.E. angle of the Aisle, containing two bells; the font appears to be Norman but unfortunately it has been scraped and all the tool marks removed. The original plan of the Church was a Nave, Chancel, and North Transept, converted when the Church was restored in 1874 into an Aisle, a West doorway and porch; the present South porch was built at that time. On the South side of the Chancel there is a projection now used as a vestry which was probably a Chantry Chapel, there were also two large galleries. There is a fine hagioscope on the N. side and a small one on the S. side of the Chancel Arch opening into a miniature Chapel; close to it and built up in the wall is a doorway to the roof loft stairs. In the Chancel there is a large stoup converted into a piscina with modern bracket and fenes-

tella; this was originally the Aspersorium in the porch and was improperly removed thence to its present position during the restoration of the Church. The windows, with the exception of the little East window of the Chancel which is original perpendicular work and two others of the same period are all modern. The register of Baptisms dates from 1720 and of marriages and burials from 1723. The name of the parish and village is an interesting one. It is generally pronounced Izmaston and is evidently a corruption of Ismael'ston, the ton under the patronage of Saint Ismael to whom the Church is dedicated and who was one of the sons of Budig an Armorican noble of the sixth century. Ismael's mother was Arianwedd the sister of Teilo. Some consider that Wiz or Wizo the Fleming, (mentioned in deeds in the Cartulary of St. Peters Gloucester Temp. Hen. I) of Wyzton (Wiston) gave his name also to Uzmaston but the strong probability is that the name of the patron is embodied in the word as indicated. The Church contains a good organ.

Haverfordwest Priory -- The Augustinian Priory just below the Town on the right bank of the river was founded by Robert son of Richard Tankard, also known as Robert de Hwlfordd who was constable of Haverford Castle in 1207. He appears to have been a liberal donor to the other churches in the Town as well as the chapel in the castle and is said to have passed the latter part of his life in the priory where he is probably buried. This establishment continued to flourish till the dissolution at which time its revenue was estimated at £135 6s 1d. The ruins have for generations been used as a quarry and what now remains is almost entirely devoid of architectural details. The Church was dedicated to St. Mary the Virgin and St. Thomas the Martyr, and was cruci-

form in plan with a lofty central tower. The building was in the early English style of architecture and appears to have been 160 feet in length from East to West and 80 feet in breadth across the transept. As far as can be ascertained from what is left, it was a plain massive building, like Talley Abbey in Carmarthenshire with dressings of Caen stone, but much information could no doubt be obtained by a proper excavation of the site; this would be rendered easier from the fact that all Priors of this order were built on the same general plan. The last prior was John Batha. He was a young man of about twenty eight at the suppression. The house of the Dominican Friars originally occupied the site of the Foundry, the Black Horse Inn and other buildings on the East side of Bridge Street, though the name of the founder and the date of its erection are not known but it appears to have been in existence prior to the reign of Richard II. Bishop Hoton left £10 to this establishment and his successor Bishop John Gilbert bequeathed £100 with vestments, desiring also to be interred within its walls¹. Lead coffins and other remains have been dug up in and about the foundry and a stone coffin lid; there is also said to be a vault under the place. A lane close by is still called Friar's Lane. In High Street there appears to have been another religious house of some sort and there still is in the house where Messrs W. H. Smith's shop stands a large 5 light perpendicular window which might have been the east window of the chapel. It is now in a very decayed condition. There is also a very fine carved mantel piece in this house and a portion of another.

INCUMBENTS OF ST. MARY'S HAVERFORDWEST.

Raffe Saviour, 1565; John Eynon 1604; Stephen Goffe Lecturer about 1620; Edmund Orford Lecturer about 1624;

1. Lewis Topographical Dic.

William Ormond Lecturer about 1629; Richard Longstreet 1650; Stephen Love Lecturer claimed to be appointed for St. Mary's 1652 also Puritan Rector of S. Thomas; Adam Hawkins 1656; William Williams 1679; Roger Lloyd appointed 1681; Arnold Bowen appointed 1688; Joshua Powell appointed 1691; Thomas Davids appointed 1694; Edward Rees Lecturer appointed 1710; John Boulton during vacancy 1711, Roger Prosser appointed 1715; Owen Phillips appointed 1718; James Laugharne appointed 1723 and died 1728; George Phillips appointed 1728; Charles Ayleway appointed 1773; James Thomas appointed 1805 (died in 1843) Thomas Watts appointed 1843; J. H. A. Philipps appointed 1859; J. B. Wrenford appointed 1875; C. F. Harrison appointed 1883; J. H. Davies appointed 1902; T. Owen Phillips appointed 1911.

**EXTRACT FROM "WEST WALES HISTORICAL
RECORDS" VOL. II.**

PERPETUAL RECTORS OF S. THOMAS.

1640 Francis Robinson; 1651 Stephen Love; 1662 John Smyth; 1686 Thomas Davies M.A.; 1718 John Pember M.A.; 1735 Geo. Philipps; 1743 Hugh Bowen; 1777 William Cleaveland; 1799 John Tasker Nash; 1827 Thomas Knethrell Warren Harries; 1851 Thomas Horn; 1866 George Thomas Horn M.A.; 1874 George Christopher Hilbers M.A.;

YICARS.

1534 David Howell; 1640 Francis Robinson.

**EXTRACT FROM "WEST WALES HISTORICAL RECORDS"
VOL. II.**

PERPETUAL CURATES OF S. MARTIN.

1550 Morys Griffiths; 1688 William Williams; 1714 John Harries; 1748 William Tasker; 1795 John Tasker Nash M.A.; 1800 James Summers; 1837 Amos Crymes; 1856 Samuel Owen Meares; 1869 John Meares B.A.; 1879 Jan. 31st Peter John Jarbo; 1879 Oct. 16th, John Hearn Poppel-

well; 1888 Charles Martin Phelps; 1908 Arthur Baring Gould.

Just a word as to our public schools: the Grammar School was founded in 1613 when Thomas Lloyd of Cilcyffydd by deed gave to Trustees certain estates for its endowments, and in 1654 John Milward by his will gave the School one undivided third part of certain properties in Bordesley near Birmingham. A condition of Lloyds trust was that the scholars should be the "sons of such as should be of the poorer sort of people and not of any who were of great wealth and ability."

Fenton, the historian, was educated at this school.

Now as to Taskers School this was founded by Mrs Mary Tasker (previously a Miss Howard or Hayward of Flether Hill, Rudbaxton) in 1684, when by her will she devised to the Mayor and Corporation of Haverfordwest her farm of East Dudwell, Camrose, containing 580 acres. Originally the school was "for poor children of both sexes" appointed by the Mayor and Trustees, "with competent maintenance to be allowed them yearly until apprenticed to convenient trades. Money to be given at setting out each apprentice and also at the expiration of their so apprenticeship." To-day it is a High School for girls and is regulated by a Scheme under the Welsh Intermediate Act 1889. The Grammar School is regulated by a scheme under this same Act and the Endowed Schools Acts.

The quaint costumes of the recipients of the bounty of Mary Tasker was as here described:--the boys had old fashioned hats, long tailed blue coats turned up, with scarlet waistcoats, corduroy knee-breeches, yarn hose, and shoes with buckles: the girls wore hats, white caps,

white neckerchiefs, white aprons, blue jackets turned up, with scarlet cotton skirts, yarn hose, and shoes with buckles.

The recipients of Vawer's Charity still called Black Coats were required to and formerly did, walk in black coats or gowns before the Mayor to and from St. Mary's Church on every Lord's Day. William Vawer, a merchant and Alderman of the city of Bristol by deed dated 1607 provided that five decayed Burgesses should have eight pence a piece per week; "every such poor man to provide himself a gown of Black Lowe Cotton Freize."

CHAPTER IV. NONCONFORMITY.

Having given as complete an account as I am able of the Churches of the Establishment belonging to the town, I will endeavour to describe in this Chapter the various dissenting bodies of the place.

And here I may be permitted to observe that there has grown up, since the period which I refer to in my history a very marked difference between the old Nonconformists and the political Dissenters of to-day. Without presuming to express my private opinion, I may observe that it is very evident the old people were not much troubled in their minds concerning the principle of a State Church.

While on the one hand those Church people who were inclined to do so attended the chapel services without remark or question on the part of their own friends, they were hospitably received by the chapel people, whose doors were ever open to them. So there was a happy harmony, which for many years was undisturbed. And I think I shall be forgiven for saying that nearly all the religious people of that day were, to some extent at least, chapel-goers; while those who were members of the Methodist and other Nonconformist bodies in one

respect belonged to the Church as well : for they were baptized, married, and buried by the clergymen of their several parishes.

First in importance among the Nonconformists of that day were the Methodists, who called their chapel "the Wesley-room," a name it bore till far on in the century. It was very unadorned, and the entrance to it was through St. Martin's Churchyard; what is now called Chapel Lane being a portion of ground detached from the yard.

This entrance was characteristic of the feeling which then existed. The chapel was, in fact, a supplement to the church, in which latter John Wesley more than once preached and performed the services of baptism and marriage, as may be traced in the old registers.

The service in the Wesleyan Chapel was regularly attended by a number of wealthy, and a few aristocratic families—the Warrens, the Philippses, and the Kensington people. The place was filled from Sunday to Sunday. Wonderfully primitive and devoted were the men who ministered there. They were sometimes called "Rounders," from the plan they adopted of travelling the country and sleeping at the villages and hamlets where they happened to find themselves at nightfall. In this way they itinerated through Carmarthenshire and Pembrokeshire; the towns of Haverfordwest, Pembroke and Carmarthen forming three centres. Among other long-remembered names are Josiah Hill, Richard Treffry, and Francis Truscott; of whom it might be truly said, "They shall not stand before mean men; they shall stand before princes." The power with which they spoke, and the self-denial with which they laboured, were alike marvellous. The old Lord Kensington, who was a constant hearer in the

early part of the century, said of three of them, that one was a polite, the second a learned, and the third God Almighty's own preacher.

In connection with the Baptist cause for a time there were Hinton and others who became famous. At the Tabernacle also there were men of note.

At the "Green Meeting," now called the Albany Chapel, there was a man of great intellectual power, a Mr. Evans (father of the late Mr. John Evans, Q.C., member for the borough of Haverfordwest), of whom it was said that, going into a company of debaters, he was sometimes known, after having vanquished his opponent in argument, to offer to take up the other side, and again come off victorious.

At the Moravian Chapel, unpretentious as it was, there were occasionally ministers of rare learning and sanctity. Such was Gambold the Bishop, who, after a laborious life, found his last resting-place within the little yard attached to the chapel. There is a very fine toned chamber Organ in this chapel by the famous builder Geo. England. It was formerly in the Moravian church in London and it is said that Handel himself played upon it.¹

Nor was the pulpit the only place where the Moravian pastors toiled. To eke out a scanty pittance they were forced to assume the office of schoolmaster. Many of them were men of varied educational accomplishments, and some of their pupils became afterwards men of mark. Not a few of my readers will remember an old minister connected with this church of the name of Ike,² who spent the latter years of his life in the town. He possessed a most singular physiognomy; and his speech was distin-

1. There was originally a brass plate with the following inscription, "Georgius England, fecit 1793."

2. Christian Gothelf Ike, a name evidently Bohemian.

He was a most expert painter of flowers in water colours.

guished by a rich German accent. For children he had a great fondness; and delighted boys like myself with old stories of Black Forest adventures and fairy tales. He used to exhibit, to the wonderment of juvenile lookers-on, phosphorescent light, at that time a great novelty; and, aged as he was, had such skill with the pen, and such clear vision, that he could write Our Lord's Prayer within the compass of a shilling.

It might always be said of the Moravian ministers that they were Christian gentlemen; but though possessed of native grace, they, like meanly-set gems, were prevented by circumstances from display.

Church-going in that day was confined to the morning, but all the chapels were open at night. It was an interesting sight to see the good people of a winter's night all bearing their little lanterns, or as tribes following the larger family lanterns, along the streets; the demure female worshippers, with long poke bonnets, mounted on pattens, and looking like the Puritan mothers in Longfellow's "Evangeline," to whom as Flemings they would doubtless be related. Many a worldly young gallant was attracted by the devout walk and conversation of the young Deborahs; as was one young lord, who wooed and won the heart of a pretty little Methodist, and gracefully lifted her into a higher station and circle. She had, however, to pay the penalty of exclusion from the Methodist Church, so faithful was the discipline of the day.

Much decayed and fallen away in importance appear the dissenting interests of to-day, but only as compared with former days. The Established Church has now recovered the preference of many who would never have left their parish church if they could then have had the religious privileges which were elsewhere offered them.

In 1625 William Meyler Alderman was Mayor in the reign of King Charles I. According to the inscription on a tablet in St. Mary's Church he died in 1662 after having left 20s a year to the poor of the Almshouse "and 10s yearly to the Minister of St. Marys for catechising of the said poor every Easter and Christmas for ever". Among the earliest supporters of Nonconformity in Haverfordwest was Mr Richard Meyler probably a member of the same family, whose name is prominent as a staunch friend and follower of the Rev. Peregrine Phillips "who being unable to comply with the only terms on which he could exercise his ministry in the Church of England resigned the livings of Langum and Freystrop with others in and near Pembroke." Mr. Phillips afterwards lived at Dredgeman Hill then the property of Sir Herbert Perrot where he formed a congregation amongst whom was this Mr Richard Meyler. He subsequently also preached in Haverfordwest in Mr. Meyler's house in Market Street long after bought and rebuilt by the late John Lloyd Esq., and now belonging to Mr. Ll. Brigstocke. This is said to have been the foundation in the town of the Presbyterian denomination. On the 9th Feb. 1720 a lease of the Meeting house in St. Thomas Green later re-erected and known as the Albany Chapel was granted by the Mayor and the feoffees of the lands of Sir John Perrot to John Williams mercer, and Francis Meyler surgeon for 50 years from the preceding Michaelmas at the yearly rent of 40s. and one couple of fat hens every Candlemas. This same Francis Meyler (according to the Haverfordwest and Milford Haven Telegraph of May 30th 1866) then a deacon of their Church died in 1740 deeply lamented by the congregation and the then Minister the Rev Evan Davies. In 1747 Elizabeth Meyler and Mary Meyler his daughters were two of 55 members of this Chapel who signed a

requisition to the Assembly of Divines at Carmarthen that the Rev. John Hughes of Carmarthen College should be ordained their Pastor which was accordingly done. Elizabeth became the wife of the Rev. Mr. Hughes. He died in Bristol 10th July 1775 but his wife survived upwards of 40 years. By her last will and testament she bequeathed to the Presbyterian Church at Haverfordwest in which she always manifested the greatest interest, the sum of £200 in trust: the interest of which she directed to be annually paid to the minister for the time being in aid of his salary. She also gave a timepiece which in compliance with her wishes was put up in the Meeting house.

The two silver communion cups and paten still in sacred use at the Albany Chapel bear date 20th August 1774. They bear an inscription to the effect that they were presented by Miss Williams, who was probably a daughter of the Mr. John Williams, Mercer before referred to.

In or about 1743 Moravian missionaries came to the town and started a religious revival, preaching near the Prendergast Lime kilns. It is recorded that men of all classes gave up everything and joined the brotherhood. Two men distinguished themselves in the movement John Gambold M.A. son of a Rector of Puncteston, who became a Moravian bishop and who is already referred to earlier in this chapter, and David Mathias a former heir to the Llangwarren property. Mathias after preaching in Tenby, Pembroke, St Davids, and Laugharne, went to Plymouth and Yorkshire in which latter place he died. John Wesley preached in Carmarthen in 1763 and at Haverfordwest in August, 1790. It should be noted here that the Rev. Wm. Perkins, a native of the town rose to be President of the Wesleyan Conference in 1910.

CHAPTER V.
THE TOWN COUNCIL.

In no country, ancient or modern, have there been more important functions than those which, in the history of this country, have fallen to the lot of the municipal corporations. The mayors of even the smaller boroughs have often displayed a public spirit which is supposed to distinguish an Englishman; and while sometimes liberal in politics, have yet been truly conservative with regard to their ancient local rights.

The annals of our town furnish no exception to this rule; and, from the earliest records, our mayors have always been townsmen in whom their fellow citizens have reposed confidence as representative men.

A pleasing feature in the history of this town has been the large amount of beneficent and charitable feeling which has been displayed by its wealthy inhabitants. A long roll of benefactors, including the names of Bowen, Llewellyn, Vawer, Cannon, Milward, Haward, Tasker, Middleton, Roch, Wheeler, Laugharne, Philipps, and Phillipps, appears in the records of the Town Council, by whom the charities were distributed.

In the same records we have a list of the burgesses or freemen who lived more than two centuries ago; and it is curious to find among them the mention of some trades which are now unknown here—corvisors, cordwainers, glovers, tobacco-rollers, worsted-combers, wig-makers, pewterers, hatters, and fell-mongers.

These old records date from 1649. From a great number of very interesting items, I have selected a few.

“At the Comon Councillhouse, the 23rd Nov. 1660.—Whereas the affairs of this Town are very often and much retarded for want of a full number of Comon Council to meet and advise for the public weal thereof and that

chiefly occasioned by the election of so many Country gentlemen in the Comon Councill whose affairs elsewhere hinder them from meeting here: Also others within the Town not being able to come by reason of age and other infirmities; So that by this means the good government of the Town is much decayed: It is therefore this day ordered consented to and agreed by us whose names are hereunto subscribed. That none shall hereafter be admitted into the Comon Council of this Town but only such of the discreetest Burgesses thereof whose Profession makes them always resident to attend the service of the Town, and such as have heretofore borne other inferior offices therein.

"Signed by PHILIP WALLER, Mayor, and 9 others.

"Three dissent from this order."

"At the Comon Council house, 20th day of Sept. 1661. —Sir Wm. Morton, Knt, Sergt at law, His Majesty's Chief justice of the — shall be admitted and sworn Burgess of this Town and County."

"At the New* Council house of Haverfordwest, 21st day of Oct. 1661—Ordered that V/S¹ for the Rectory of St. Mary's be paid out of the Town revenue."

"25th September 1663.—It is agreed that the writings under written be sent to London to Sir William Morton for the clearing of the Castle rent whereby this Town may be discharged for the future.

"The original Lease, touching the mills and other things granted by Queen Elizabeth.

"A Coppy of that clause of the Charter as concerns the Castle rent.

*It appears, though there is no entry of it, that the sittings of the Town Council were first held in the "New Council-house" in the year 1661.

1. Five Shillings.

“A ‘Quietus’ under Auditor Hill’s hand.

“A Copy of a ‘Constat’ under Auditor Hill’s hand.

“A Copy of an Order under Commissioners of Haberdashers’ hall’s hands called Peter Price’s Reprize.

“It is ordered that £6 be sent to London to Sir William Morton to the Queen’s attorney for a fee to him touching the Business. Signed by LEWIS BARRON, Mayor, “and 12 of the Council.”

“At the New Councill house of Haverfordwest, 16 Oct. 1663.—Whereas there was an order made by our predecessors of this house that the Mayor and Comon Council should every Fryday morning before their going to consult about the affairs of the Town go to the Church of God to have divine service and that for many years the said laudable and pious order hath been laid aside and neglected to the great dishonour of Almighty God: It is therefore this present day ordered by us whose names are hereunto subscribed,—That every Fryday morning between eyght and nine of the clock the Mayor and Comon Council shall meet at the Church of St Marie’s to hear divine service before their going to the Comon Council and for every one of the 24 that shall neglect to be at church before divine service shall be ended shall forfeit to the poor of the Parish the sum of Sixpence for every such default; unless he hath reasonable cause for his not coming.”

“At the Council House, the 20th day of May 1664.—It is ordered by the Mayor and Comon Council that 6 of the Black bills which belong to the Town one day in Rogation week shall be delivered to the High Constables to keep the watch according to the Statute from Ascension Thursday until Michaelmas. The said High Constables delivered the same bills unto the Petty Constables of the first ward that is to watch, to be at night

given to the watchman and to be brought by the said watchman in the morning unto the petty constables again," etc., etc.

"At the Common Councile house, 27 August 1664.—A lease made by Jenkin Howell and other feoffees upon a messuage Dwelling in Middle Row in Great Dew Street." Middle Row was probably the Rats Island removed by Perrots Trustees in 1845.

"At the Council House of Haverfordwest, 25th Sept. 1664.—It is this day ordered that John Tom be sexton for this Parish of St Marie's in the place and stead of Wm Rice who hath departed this town and that he have the same wages and all other the Termes that Will Rice had, this order to continue as long as the said John Tom demean himself decently and civilly and performing all things belonging to his place; Unto which place he is admitted upon the Conditions following: First he shall ring the Fourth Bell at eight of the Clock in the Evening, and four of the Clock in the morning, and to keep the church clean, and to have Quarterly xij/6d (12s 6d) for his wages and for digging every grave in ye Chancell of the said Church for men ij/vjd (2s 6d.) and for child 1s and for every grave in the body of the Church 1sles ij s (2s) and for a child 1s and for every grave in each of the Porches 1s and for every child child vjd (6d) and in the Church yard 4d and to have the other house that Will Rice had paying viij/s (8s) p. ann. Whereof he is to be allowd for cleaning the Councill house p.ann. 4s. So he is to pay xij/ (12s).

"Signed by JOH. WILLIAMS, Mayor,

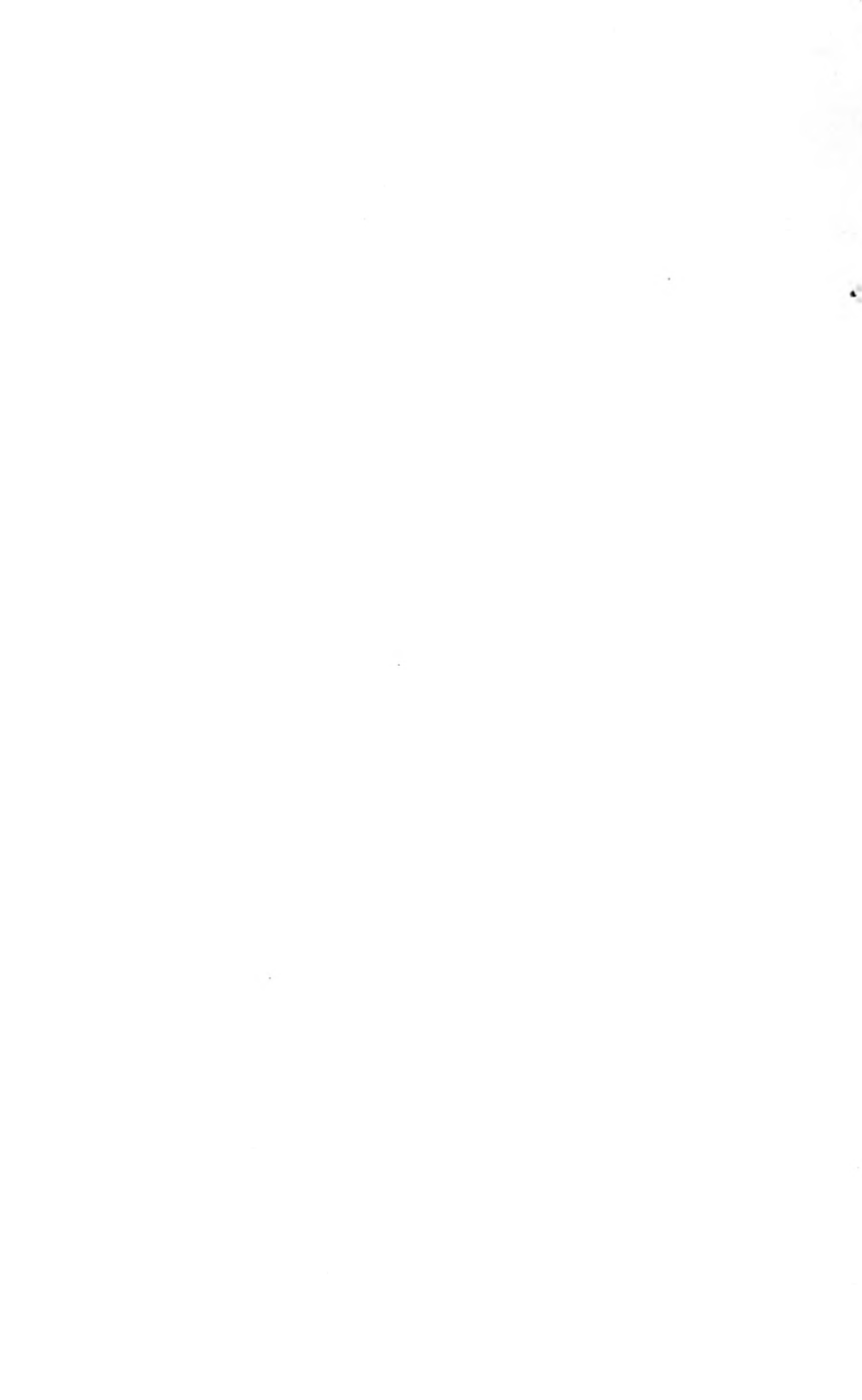
"and 11 of the Councill."

"At the New Council House, Haverfordwest, 25th November 1664.—"It is this day ordered and agreed by and

THE NORTH END OF WATERBURY STREET, IN THE CITY OF WYBORCZ.

[illegible]

William Edwards, of the Prospect Church, has lately by



with the Consent of us whose names are subscribed, that David Harries Smith be clock-keeper for the keeping of the clock of this Tower in repair, and for his pains in so doing he is to have and receive the sum of forty shillings yearly," etc., etc.

Signed by WILLIAM BROWNE, Mayor,
"and 9 of the Councill.

"Consented unto by

Signed

"David x Harries."*

"At the Councill house of Haverfordwest the 9 day June 1665.—It is this day agreed between the Mayor and Comon Council of this Town whose names are subscribed, and Wm. Jones on the behalf of himself and others the parishioners of the parish of St Thomas: That the Mayor and Comon Council of this Town shall have and enjoy ye Free Schoole of this Town and County and the Yield (?) house thereunto belonging and annexed from the day of the date hereof unto the full end and term of 99 years then following fully to be compleat and ended. Yielding and paying to the parishioners of the sd parish the yearly rent following, viz., for the free school the sum of one shilling, and for the Yield house the sum of Thirteen shillings, which the school-master is to pay," etc., etc.

"Signed by WILLIAM BROWNE, Mayor, RICHARD
"WALTERS, and others."

"On the second day of March 1665.—Ordered among other matters that the Comons called Portfield be sett out for Rye land, Burgesses to pay vi s viij d (6s8d) p. acre and strangers xiiij, iiij d (13s. 4d.) p. acre. And

*The use of the cross as a mark made by "illiterates" is no doubt ancient. The *Criss Cross* or *Christ's Cross* would seem to be a sort of solemn sanction to the transaction.

Inhabitants paying in the Royall ayd viij/s (8s) p. acre.

“THOS. COZENS, Mayor.”

“At the New Comon Council 31 May 1667.—It is this day ordered that Matthew Prime shall pay the sum of Ten pounds for refusing to serve the office of sheriff,” etc.

“At a Comon Council 23rd March 1682.—Ordered that a Corporation be granted to the Mercers of this Town, they paying yearly for the use of the Town 40s.”

	s.	d.
“The like to the Smiths, paying yearly ...	13	4
“The like to Dyers and Clothiers, paying yearly	13	4
“The like to Carpenters, paying yearly ...	13	4

“ROBERT PREST, Mayor and 12 of the Council.”

“In Oct. 31, 1684, a lease was granted for the armour house adjoining unto St. Marie’s Churchyard.”

“Feb 21st 1688.—Ordered that all persons that do or shall use any trade or occupation within this Town and County and Keep open shop for the exercising his or their sd trades or occupations they being no Freemen or Burgesses that notice be sent that they are to attend this house and forbear to keep open shop and upon refusal,” etc.

“Feb. 23, 1688.—Proclamation of William, Prince of Orange, and Mary, Princess of Orange, to be King and Queen.”

“13th November 1693.—Ordered that the Charter of King James I. and four deeds concerning the purchasing of the Rectory of St. Marie’s within the said Town be delivered . . . unto Sir Wm Wogan in London in order to make a defence in an action,” etc.

WM. MARYCHURCH, Mayor.”

"At the Council house the 14th day of June 1694—Memo. That this day six pounds was taken out of the money in the Chest and delivered unto Thomas Bowen to pay unto the sheriff of the County of Pembroke for returning the writt of Ad quod damnum for the procuring of a weekly markett and three fairs within the said Town and County, and that the said Writt be returned to Mr Harryes to prosecute the same to effect."

On the same date it was ordered that an almshouse be built.

"6th Feby. 1694.—Ordered That the Mayor do cause a seat to be erected and built in St. Martin's Church for the use of the Mayor and Town Council."

"16th Nov. 1696.—Ordered That the House over the upper Church Porch be let to Benaiah Higgon, he paying 5s quarterly."

"Aug. 19, 1701.—Ordered That the Old Markett House be pulled down and a new one erected according to the model of Col. Wheeler."

"20th Sept. 1706.—It is ordered and agreed upon that in case Mr John Maddocks give in such account as shall be allowed and approved of by this House how he hath disposed of the five pounds given by John Laugharn, Esq., That then he be allowed the four pounds ten shillings usually allowed the Mayors for their Brawn feast."

"30th May 1707.—Whereas William Brown, Ald., disbursed 40s towards the whitewashing of St. Marie's Church which was imposed on him in part of his fine for not serving the office of sheriff: It is now ordered that he shall be allowed the said 40s out of his fine of £10, with £4 10s towards Brawn and Mustard. So there remains due from the said Wm. Brown £3 10s which he is directed to pay the Chamber Reeve.

"ROBT. PRUST, Mayor, and 9 of the Council."

"13th Jany. 1709.—It is ordered and agreed that the Corporation give Mr Selwood Twelve pounds (l) to make a substantial Clock for this Corporation to go 48 hours and to putt the Chimes to go with the Clock, to keep the same in repair during his life, and he is to have all the old clock work.

"RICHD SMYTH, MAYOR, and 12 of the Council."

"Sept. 25th 1713.—Ordered and agreed that the shop in St. Marie's Churchyard, formerly in the possession of Elizabeth Angell, widow, be lett," etc., etc.

"THOS. LLEWELLIN, Mayor."

"Sept. 28, 1716.—It is this day agreed that the Upper Room in the Armour House be appointed as a place for a Publick Library and that Mr. Mayor and the rest of the Comon Council do lay out what moneys he can obtain by way of contribution or otherwise toward making the said room fitt for the aforesaid use as soon as possible.

"THOS. BOWEN, Mayor, and 14 of the Council."

"7th Dec. 1716.—It is ordered and agreed that a Lease of the Waste Ground from the Priory Walls within 20 feet of the Rock adjoining the Rock pool, in the parish of St. Thomas be lett to Henry Griffiths, Carpenter . . . for making a convenient place for a Dock and graving place for ships," etc., etc.

"At the Meeting of the Council on the 20th day of Mch 1720-21.—Whereas by an Order made here the one and twentieth day of Dec. 1719 amongst other things it was ordered and declared that no Country Gentleman should be elected and sworn of the Comon Council of this Town at any time whilst there were five of the said Country Gentlemen of the Council in being before, so that they should not exceed the number of five at once, which

said order has since proved prejudicial to the said Town in regard that it did not lye in the power of the sd Mayor and Council, whilst that order was in being, to compliment when they thought proper Country Gentlemen who might hereafter be serviceable to the Corporation with the place or office of Comon Councilmen of this Town: It is therefore thought advisable and hereby ordered and agreed that the said order be repealed vacated and made null and void," etc., etc., etc.

"J. PHILLIPS, Mayor, and 13 of the Council."

"25th May 1721.—A lease of a Dwelling house and garden containing by estimation the third part of a Burgage bounded on the North and West by High Street and the East by Bateman's lane."*

"2nd Aug. 1727.—Whereas several gentlemen are determined for the good of this Corporation to have a horse race on the Comon of this Town and County called Portfield: It is therefore ordered that Ground be allotted out for that purpose," etc., etc.

"6th Oct. 1730.—It appearing to the Mayor and Council that for many years past it has been with a great deal of difficulty that proper persons could be prevailed upon to take upon them the office of Mayor, So that many of the Aldermen have been obliged to take that office after they had once before served the Corporation in that capacity, and forasmuch as it very often falls out that the serving the office of mayor is attended with a deale of Expense in supporting the credit and maintaining a due decorum in the sd Corporation: It is therefore ordered this day That all mayors shall have the benefit of the several Tolls belonging to the Corporation viz., the Tolls of the Dairy and Flesh Markett and the Common

*This was probably Hill Lane.

beam for weighing the wool; and upon the death of the persons having the benefit of the small tolls and the toll corn, the Mayor for the time being shall have the benefit of these also.

“THOS. PARR, Mayor.”

At a meeting of the Common Council on the 15 July 1734 the following resolution was passed “Whereas several gentlemen of the County of Pembrock and elsewhere have formally entered into a Society for meeting annually in this Town and have for 8 years last past contributed for a Purse of Thirty guineas to be runn for on our Common of Portfield which has been the occasion of bringing vast numbers of people to resort to, lay out and expend in the said Town great summs of money to the benefit and advantage of the inhabitants in general” and then it goes on to say that as the Corporation were “lively sensible of the great obligation they were under in the rattes,” they “forthwith compliment with their freedom” as Burgesses of the Town the several gentlemen named, among these being Sir Edward Maunsell Bart, Richard Gwin Esq. Richard Le Hunt Esq. John Summers Esq, Morgan Lloyd Esq., Thomas Laugharne Esq, Thomas Vaughan Esq, George Noble Esq, John Powell Esq., James Philips Esq., and others.

In 1739 the organist of St. Marys was paid £16 a year “as long as he should behave himself well; and certain seats in the organ gallery and other parts of the Church were let by the Mayor, the rents being used to pay the organist’s salary.

On the 8th Nov. 1736 the Corporation formally thanked Sir John Philipps Bart for his gift of timber from Picton Castle Woods to make the organ loft and gallery at St. Marys.

On the 4th April 1752 the Corporation resolved to apply to the government for the speedy removal of a Troop of Dragoons which were chargeable to many of the inhabitants. The troop had been sent to aid the Civil Magistrates in preventing and suppressing riots, and the Corporation appealed on the ground that no disturbances had taken place in Haverfordwest for many years.

About 1761 the Judges of the Court of Great Sessions fined the inhabitants Four hundred pounds for not repairing the Town Hall. Sir John Philipps Bart of Picton Castle generously gave £200 towards the rebuilding.

In 1767 new grants or charters were made to the Skinners and the Tailors on their paying so much per annum.

In 1798 the Town showed its loyalty to the government of the day by resolving to contribute one hundred guineas annually to the National Exchequer to relieve the "Public Burthen during the continuance of the War against us by our Inveterate Enemy."

In 1743 the Mayor was informed by letter from the Privy Council "that preparations are actually making for a descent on these Kingdoms, in favour of the Pretender," and an address on the subject from the Town was presented to His Majesty.

In 1765 the Corporation resolved to put up a new Town clock in the tower of St. Marys Church.

The whole cost of purchasing the site and erecting the Market House in 1825 was probably £5000 — the site costing £1000 of this sum. It is interesting to learn that the old corn toll was a dishful—about $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs —out of every Winchester Bushel of Corn sold in the Market.

The Corporation was entitled to 21 pews in St. Martin's Church, 7 for themselves, 10 in the organ loft, and 4 were let. The Bluebook elsewhere referred to informs us that the Common Council consisted of the Mayor and 24 Capital Burgesses. They were elected at a meeting of Burgesses of which 6 days notice had to be given. They held office for life subject to being removed by the Mayor and a majority of their own body "for ill government, ill behaviour, or any other reasonable cause."

The Hundred Court was held before the sheriff twice a year.

The Intrinsical Court was held before the Mayor or his Deputy as well from month to month and from 15 days to 15 days. The 15 days court was for the recovery of small debts not exceeding 40s. A court of pie powder was also held before the Mayor.

The Corporation's Byelaws were engrossed on an ancient roll of parchment (1628) and contained trade and labour regulations. There were many guilds of Trades in the Borough incorporated by virtue of an Authority granted in the Royal Charters, but by 1833 these guilds had either ceased to exist or had degenerated into convivial clubs. The last and only recent attempt to exercise the guild privileges was made by the Cordwainers-(shoemakers) in the case of one Davis who carried on the trade of a shoemaker without being free of the guild. The wardens of the Guild distrained on his goods for the penalty and Davis sued in an action of trespass. This levy and trespass was attempted to be justified under the Byelaws but the Jury found there was no such custom.

We must not omit to take credit for one fact which the late Mr. Laws publishes that "one John Jones, Bachelor of Physic, from Haverfordwest, was the second founder of Tenby's fortunes."

As to the racial type predominating in the town, Dr. Beddoe, the author of the "Races of Britain," fancies that "there are real traces of the Fleming about Haverfordwest." Very possibly the dark-complexioned or Iberian type largely predominates here though as it does throughout the county.

Mr. Laws says that Caradoc the last of the Welsh saints was a Brecon man: quarrelling with his master he set up as hermit near Llandaff, then on an island from which he was driven by pirates and then he came near St. Ishmaels, Haroldston, near Haverfordwest. Caradoc's Well was close to the little Merlin stream on the extreme edge of Portfield. When the common was enclosed in 1842 a road was made over the well. This holy well was the *raison d'être* of Portfield fair. S. Caradoc died in 1124 and was buried in S. Davids Cathedral in the left aisle opposite St. Stephen's Altar.

A little light on the name of "Barn" Street is thrown by the minutes in 1714 which chronicle the fact that Mary Brown was leased "the Barn, Barn's Close, in Barn Street." The old name of Quay Street or a part of it, appears to have been Ship Street. Shipmans Lane is possibly a corruption of Sheepman's Lane, or the lane where the man lived who took the toll of Sheep going through the Lane to the Fair. Market Street was called "Shoemaker" Street, and the Street to the South of St. Mary's Church was "Pillory" Street.

It is only right to chronicle the fact that one of America's most gifted sons once visited Haverfordwest. He was the celebrated Elihu Burritt the great Linguist and Philanthropist. He lectured in the Town Hall on Friday 25 Nov. 1864 and a report of the lecture appeared in "Potters Electric News" in its next issue. Haverford-

west has given to the States, Mr Thomas L. James a former Postmaster General there and General George Harries of the U.S.A. Army.

In 1775 it was ordered "that a humble address be presented to His Majesty upon the unhappy differences subsisting between Great Britain and her American colonies," and Wm. Edwards, Esq., the Town's member of Parliament, was asked to present the same to the Throne.

The population of the town in 1831 was 4139 and 4328 in 1833 according to a Blue book in which there is an interesting classification of occupations thus:—

Families engaged in agriculture	10
Families engaged in trade and manufactures	513
Families engaged otherwise	286

809

In 1815, the rateable value of the town was £8281, in 1911 it was £17876.

In 1833 the Act was obtained for building the New Bridge. In 1822 the gaol on St Thomas Green where the Infirmary now stands was converted into a Mental Hospital.

ENDOWMENT OF ST. MARY'S CHURCH.

The following is a correct extract from the minutes of a meeting of the Corporation of Haverfordwest held on the 29th January 1744 with Mr John Higgon, Mayor presiding:—

"Whereas the sum of £200 hath been lately raised by subscription for augmenting the Vicaridge of St Mary's in this Town in order to have the benefit of the Bounty of Her late Majesty Queen Anne added thereto, for which purpose the said £200 hath in the name of Edward Jones Esq. Chancellor of the Diocese of St. Davids by Deed indented dated the 13th November last past

duly attested and inrolled in His Majesty's High Court of Chancery been given and granted unto the governours of the Bounty of Queen Anne for the augmentation of the Maintenance of the poor Clergy In Trust for the Augmentation of the Vicarage of St. Mary's aforesaid upon which the said governors executed an Instrument dated 3rd December 1744 whereby they promise to give the sum of £200 out of their Revenue to be added to the £200 subscription money above mentioned to be disposed of and laid out for a perpetual augmentation of the said Vicaridge pursuant to the Rules established under the great Seal of Gt. Britain for the distribution of the said Bounty. Provided always that the said gift and grant be made compleat and affectual according to the Statute made in the 9th year of the reign of His present Majesty intituled an act to restrain the Dispositions of Lands whereby the same become unalienable which said Instrument now lyes in the hands of the said Edward Jones, Chancellor of this Diocese. It is therefore thought proper to enter the names of the several persons who contributed to the said subscription and the sumes by them severally paid which are as follow (That is to say)

The Mayor and Common Council out of the Chamber	£60
Mr Jones, Chancellor of the Diocese for himself and other persons the particulars whereof are not yet rendered	£70
Mrs. Rebecca Flaerton widow	£20
Miss Lewhelling being money by her given to Mr. Prust to be given to what Publick Charity he should think proper	£20
Mr. George Phillips, Vicar of St Mary's	£20
	In all	<u>£200</u>

When a Mayor died during his term of office the Council met and ordered "that a New Mayor be forthwith elected and for that purpose" it was resolved "that the great Bell be immediately tolled to gather and convene the Burgesses together into the Guildhall."

In 1771 it was ordered "that the Ministers of the Parish Church of St Mary for the time being be from time to time and at all times hereafter permitted to sett and lett the 2 fields in the Rother Lane called Middleton's Closes (which were purchased with the money given by Mr Middleton towards a Catechetical Lecture) and to receive the rents and profits thereof to his own use."

SOME INTERESTING ITEMS FROM THE ACCOUNTS OF THE "CHAMBER REEVE."

Some items from the "Chamber Reeve's" accounts:—
1827 June 4:—Paid expences of Whitmonday viz. 8 Ringers 20s Colours belonging to the Corporation 30s; Colours belonging to the Cambrian Union, True Union, Old Black Horse, Friendly Mechanical Society, and Ancient Britons 40s Sergeant at Mace 10s; Cryer 5s; 9 drummers and fifes at 7s 6d - £3 7s 6d. Porter at Portfield 2s 8d; £8 15s 2d (Perambulating the boundaries). Clothes for the Beadle at Whitsuntide £4 5s 1d; 1828 Feb. 6—Paid Mr. John Lloyd for superfine Black Cloth Crape &c. put on Saint Mary's Pulpit on the death of the Duke of York £11 0s 7½d.

1830 June 30:—Paid the Petty Constables, Serjeant at Mace, Cryer, Colours, and Musicians for attending the Proclamation of King Wm. the IV, £6 4s 6d.

Paid the Ringers for tolling the bells out of respect to the memory of His Late M. King Geo. IV, and for ringing for the Proclamation of King Wm. IV; £2 2s 0d.

1828 June 4:—Paid Mr Wm Rowlands, Sheriff £10 the (annual) allowance for Sheriff's Breakfast on Whit Monday last. (This is probably the gentleman whose coffin remains were found in 1909 under the North Porch at St. Mary's when excavating to put in the heating apparatus).

In 1837—8 the materials of the old Guild or Town Hall were sold.

1837 Aug 2:—Ringers for tolling the bells on the death of King Wm IV and ringing on the Proclamation of Q. Victoria £2 2s 0d.

The list of Burgesses for 1839 contained 320 names.

LORD NELSON AND ADMIRAL FOLEY MADE FREEMEN.

The following resolutions appear in the Minutes of a meeting of the Common Council of Haverfordwest on the 7th August 1802. Mr R. B. Prust, Mayor presided, and there were present among others, Lord Cawdor, Lord Milford, Lord Kensington, Mr. J. Philipps Laugharne, Mr. Richard Foley, Mr. Joseph Fortune, Mr John Higgon, the Rev Charles Ayleway (Vicar of St. Marys) Mr Dudley Ackland, Mr Nathaniel Philipps (the Banker), and others.

“Resolved unanimously upon the motion of the Right Hon. Lord Milford that the freedom of this Town and County be presented unto the Right Hon. Horatio Viscount Nelson of the Nile and of Burnham Thorpe in the County of Norfolk, Duke of Bronte in Sicily Knight of the most honourable order of the Bath and Vice Admiral of the blue Squadron of His Majesty's Fleet and that he be entitled to all the Liberties, Priviledges Exemptions and Immunities in and by the several royal charters given and granted to the Burgesses of this Town and County.”

“Resolved also unanimously upon the motion of the Rt. Hon. Lord Milford that the Freedom of this Town and County be presented unto Thomas Foley Esquire Captain (a) in His Majesty’s Royal Navy and that he be entitled to all the Liberties, Priviledges, Exemptions and Immunities in and by the several Royal Charters given and granted to the Burgesses of this Town and County.” Signed by the Mayor and ten of the Members of the Corporation present.

Passing away from the official public life and appearance of the townsfolk as they come out on high days and holidays, I purpose now to introduce my readers to the manners and customes which distinguish them in everyday life.

Many years ago a butcher from Haverfordwest, who frequently transacted business in Waterford, was passing over the bridge across the Suir. He was, I should say, a singularly ugly man, and obtained among his neighbours here the significant name of Cupid. He was accosted by a stranger, who expressed a sort of gratification at meeting him. Our friend responded by saying, that he thought he must have mistaken him for some one else. “No,” said the Hibernian. “I cannot be mistaken, you must be his Satanic majesty, for there never was a man so ugly.” Hughes, when he returned, related the story, which you may be sure was never forgotten by his acquaintances.

The display of the native wit here was most remarkable, as it used to come out in the olden times when the burgesses were assembled at elections, parliamentary and municipal, in the old Shirehall long since demolished. As in many English boroughs, the franchise was enjoyed by a class of voters who were called Potwallopers.

(a). Afterwards Admiral Sir Thomas Foley.

“It included theoretically all inhabitants procuring their own diet” (i.e., pot boilers). “Every male inhabitant, whether house-keeper or lodger, who had resided six months in the borough, and had not been chargeable as a pauper to any township, was entitled to vote.”—Imp. Dict.

On the notable occasions mentioned, wit and frolic ran riot. Scarcely justifiable, but very amusing were the nick-names so freely bestowed on the prominent actors in those scenes. A host of these worthies rise up to my mind’s eye as they appeared on the scene to the infinite delight of some of the Upper Ten who showed up on the occasion. “How is it, Mr. Higgon,” said a noisy tailor to a very popular magistrate who sat enjoying the fun, when the knight of the shears, with his brother burgesses of the class referred to, had been airing their eloquence, “How is it, sir, that you have nothing to say? What did you learn at college?” “Learned to hold my tongue, Evans,” was the ready reply.

Like other old customs, this state of things was put an end to by the introduction of the Reform Bills.

One thing is certain, that a more jovial set of fellows there never was than Bessy Jig’s breed, as they are popularly called; this phrase, however, applying strictly to those only of the inhabitants of Haverfordwest, whose parents as well as themselves were natives. There was this saucy pertness conspicuous in the people from the cordwainers who flourished as a Guild or Corporation to the female water-carriers who formerly waited on the housekeepers, bearing that necessary commodity from the town conduit, and with it all the gossip and scandal of the town.

And, indeed, if there was a supply of town-talk, there was also a demand for it. The well-to-do people were ready to join in, and enjoyed the quips and jokes as much as the lower-class. Parsons, lawyers, and doctors were infected with a love of fun, and if any were too proper and stiff-starched to refuse to laugh with others, they were sure to be laughed at.

All this has passed away with the spread of education, but has left lingering memories behind, and one is bound to confess that it is not all gain. We have, with the advantages of learning, more educated villains and scientific swindlers. The tree of knowledge is of good and evil. But a truce to moralising; we will pursue our story.

In past times, favoured by very narrow streets and lanes, ill lighted, and with no police, no end of practical jokes were played off by the inhabitants upon each other; doors were denuded of knockers, sedans which were in constant use were walked off with, and luckless strangers were trapped into all sorts of dilemmas by some sweetly ingenious native's misdirection or misleading escort.

As in those primitive times the gentry spent most part of their winter in the town, what with assemblies, and balls, and tea parties, things were quite different to the present decorous days. Cards, though regarded with greater abhorrence than in the present day by those who did not patronise them, were played more intensely by those who did, and filled up a great deal of their time, when there was much less love of reading and music than now obtains. A good deal of money was lost and won, though it went much further than it now does.

When the assembly-room was built I cannot discover. Where it now stands there was formerly an hotel called the White Hart, and from thence was started the first

mail coach running up towards London and down to Hubberston, where it met the mail packets from Waterford. The racecourse on Poerfield was first laid out in 1727 as may be seen from the records of the Town Council, and probably soon after that date the assembly-room was erected.

At the early part of the century there was a class of residents who were particularly interesting in themselves; half-pay officers in the navy and army, and who at the close of the Peninsular war were put on the retired list. Attracted probably in part by the cheapness of living here, they clustered round the neighbourhood to the society of which they proved a great acquisition.

Prominent among these were some men of mark and distinction. General Picton, who was a native; Captain Tom Tucker of Sealyham, who fought by the General's side at Badajoz; and a man named John Griffiths, who lived to a good old age on our Quay, and who had distinguished himself by carrying his captain (the Tom Tucker already mentioned) out of the trenches, into which he had fallen, shot by a Frenchman, who clapped a pistol to his cheek as he was shouting to his men to follow him into the breach; so the bullet passed out through his open mouth. These veterans, who had attained to old age when I remember them, were objects of great admiration to those of us who were familiar with their exploits, by whom they were regarded as was Othello by Desdemona.

The celebrated Captain Tom Tucker before referred to of Sealyham earned the soubriquet of "Batterjaws," because tradition says that the lower part of his face was shot away when as aide de camp to Sir Thomas Picton he led the assault on the castle at Badajos. Of

Owen Tucker Edwards another member of the Sealyham family it is related that, commanding a company of the Pembroke-shire artillery Militia called out to suppress the "Rebecca" rioters he asked "Rebecca" for a stay of hostilities as he wanted a day's hunting whereupon the mysterious leader of the Turnpike gate smashers is said to have agreed, and to have joined in the chase. Sealyham the residence of the Tucker Edwards family is also the home of the famous breed of Sealyham terriers.

But I must not omit to mention the doings which took place during the Hunt week. For there was a most popular meet established in the town. The aristocracy of the county showed up in great force on the occasion. Four-in-hand came the Orielton and Slebech, Picton Castle and Laurenny families, with a retinue of servants. From eighty to ninety hunters, horses worthy the name, were to be seen out at exercise on St. Thomas' Green. The hunt balls and private parties rendered the place what it was used to be called—a little Bath.

That I may not be chargeable with exaggerating the style and importance of the old town, I shall lay before my readers a few extracts from a book, written by a lady visitor in 1791. It is entitled, "A Tour to Milford Haven, by Mrs. Morgan." This lady started from Ely, in Huntingdonshire, for the purpose of making an excursion into Wales. Her husband, the Rev. Mr. Morgan, was a relation of Mr Morgan of Hook, father of Mr David Morgan and Mr Roger Morgan, and grandfather of the late Dr Morgan and Mr Lloyd of Glanafon. The tour seems to have been one of pure enjoyment; and the lady writes as an educated woman of that day would, giving an animated description of the people she met with and the scenes she witnessed, making numerous observations on men and things gene-

rally. The volume was published by subscription. Few copies appear to have been taken in this neighbourhood, though the names of Mr Cæsar Mathias, father of Sir Henry; Mr Morgan of Hook; his brother, Mr W. Morgan of Carmarthen; Mr Lloyd of Haverfordwest; Capt. Parr; Mr. Joshua Allen of Pembroke; Rev. Mr Cleaveland, rector of St. Thomas, etc., etc., evidently friends of her own or her husband's, figure in the list.

After detailing very minutely the circumstances of a visit to "Little Haven", a small fishing town at the foot of some steep rocks," (the roads she describes generally as shocking), it might be so described in the present day; she returns to Hook. One day is spent at Dumble-dale with Mr. Jordan; another at Folkstone, in connection with which she describes Druson and the village of Nolton. At Nolton Haven she met with Patty Llewellyn, ("the lovely daughter of the woman at the little inn"), whom I well remember as Mrs Hitchings of Dale Point, though when I knew her, age had rifled her of her charms, all save her bright black eyes. She further describes a visit she made to Stacpole Court, "where was a charming little boy, of about a year old, as fair as alabaster, whom I saw asleep, and who seemed the guardian angel of the place." This child must, I presume, have been a former Earl of Cawdor, who long since, and at an advanced age, passed over to the majority.

She says again:—"The ignorance, poverty, and meanness of the Welsh clergy are frequent topics of conversation in England. What they may be in other parts of Wales, I cannot pretend to say; but in this place (Haverfordwest), and in all others that I have seen in this country, they are well informed, well bred, and well provided for. They have no occasion to unite the occupation of preaching with fiddling at fairs, or mending

shoes; nor could they do it, if it were necessary towards their subsistence. They have had the education of gentlemen, and have the manners that accompany it. They associate with the genteel people familiarly, and set them an example of temperance and regularity. They know how to command respect, but have none of the pride so frequently imputed to the priesthood.

“The markets here are prodigious in many places, but at Carmarthen and Haverfordwest they are incredibly so. Fifteen and twenty years ago, at the latter place, they have had a hundred and twenty bullocks on a market-day; but now, owing to there being so many driven to England, they are diminished to fifty or sixty bullocks, three hundred calves, and three hundred and forty sheep.” Carcasses, I presume she means.

“The gentlemen have a softness of manner that is perfectly pleasing.”

“A traveller, writing an account of Wales, remarks, as an astonishing instance of the ignorance of the people that at Haverfordwest, the county town and capital of Pembrokeshire, he offered a bank bill, and they did not know what it was. It must have been to the shoe-boy of the inn where he set up, for at the time he speaks of it was a place of very great trade; having the assizes held there, the judges constantly came, and it is impossible but they must have frequently negotiated bills. So much for people who, having only ridden through a town think themselves competent to write the history of it.”

“As Carmarthen is the next place to Haverfordwest in this country, I must not omit giving you some account of it. I believe it is generally confessed that Haverfordwest in the handsomest, the largest, and the genteeldest town

in South Wales. Its standing upon the side of a hill, and the delicacy of the white houses give it the preference in point of beauty. The number of its streets, some of which are very good, and to which they are adding every day, makes it very large. Its being composed chiefly of people who are independent, with the addition of a vast number of gentlemen who live at seats upon the bank of the river, undoubtedly render it a genteel place," etc., etc.

Such was the Haverfordwest of 1791.

If I am asked for an opinion of its present condition, in comparison with what it seems to have been in 1791, I am somewhat embarrassed. As I remember it, there were no pavements. A Mr. Anthony, who lived in "the Lort Phillips house," with a wonderful degree of energy and public spirit, laid down the pavement in King Street (now Hill Street), having, I believe, collected a sufficient sum of money for the purpose. By this means he demonstrated the convenience and pleasantness of such an improvement. For many years "the King Street flags"¹ was the favourite promenade. Some twelve years afterwards an Act was obtained for paving and lighting the town with gas. This led to a general improvement. Other parts of the town were paved in a few years. But afterwards a great apparent deterioration took place. The pitching in the roadway of High Street and Market Street was declared by the advanced political economists of the day to be a barbarism, and they called for its removal. For a long time the innovation was resisted; but at length the persistent efforts of its advocates prevailed, and the "popples" were removed, a macadamised road being substituted. Of course the expense of the

¹ Some of the pavements were laid by the Trustees of Sir J. Perrot's Charity.

new-road making was considerable, and the soft and yielding nature of the substratum occasions a fearful amount of dirt, which renders the appearance of the streets anything but attractive. Still this is greatly counter-balanced by the ease with which heavy draught is conveyed through the steep streets, the flags on the pavements presenting a better pathway for pedestrians. Lover of old times and fashions as I am, I cannot help admitting that this is a great advance over the rough causeways which I remember. I do, however, wish that the old custom of every householder sweeping the front of his own dwelling were carried out. That is a proverbially effective reform, where every man sweeps before his own door.

To revert to the past, during public weeks, every householder that could do so took a county family to lodge; and looking at the little old houses, of which only one or two remain, with their tortuous stairs and closet bedrooms, poky fireplaces, ornamented with Dutch tiles, stencilled walls, and wooden window seats, one cannot imagine how the old county people ever could put up with such accommodation. The appearance of the place, to our modern taste, would appear simply grotesque. Such were the Back and Front Short Row, Back Lane, Hill Lane, Shoemakers' Street with the short interval of High Street not occupied with really good private houses. Then there were the numerous little inns or public houses, most of them well-conducted as the times went, with their cosy little parlours, bricked floors neatly sanded, occupied night after night by the same company when town matters were discussed, and sometimes the *Monthly Mercury*, the newspaper of the period, was introduced. By the way, I remember Parson Adams telling me one day that he had been visiting some aged person, who complained that

there were no newspapers nowadays. When she was young she "did use to see the Monthly Mercury!"

I presume the town was always Liberal in politics, but never till of late years Radical, which in those days would have been Republican. Indeed, I fancy, from some circumstances which have come to my knowledge, but into which I cannot now go particularly, that there was a tinge of Jacobinism in some circles.

The constant residence of the gentry, who, as a rule, spent their time, and still better, their money in the place, mixing up and down with the middle and lower classes, preserved it from being permeated with intensely bitter party politics; and to a certain extent a deference was paid to the educated people of that day, which was by no means detrimental to the interests of society.

The educational establishments were, I presume, generally of a very primitive character. I once heard a gentleman of position, who prided himself on being a jolly tar, and who, having served on board the "Bellerophon," was called "Billy rough-un," saying on a public occasion that he received his education at old Matty Voyles,' who charged twopence a week extra for accomplishments. There were also the Free School and the Charity School, the one being gratis, and the other for nothing! Of course, different classes in society were received, and the style of education was very different. In after-years, however, it often appeared that the seed was of less importance than the soil. Some who were educated at the Grammar School sank in the social scale, while others who received their education at the Charity School took some of the first places in the town afterwards.

"The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gowd for a'that."

The following circumstance was related to me by the Rev. James Thomas, afterwards rector of Herbrandston, who for many years occupied the position of head-master of the Grammar School in succession to his father, of whom I have already spoken as "the Old Parson."

Mr. Thomas told me, in reference to the intellectual capacity of Haverfordwest boys (a subject which has lately been much discussed), that there were two lads under his care; the one was the grandson of the late Mr. John Howells the tailor, and the other the son of the late Mr. Baileau, who "enjoyed the study of Greek plays." This was his expression, and he regretted that on leaving school they were relegated to uncongenial pursuits for want of means.

Of them it may literally be said—

"Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul."

Such a testimony to the capacity of Haverfordwest youths ought not to be forgotten.

While on the subject of the patronage which the town in those days enjoyed from the smiles of the great, I am reminded of one name which deserves to be held in honour and reverence by the town, to which he was a great benefactor. Sir John Philipps of Picton Castle, the Good Sir John, whose monument in St. Mary's Church is not a whit too panegyric for truth. He built the Old Bridge, and presented it to the town. The correspondent of Sir Isaac Newton, the personal friend of John Wesley and his brother Charles, and of George Whitfield, for whose support during his studies at Oxford he provided out of his own purse, he was yet so accessible to the poor that a stream of grateful recognition followed him whenever he appeared. Indeed, it

is matter of tradition, and I have no doubt correct, that from the time of his entrance into the town till his departure from it, his time was occupied by his attention to the claims of the necessitous. As he passed through our streets his hat was never allowed to remain on his head, as no salutation from high or low was allowed to pass without his courteous recognition.

When John Wesley preached here, he was entertained by members of the Green family who have now in their possession a chair and table used by the great evangelist.

Some of the oldtime town's wit and humour is worth rescuing from oblivion. The sign of "The Cat and bagpipes" had this verse on it:—

"The Cat and the Bagpipes
As you all well remember
Was placed here on the tenth of December,
Laugh not at my Sign
'Twas not my own choice
'Twas placed here by the Magistrates' voice!"

Here is a story told by the late Alderman Thomas Lewis James. A gentleman whom we will call Mr Blank used to send a servant named Peacock to the New Inn, Upper Market Street, to fetch his ale; the landlord of the Inn bearing the name of Robbin. On these errands, the servant regaled himself at his master's expense, and when the bill came in there was an investigation and a row. Mr Blank sent for Robbin to confront his man and when the truth came out that Blank had been charged with Peacock's drinks the angry Master left the two offenders in the room and went upstairs for a whip to thrash Peacock. Seeing the turn matters had taken the guilty servant decided on instant flight, escaping through the window, and Robbin offering no resistance. The

chagrin of the infuriated Mr Blank may be imagined when he returned and found Master Peacock had flown ; "Fool, that I was" roared he at the trembling innkeeper," to leave a 'robin' in charge of a bigger bird." It is added that poor Peacock was never seen in the town again.

Many of the townspeople can still remember the "Blue Boar" public house which stood near the West Gate at the bottom of Dew Street. On its Sign was depicted a blue boar. The Landlord at the time written of, asked a local rhymester to compose something for his sign.

At first the amateur poet would not do so, but yielding to the importunity of the innkeeper, this was the couplet that appeared:—

"The Landlord and his Sign are very much akin ;

There's a hideous beast without, but an uglier brute within."

A very interesting bit of doggerel was formerly on the Sign of the Harp Inn, Letterston ; rather than it should be forgotten, it is given here. Mr John William Phillips' father remembered the lines and his son gave them to the writer:—

"The hermits of old

Drank water that was cold,

And so they lived out their day ;

But the moderns found out

That good ale and brown stout

Were the best things to moisten their clay !"

A former headmaster of our ancient Grammar School, once had occasion to go to the lodgings of a recalcitrant pupil to find the youth. It was dinner time and the scapegrace was about to enjoy a goose, when evidently hoping to avert the impending storm, he invited his visitor to stay and partake of the savoury bird ; but as the dignified pedagogue was not to be had thus he declined with

gravity—"I came, sir, not to eat a goose but to look for one!"

I should like to present my readers with a view of the town as it was when the century was young. There were some things about the place at which one would be fairly shocked. We will, however, imagine ourselves strolling of a Saturday down Shut Street, and make our observations as we proceed. Almost all the houses in this part are miserable thatched hovels, with manure heaps to the front. Pavements are a long way in the future, for there is not even a raised causeway. Our progress, as we keep to the line of houses, is constantly interrupted by a horse-bench outside of every public house. These latter are very numerous, and from their doors streams forth an everlasting smell of new drink, for the inmates are constantly brewing. A publican being asked concerning the age of the ale he was supplying to his customers, is said to have replied that it would be a fortnight old the following Thursday week. This of course, was a joke, kept up against one poor man. Still it was literally from hand to mouth. Observe, too, how frequently we are met by people with disfigured countenances, faces ploughed with small-pox, and eyes terribly bleared, for vaccination was at that day unknown, and the dreadful disease spread like a pest, as indeed it was. "Moping idiots and madmen gay," too, constantly cross our path. Troops of neglected children playing about, girls and boys approaching adolescence, with bare feet and legs, for shoes and stockings were a luxury in that day. These would grow up heathen, were it not that Sunday Schools have been introduced, to which these poor children are brought, and religious instruction is given.

In no respect has there been a greater improvement in the place than in police arrangements. Formerly a man like John Hargust would sometimes hold the authorities at bay, striking down any quiet citizen he met with. At length half-a-dozen men would rush in and bear him to the ground, and kicking and struggling he would be eventually carried to some place of durance. Peaceful citizens were glad to bribe him to leave them alone. If it had not been for the courage and vigour displayed for the series of years by Mr. James Phillips, then deputy mayor, things would have been much worse than they were.

Passing down by a wretched block of houses called Rat's Island we come to a slightly improved state of things where Dew Street commences. Here there are a few good residences. Fronting the west is a substantial building, partly used as a prothonotary's office, and on the basement is the Butter Market. A little beyond is the town conduit, from which a lot of elderly females are busily engaged in carrying water to the housekeepers in the neighbourhood. A scant supply it must have been.

In a line with the west side of Shoemaker's Street, now Market Street, one of the churchyard gates stood fronting High Street, leaving some thirty or forty feet of the church wall unenclosed. Against this wall, and directly fronting Shoemaker Street, we observe a low flagged bench, with a pent-house over it, on which the fishwomen, our friends "the Languns," expose their ware. This, for some reason or other, was known as "Peniless Bench."¹

And at this point the crowded state of the traffic begins, for half-way up Shoemaker Street, tables and "standings" obstruct the thoroughfare: shoes and fruit and other commodities, being here exhibited. Turning the corner down

1. Was this a corruption of "Penitents Bench," where penance was formerly done?

towards High Street, we pass into the precincts of the Meat Market; and the street, being most inconveniently narrowed by the Shirehall and the stores underneath where the beef is hung, is fairly blocked up. Whoever constructed the building (it stood for at least a couple of centuries), and crammed it into such a space, had a talent for packing which would not have disgraced Billingsgate. The small carcasses, mutton and veal, were hung round the churchyard walls. There is a tradition that a tree stood in the churchyard formerly, on which meat used to be hung. The Council records speak of a shop being let in the yard to Elizabeth Angell, widow.

As you may expect, the "shoving" (a local word) is terrible. Passing through, we emerge into High Street, where the space widens. The market days are harvest time to the shops and public houses,—the Talbot, the Fleece, the Tuns, the Coach and Horses, and the Dolphin, are all upon the spot and full of customers. A fancy little but home-brewed is consumed, for spirits have hardly been introduced, and the beer of that day (it would be of the kind called tenpenny) would not much tend to intoxicate.

But the day passes on, and the country people are gone home, and the town subsides into its usual quiet. And now the frugal and homely and thoroughly enjoyable side of its life appears. The tradesfolk have been too much occupied to sit down to a midday meal, and the good wife has prepared a savoury hot supper for the family; and seated round the little "balled fire," for the use of sea-borne coal, as Holingshed calls it, has not been yet introduced, a pleasant evening is spent, fit preparation for the Sabbath, "sweet day, so calm, so pure, so bright."

And so we too will quietly suspend our survey.

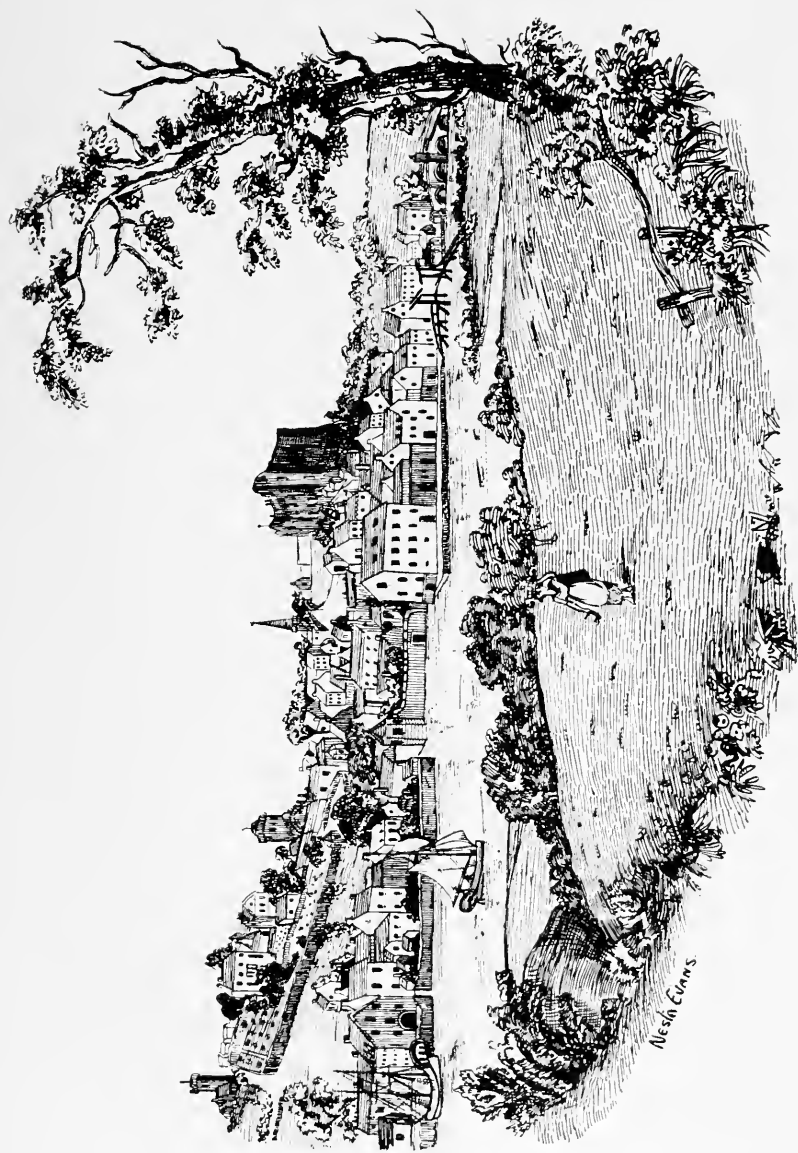
THE APPEARANCE OF THE OLD TOWN.

Gentle reader, we have rested for the Sabbath, and now will resume our inspection of the town. Among other attractions of the neighbourhood there was a theatre, where a by no means untalented company was occasionally to be met with. Names which afterwards became distinguished, here made their *débüt*. Among others Dibdin, the celebrated composer of some of our best national songs, visited Haverfordwest, and wrote a song in its praise.

By the kindness of a lady friend I am enabled to present my readers with the words of this production, which he composed at "Potter's Library," an establishment which in those days with the "Reading-room" were a household word. I just remember old Theophilus John Potter, who came to this town with a company of tragedians, settled here as a printer, and the record of whose marriage with Elizabeth Edwards appears in the register of St. Martin's parish for the year 1779. Mr. Potter was an Irishman full of wit and humour, which he brought with him, and found a ready field for its display; and this is one instance among many others of the assimilation which existed between the sister country and Haverfordwest. There was ever a Roland for an Oliver.

His son, Mr Joseph Potter, was a most estimable man and respected citizen. He served the office of High Sheriff in 1811 and again in 1831, and was elected Mayor in 1813, a year rendered memorable by the irruption into the town of a mounted party of Rebecca rioters, who were met by his worship and a band of special constables at the Prendergast turnpike gate. A collision took place, and the "Beccas," as the country people called them, fled, leaving a horse dead upon the field of action!

The song of Dibdin, to which I have just referred, was



VIEW OF HAVERFORDWEST IN 1800 (FROM AN OLD SKETCH). BY MISS NESTA EVANS.

composed for a benefit night, and as the subject is Haverfordwest, nothing could be more appropriate to my story.

- “ Oh ! Haverfordwest is a mighty fine place,
Where Welsh hospitality shines in each face,
Only walk thro’ the streets, and you’ll find my wordstrue,
For each countenance seems to say, ‘ How do ye do ?
“ If the truth of my ditty create any doubt,
Just step to the door and take a peep out ;
You will see the church steeple with spire all askew,
As if it were nodding a ‘ How do ye do ? ’
“ If you’re sick and in medicine seek for a cure,
See the Doctor approaches with visage demure ;
Perhaps were he not called, ’twould be better for you,
But he pockets his fee with a “ How do ye do ? ”
“ And the Lawyer so wise, how he opens his brief,
And prattles and chatters beyond all belief ;
The oyster he swallows. the shell he gives you,
And then Mr. Client, pray, ‘ How do ye do ? ’
“ The Actor for whom this is benefit night
Just peeps thro’ the curtain to see ’tis all right ;
If he finds a good house, he’s so pleased with the view,
That he welcomes you all with a “ How do ye do ? ” ”

Going past “ Potters,” situate just below the old Shirehall, we proceed down High Street, where most of the independent town families lived, to a point where it diverged into two very narrow streets again. These were called the Back and Front Short Row. Here there lived a very miscellaneous lot of people, some possessed of means and others very poor. Opposite Hill Lane, which ran down at right angles, there was a forge kept by a well-known character of the name of Jermyn. His smithy had two entrances, so it was a short cut from one row to the other. Few passed through it without receiving a salutation, often accompanied with a shovelful of cinders. One day a stranger of grave demeanour passing thus, accidentally trod on Jermyn’s toe. Drawing himself up to his full height, with an affectation of courtesy, he of the anvil saluted him with, “ I beg your pardon, sir, for treading

on my foot!" "Bless my soul, sir," said the other with equal ceremony, "I really thought it was a piece of cork but now I find it was a black man's foot!" On another occasion a magistrate, well acquainted with Jermyn, seeing a hare hung outside the smithy, said, "Holloa, Jermyn! where the d—! did you get that hare?" "One of the tenants," was the reply, delivered with a sang froid that was quite a study.

At the end of the Row or block of houses thus dividing the street there was a filthy lane called Drawbridge Lane. (Here now stands Victoria Place.) This, in some seventy yards or so, led to the Drawbridge, a rickety structure kept by an old man named Robin Rees, who answered to Dickens' description to the life, and made you believe Sam Weller's theory, that post-boys and donkeys never die, but pass away from one set of miseries to another and become pike keepers, where they they have plenty of opportunities of venting their spleen on other unfortunate humans.

A scene occurred here some seventy years ago which I cannot pass over. Mr Rees, as I have hinted, was not the most amiable of men, and no doubt had many provocations. Unruly boys were wont to rush past the old man and pay no toll, and sometimes a mob gathering in the neighbourhood would press upon the old man, and this kind of people are strangely indisposed to pay what they always pronounce an exaction. Well it so happened on one occasion that that popular body of men, the militia, was ordered away from Haverfordwest to some other locality. All the women and children who could do so turned out to accompany them a little way and see the last of them, and as the soldiers went over the stone bridge, the mob took a short cut and made a rush at the drawbridge, but they were refused a free

passage. Pressing on with accumulating force they overpowered the old man, but an unexpected Nemesis avenged him. Down went the whole affair and deposited its burden in the river. Most providentially there was just enough of water to receive but not to drown them, and they all escaped with a good "ducking."

To return to the Short Row. If, instead of going on straight towards the river, you turned abruptly to your left hand, you would pass in front of the principal hotel, the Castle, and another sharp turn landed you in Bridge Street, a then important thoroughfare, which passed, you would find another turn to the old stone bridge.

These sharp deviations from a right line proved very puzzling to strangers, who often had to ask their way, and this afforded them sometimes an opportunity of drawing out the drollery of some of the fun-loving natives, who, strange to say, are always found in the neighbourhood of an hotel. A gentleman passing thus, one day fell in with one of these wags, who had a terrible impediment in his speech. "Sir," said he, "you must t— t— turn t— t— t— to your right and t— t then t—," when, observing a quiet smile on the stranger's face, he blurted out, "you will be there before I can tell you."

On the old stone bridge referred to, there stands a monument recording its erection and gift by Sir John Philipps, and the circumstance of its having been passed over by His Majesty, George IV., in 1821. At that time, owing to the unfortunate story of Queen Caroline, the loyal feelings of the towns-people were much impaired. Still a number of the gentry and citizens accompanied His Majesty, on his way on horse-back and foot, to show him all proper respect. As he passed along a good woman of the town was so struck with his likeness to her spouse,

that she clapped her hands, and exclaimed in most audible tones, "My la! he's the very image of my Tommy." Her husband it may be said, was a very handsome portly man, and so was George IV.

As His Majesty and his retinue were passing down Shute Street on the 13th Sep 1821 there were several distinguished looking gentlemen riding almost abreast, when one woman in her excitement and anxiety to see England's Monarch shouted out "Which is the King?" whereupon His Majesty rode slightly ahead and gave the fair enquirer a dignified bow.

Passing over the bridge to what is called the Bridgend, you arrive at the foot of Prendergast Hill. Prendergast has a history of its own, and was formerly a separate village. In the early part of the century, and I suppose for many years previously, it was quite an Alsatia. None of those "lovel scouts," as Washington Irving designates them, bailiffs or constables ventured to show their faces there armed with writ or warrant, so debtors and criminals found it a city of refuge. I don't know whether it would be a libel to say that so many of the inhabitants were under the same ban, that they made common cause with defaulters. It, however, was a fact that they did so. At the foot of the hill there were a few good houses. The Bowens, an old town family (now, I believe, extinct), lived there. Afterwards a Lieutenant Beach kept an excellent school here. He was one of that class of residents, half-pay officers, of whom I have already spoken as adding greatly to the charm of good society in the place. Higher up the hill the houses were mostly of a lumber sort. It was the custom here to elect a local mayor, and it was understood that he who had been oftenest drunk through the year should be elected. This

was many years ago of course, and before the mildest form of temperance societies had been invented.

About half-way up the hill there lived a shoemaker of the name of Evans. On one occasion he had the distinguished honour of receiving an order to attend at the Castle Hotel and take the measure of the foot of His Royal Highness, Prince William Henry, afterwards the Duke of Clarence, and eventually King William IV., for a pair of shoes. The prince spent a fortnight or so in this neighbourhood, and earned for himself the reputation of being the "rascalliest, sweetest young prince." The shoemaker thus suddenly called upon had courtly manners for the occasion, and kneeling at the foot of royalty, he exclaimed, "Hold out your princely toe and I will take your measure." He went by the name of "the Prince" ever afterwards, and over his cottage door put up the well-earned title, "Shoemaker to His Royal Highness."

The old man lived to a good age, and when he died was buried in the little churchyard of the village. But "even in our ashes live their wonted fires." One of his grandsons was the member for Falmouth, another, the Ex-president of the Wesleyan Conference, and a great-grandson (a former M.P. for Dundee) has obtained for himself a still wider reputation as the author of "Ginx's Baby." Truly "Our Bethlehem is not the least of the cities of Judah."

The old church of Prendergast is not remarkable in any way. Inside there are three or four monuments to the memory of the members of the Picton Estate family, fully setting forth the estimable traits in their character. There is also a small marble tablet placed to the memory of somebody with the following rather striking inscription:—

“Pause, mortal, pause, whose eyes this marble view,
Learn to be wise nor fleeting hopes pursue ;
Life is an evening breeze, a murm’ring breath
That blows till sunset, then grows calm in death.”

In the churchyard there was a fair, called Vanity Fair, held, I believe, on Easter Monday. It was an indecorous sort of thing, the flat tombs being used as tables for the display of various articles. Many vain attempts to do away with it were made by the authorities, but the plea of prescription which ran as far back as the time of Edward III., it is said, prevailed. It has, however, been discontinued for some seventy or eighty years.

Much that is of interest might be written about the Lordship of Prendergast. At Prendergast Place farm may be seen the ruins of the residence of the Stepney family. In 1573 Alban Stepney of Prendergast Place was High Sheriff for the County and again in 1590 and 1605 while Sir John Stepney Baronet held that office in 1614 and 1636. In 1697 Sir Thos. Stepney Bart was Sheriff for Pembrokeshire but after that the name does not appear on the Shrievalty Roll. There is an old superstitious tradition in Prendergast that the ruins are haunted by a “shade” called “The white lady of the Gail.” One Haverfordwest Clergyman now deceased claimed to have seen her more than once.

We will not return to Haverfordwest the way we came, but pursuing our course by the “Big Pool,” pass down a lovely walk through some fields where “we will claim a right of way,” and come under some lovely trees to the tannery of Scotch Wells. Here lived 180 years ago Mr. Simon Surman, who stands at the head of two old families in our neighbourhood, the Summerses and the Bowens. Of the latter, one member in the last generation earned for himself a good degree. Though he succeeded

to a beautiful property, he offered himself with rare devotion for a bishopric for the deadly spot of Sierra Leone, where he laboured like an apostle and died. I well remember him as a school-fellow at Merlin's Vale, and the rare qualities of diligence and gentleness which distinguished him from the rest of us. Returning to the town we come over the loveliest of the many pretty walks near Haverfordwest, by the mill, into Cartlett. Crossing the Cartlett stream there is a bridge which claims a passing notice. When the South-Wales railway was in course of formation, there resided in the town a Mr Okeden. He was a man of uncommon scientific endowments, and it was his delight to impart knowledge to any who were willing to learn. He was the engineer employed in constructing the railway bridges and other ponderous works and I remember his mentioning that he had just received a book in which the merit of inventing what were called Askew Bridges, that is, bridges which cross a road or river, not at right angles, but diagonally, was claimed for an Italian architect. Some one brought him to see the Cartlett bridge on which stands a date of some year in the past century. He was amazed to find that what an Italian builder claimed as the discovery of a new principle, had been in existence in this little town for scores of years before.

Retracing our steps to the town, I am reminded of two very notable holidays in the year, under the old régime red letter days in the calendar; Shrove Tuesday and Whitmonday, days to which the young men particularly looked forward with great pleasure and excitement. It is said that in the old times it was a practice at Shrove-tide to engage in the brutal and dangerous sport of bull-baiting, and the equally cruel one of cockfighting, and the pastime I am about to refer to was introduced here

with a view to draw off the populace from their more objectionable sports.¹ It must in this respect have been a change for the better. A stranger to the place entering it on Shrove Tuesday would have been sure to notice that there was something particular afoot. Early in the forenoon, ladders would be placed against the house-fronts and a general barricade of the windows through-out the place proceeded with. He might have fancied that, as at Coventry, some Lady Godiva was about to proceed through the streets, and that the inhabitants were shutting themselves out from the view of a procession, which propriety forbade them to look upon. But this was not the case. Just at twelve o'clock a sudden commotion was observable in the street, and a splendid football, held out in the hands of some notable party in the town, was kicked aloft into the air, and then commenced a scrimmage and tussle, which gave you an idea of what ancient battlefields were when gunpowder was unknown and hand-to-hand fights decided the fate of nations. The skill and activity displayed by some of our noted kickers were marvellous to behold. Think of a large ball sent spinning off the toe up high into the air, till, like the skylark, it became almost invisible. On one occasion a ball was kicked up from near the top of Market Street, descended on to St. Mary's leads, and rebounded into Dark Street, or Back Lane, as it was then called. This sport was continued till dark, and resulted in nothing worse than a few fights and bloody noses. With Tom Hughes and Canon Kingsley, I am bound to say I see no great harm in all this.

The other great day in the town was Whitmonday. First of all came the sheriff's breakfast, a sort of déjeuner

1. Shrove Tuesday football is probably a survival of the ancient game of Knappan much played in Pembrokeshire, especially on that particular day.

a la fourchette, to which all the well-to-do citizens were invited to meet the sheriff at a grand repast, and indeed I doubt not some of those who had shrunk from his tap during the year, enjoyed none the less his hospitality. Breakfast over, every beast of burden that for days before had been looked up in the neighbourhood—donkeys, ponies, hacks, and hunters—were called into requisition, and so preceded by the officers of the Corporation, many of whom could scarcely manage to bestride the animals provided for them, with banners and music and the like accompaniment we sped our way to Portfield, then very partially enclosed, and what with the impromptu races and mock assaults-at-arms, never was there a more enjoyable day. There was all the fun, if not the importance, of a Derby Day. This was followed by the return home and the riding through the streets of the town, visiting all the boundaries, and winding up with the mayor's dinner.

I must not omit one ceremony which always took place on the occasion of the ride to Portfield; when the procession arrived at a centre spot at the entrance to Cuckoo Lane, where there is a very large stone, all novices were required to dismount, and were taken into custody by certain officers of the Corporation. Here they had to submit to an initiation, akin to that of crossing the line, though happily not so severe, and having been subjected to a general flagellation, for which a fee was demanded, they were admonished not to forget the Bumping Stone.

A very great change was effected in the appearance of the town, concurrently with the change in the judicature. I cannot give the exact date of that event, but presume it was about the time of the Reform Bill, say 1831 or 1832. Previously to that time the Welsh judges, with their staff, attorney-general, prothonotary, marshall,

and other officers, attended at Carmarthen, Cardigan, and Haverfordwest, and afterwards we were introduced to the twelve judges, a much more important, and, I presume, more learned body than their predecessors, but the Bar was unchanged. As far as the town was concerned great changes soon followed. First of all the ancient Shirehall was doomed. It stood, as you know already, at the top of the High Street, on the angular space opposite to which the new post office is erected. The English judges did not long put up with the stuffy, illventilated old building, which had served their predecessors. With the removal of this came the downfall of the little Elizabethan houses surrounding it. The fronts of two of these are still standing, somewhat altered, minus their antique gable ends and casement windows so characteristic of mediæval times; but internally the house occupied now by Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son, is most complete. This affords a splendid specimen of what the best houses in the town were formerly, and would repay any one the trouble of a visit. To the dwellers in these old-fashioned abodes, the "size week," as it was called, was a golden opportunity. The assizes lasted over a week, and it was a rare treat to the inhabitants of the old town, who richly feasted on the incidents of the trials, for Bench and Bar, if not so eminent for legal wisdom and authority, were full of a racy wit and natural eloquence, which, in these days of dry law, one seldom hears. But to the folks who let lodgings the opportunity came more particularly. The attorney-general Sir W. Owen the clerk of arraigns—the prothonotary Mr Jones, who was remarkable for the rich Welsh tones peculiar to the natives of Carmarthen—even the crier of the court, were all people of consequence, if only in their own estimation. Then at the Bar (adopting the popular way of

speaking of the individual counsel) there were Vaughan Williams, afterwards raised to the Bench, and Mr Wilson, John Evans, and Mr. Whitcomb (Mr Chilton was just then coming out); but antecedent to all whom I have mentioned was the celebrated John Jones of Ystrad, M.P. for Carmarthen, of whom it was said that a Carmarthen jury once returned "a verdict for John Jones." He was marvellously gifted with powers of vituperation, and his countenance was singularly fitted to sustain his efforts, but he was, I fancy, almost a generation in advance of those I have named. These gentlemen lodged for the week in apartments which, in these days, would be considered tidy little china closets. The judges, Balguy and Heywood, had lodgings provided for them of a more commodious description. Great were the preparations made for the influx of visitors. First of all, the intelligence was anxiously looked for as to who the High Sheriff was. Immediately this was known, all the tradesmen were on the qui vive for orders. The drapers and tailors (for drapers then were not tailors), hotel-keepers (the Castle and Mariners were the hotels, both of high reputation), butchers, men of substance in every respect, seized the first opportunity of waiting on the distinguished individual. As the day approached for the arrival of the judges there was a great stir. If the Sheriff was a popular man, and he would always be more or less so, the folks in town and country made preparations to accompany him, as he went forth with ceremony, to meet their lordships. The dress of the trumpeters, Mathew Walters and Lewis Evans, and of the javelin men—mostly yeoman tenants of the Sheriff—would be something to admire, as an outcome of the taste of the draper and tailor, who jointly designed them. The judges arrived at an appointed hour from the last assize town, either

Cardigan or Carmarthen, as the case might be. Halting at the trysting-place, with all the formality of the occasion, their lordships entered the Sheriff's carriage as he stood bare-headed to receive them, and with the word "Forward," the mounted cavalcade set out at a sharp pace to the town. Not unfrequently, as some of the escort were little used to the saddle, there would be a mishap or two, which added to the fun and merriment of the lookers-on, ever ready for a laugh. After a week of such labour, as Judge Maule once pronounced harder sitting than thinking, the turmoil subsided, and an occasion that was ushered in with so much pomp and ceremony was allowed to terminate without any. The county visitors departed, and the town became as dull and humdrum as before. The Judges departed sans ceremonie, and proceeded to one of the other counties, which, with Pembrokeshire and Haverfordwest, formed the circuit. Over the mountains to Cardigan was a fatiguing ride, and the roads were villainous in those days. An amusing story is told of one of the Judges. To bait the horses, and refresh himself like an ordinary mortal, his Lordship pulled up at a well-known half-way house, called in Welsh Nantyddwylan Arms. Here a flagon of *cwrw-dda* was called for by his Lordship, who, having tasted it with the air of a connoisseur, required the attendance of the landlord. Cap in hand mine host appeared. "Pray, landlord," said his Lordship, "tell me where you procure the malt from with which you brewed this ale?" "From Ha'r-fordwest," my Lord. "Then, where do you get the water from?" "From handy-by, my Lord," said the gratified landlord. "Ah!" said his Lordship, "it is just as I thought. If you had to go to Haverfordwest for the water, and had the malt been handy-by, the ale, I opine, would have been much better." On another occasion one of the Judges,

Lloyd, who took the circuit at the early part of the century, was travelling over the mountains when he saw a hare very severely coursed by a couple of greyhounds. "Alas, poor puss!" said his Lordship, "nothing can save thee now but a Pembrokeshire jury."

The annals of crime in Pembrokeshire present a somewhat singular history. For ninety years past not an execution has taken place. The last was one that excited a good deal of sympathy. Roblin, a man who was found guilty, first of manslaughter, and that verdict being refused by the presiding Judge, afterwards of murder, though it was very generally felt that the first verdict would have satisfied justice, was hanged on Easter Monday 1821. In those days it was a short shrift, as he was only tried on Good Friday. So great was the horror occasioned by this execution, that the hangman was never known. Had he been discovered, probably a scene, like that described by Sir Walter Scott in the introduction to the "Heart of Mid-Lothian," might have been enacted here. Ten years before this time a murder had been committed in the neighbourhood of Haverfordwest by a man of the name of John Griffiths, who poisoned his wife under circumstances of singular atrocity, and was righteously hanged, if ever man was—which some folk in the present day arise to question. By some means the executioner on this occasion was discovered, and was mobbed by a lot of young men of the town, and barely escaped with his life. The ring-leaders of the mob fled, and some of them, I believe, never returned, though I knew two of them who did, and settled down quietly for the remainder of their lives. It is somewhat remarkable, that before 1821 executions had for a considerable period recurred at intervals of ten years. Thus in 1801 a lad, not more than fifteen, of the

name of David Duckfield, was hanged for the murder of a little girl. Those who witnessed the execution—I conversed with one lady who is still living who was brought by her father, as if he thought it might prove a useful deterrent lesson for a little maid under ten—were horrified with the shrieks of the boy, entreating the bystanders to save him, while the hangman was endeavouring to soothe him, addressing him as “My poor boy, come, now! Come now, that’s a good boy!”

The following very remarkable account of “a bloody assize” at Haverfordwest is taken from “Household Words,” a well-known publication, edited by the late Charles Dickens. It appeared in the first volume. In a chapter on “Bank Note Forgeries,” the writer says:—

“Sometime after the frequency of the crime had in other respects subsided, there was a sort of bloody assize at Haverfordwest, in Wales. Several persons were tried for forgery and uttering; and thirteen were convicted, chiefly on the evidence of Mr Christmas, the bank inspector, who swore positively in one case that the document named in the indictment ‘was not an impression from a Bank of England plate, was not printed on the paper with the ink or water-mark of the bank, neither was it in the handwriting of the signing clerk.’ Upon this testimony the prisoner, together with twelve participators in similar crimes, was condemned to be hanged. The morning after the trial Mr Christmas was leaving his lodgings, when an acquaintance stepped up, and asked him as a friend to give his opinion on a note he had that morning received. It was a bright day. Mr Christmas put on his spectacles, and carefully scrutinised the document in a business-like and leisurely manner. He pronounced it to be forged. The gentleman, a little chagrined, brought it away with him to town. It is not a little sing-

ular that he happened to know Mr Burnett* of Portsmouth, whom he accidentally met, and to whom he showed the note. Mr. Burnett was evidently a judge of bank paper. He said nothing; but slipping his hand into one pocket, handed to the gentleman full change, and put the note into another. 'It cannot be a good note,' exclaimed the latter, 'for my friend Christmas told me at Haverfordwest that it is a forgery.' But as Mr Burnett had backed his opinion to the amount of twenty shillings, he declined to retract it, and lost no time in writing to Mr. Henry Hase, Abram Newlands' successor, to test its accuracy. It was lucky that he did so, for this little circumstance saved thirteen lives. Mr Christmas's co-inspectors at the Bank of England actually reversed his non-official judgment that the note was a forgery. It was officially pronounced to be a good note; yet upon the evidence of Mr Christmas, as regards other notes, the thirteen human beings at Haverfordwest were trembling at the foot of the gallows. It was promptly and cogently argued, that as Mr Christmas's judgment had failed him in the deliberate examination of one note, it might also err as to others; and the convicts were respited."

THE FRENCH INVASION.

It was just towards the close of the last century that one of the most interesting and mysterious occurrences that ever disturbed the people of this county, and especially of Haverfordwest, took place—I mean "the French landing at Fishguard," as we have been accustomed to hear it called. The event has long since passed into the region of history; but some of the scenes in the immediate vicinity—as I have gathered them from the lips of the

*Mr. Burnett was well known here as a clerk in Mr. Natty Phillips' bank at the time of its too-well remembered failure in 1826.

folks who well remember them—I should like if I were able to describe, as they deserve to be. It was in the month of February 1797, which country people used to say was the hottest weather ever known at that season of the year farmers sowing corn being obliged to suspend work at mid-day, on account of the extreme heat—that the event happened. None now survive who were old enough at the time to notice all the surroundings; but, say forty years ago, there were many people with whom one could converse about it. Without any previous warning of impending peril, the tidings shot through the county—"The French have landed at Fishguard!" As the event turned out, there was little to be frightened at; but this was not discovered till afterwards. But the amazing heroism of the peasantry, and their patriotism, were some of the grand things in connection with it. One incident I just remember, and I had it from the mouth of a bystander. A woman rushed out into the little garden, where her husband was busily engaged preparing the ground for potatoes, and exclaimed in a voice of terror, "John Bowen, John Bowen, the French have landed at Fishguard!" Throwing down his spade, declaring he was not going to do work for the French, he went into the house, and, reaching down an old fowling-piece which he happened to have, then and there he started off without any more ado to meet the invaders. At Nolton, a village about six miles from Haverfordwest, where there lived an aged clergyman, the Rev. Moses Grant, grandfather of the late Lord Milford, I read the record in the parish register there, and I assure my readers, with a thrill of interest, all the able-bodied men immediately left their homes for the scene of the expected conflict; and the parson writes: "I assembled all the women and children in the church, and we commended

ourselves to the protection of Almighty God." When the alarm subsided, the enemy, who proved to be a miserable and contemptible force, were speedily disarmed, and marched as prisoners to Haverfordwest, where nothing but pity and compassion was displayed. Poor, starving wretches, as they were, the townspeople outvied each other in ministering to their necessities. They were, of course, imprisoned; but in the parish church of St. Mary, most of them. So much for this marvel, a matter which became the central epoch of a couple of generations—I mean in the way of a local calendar—just as the Norman Conquest still stands in English history. The date when a marriage or birth or death took place in a family would be fixed very commonly by its chronological relation to the landing of the French at Fishguard.

After a while the captured foreigners were released on their parole; and a lady told me the other day she had heard her father talk of one of them with whom he had often had a game of bowls at the bowling-green in front of our castle. He was here known as M. Bertrand, but became the attached and faithful companion of Napoleon Bonaparte in his exile, and was with him at his death in St. Helena.

As is always the case after such an occurrence, numberless stories were circulated in reference to the affair. One report was, that when the commander of the French force discovered the want of strategy displayed by the officer in command of the forces who disputed his advance inland, in afterwards placing his troops between the naked cliffs and the foe, whence they might have been easily swept, he gnashed his teeth, and declared, had he known his incapacity, he never would have surrendered.

Another story was, that when the French saw what appeared to be the immense number of troops on the

heights, where the Welsh women, clad in bright scarlet "whittles" (a local name for shawls), showed up, they were seized with panic, and called on their officers to surrender. The only forces available on the spot were the Castle-Martin Yeomanry led by Lord (afterwards Earl) Cawdor, and to them was granted the distinction of having the word "Fishguard" inscribed on their standard and on their uniform, as the troops which were engaged at Waterloo have that never forgotten name inscribed on theirs.

Some interesting evidence of the patriotic part Haverfordwest men played when the French landed at Fishguard was discovered in recent years amongst some papers in the offices of Messrs Eaton Evans and Williams, Solicitors of Haverfordwest, in the form of an old Moore's Diary for 1797. The diary has endorsed on it, "James Jones of the parish of St Martins in the Town and County of Haverfordwest Gent." Among the entries are the following:— 1797 Feby. 22nd "1400 French landed at Pencare," do 23rd. "Went with Lord Cawdor's Cavalry, part of the Cardigan Militia, Fishguard and Pembroke Fencibles, and about 300 Haverfordwest Volunteers, in the whole about 800 armed men to attack the French, but did not come to battle. Night coming on, rendezvoused at Fishguard that night at nine." do 24th "At about 2 p.m. the French surrendered prisoners of war and laid down their arms on Goodick sand, and marched into Haverfordwest that night by 12 o'clock." do 25th "A few prisoners with 5 officers brot in and 36 officers marched off for England." do 26th "5 officers sent off for England." do 27th "658 prisoners embark at Milford for England." "Mr J. Thomas taken up and imprisoned for High Treason. Hope he'll be shot if guilty." do 24th (an additional note) "At the time of the surrender of the French, on a mod-

erate calculation, there were 43000 men women and children in and near Fishguard, among which there were at least 8000 armed, viz 2000 with fire armes, the others with Pikes, Picks, Scythes, and other weapons."

The foregoing is a literal copy of Mr Jones' entries with the quaint spelling unaltered.

DUELLING.

One of the saddest events connected with the town and which for years cast a gloom over more than one family circle, happened in the last year of the eighteenth century. I shall be forgiven for referring to it in these pages, as those who were immediately affected by it have long since passed away, and the story of Haverfordwest would scarcely be complete without it.

No greater reform has been effected than that, which by the force of public opinion, was carried some seventy years ago, the complete and peremptory putting down of duelling. That was a most cruel and tyrannous custom, by which men were obliged, if they would retain their place in society, to notice the slightest and often unintentional insult by an appeal to arms.

Two young men, belonging to the best town families, intimate friends from boyhood, were riding together to Tenby to attend a grand ball. Passing through the village of Templeton the horse of one of the travellers threw a shoe, and the rider was detained for some time while the shoe was being replaced. His companion proceeded without waiting for him, and they met in the ball-room. He who had been left behind reproached his companion, and in the presence of the company high words ensued. This was enough; a challenge was sent and accepted; a meeting took place, and one of the combatants fell mortally wounded. Sad to say, the sister of the sur-

vivor was engaged to be married to him who fell, and she very shortly afterwards died of a broken heart. I knew one lady who attended her funeral, and she told me she never beheld so sad a sight. The survivor fled from justice; but after some seven years of exile returned, and took his trial at the bar; no wonder under all the circumstances his offence was condoned. He became an active and useful magistrate of the town; but a settled gloom rested on his countenance ever after, and it was said of him by those who knew him most intimately, that he never was seen to smile. A sad story from first to last, and one may well say of it—

“’Tis true ’tis pity—pity ’tis, tis true.”

On reading over my M.S. to an aged clergyman who happened to call on me, he related an occurrence which, though it happened in another neighbourhood, so completely tallied with the sad event I have just set down, that I tell it as he told it to me. It is divested of some of the romance which clings to the story of Haverfordwest, but shows the frightful length to which this tyrannical custom of society prevailed.

It was in the town of Newcastle Emlyn that, at a hotel, the Salutation, two gentlemen met one evening. One of them was an attorney of the name of Beynon, a man who was making a practice in the neighbourhood by his talent. The other was an English tourist of the name of Hislop, who had been attracted to the neighbourhood by its fishing. Over the wine these gentlemen quarrelled, and, to use a common phrase, the attorney kicked the other party downstairs. The affair got noised abroad. Mr. Hislop, who had thought little of it, was got hold of by some mischievous busy-bodies in the town circle, who represented to him, that if he allowed the matter to pass unnoticed, he would have to forfeit their friendship. His-

lop, so moved, sent a challenge forthwith. A meeting was arranged, and the parties met the next morning. One of them on going out was asked by his servant why he was leaving his house at so unusual an hour, and replied that he expected he was going to——. On the first round Hislop fell mortally wounded. He could only articulate, “Beynon, I forgive you,” and expired. On his gravestone, in the parish churchyard of Llandyfriog, near Newcastle Emlyn, the visitor may read—

“Alas ! poor Hislop !”

The survivor was tried at Cardigan, but being the challenged, not the challenger, was not convicted.

MEN OF MARK.

An interesting field opens up in the local review, to which it is not easy to do justice. I mean the names of some men who have distinguished themselves in the past and are yet in danger of being lost sight of. Members of Parliament and other public men, who have had attention drawn to them, will be found in more public records, but there have been some who deserve to be noticed in such a fragmentary history as mine. Of such men, when sitting down by the fireside the elders talk of the past, and the names are mentioned, one and another would say—“He was a character.” Many such, no doubt, there have been, but only a few names occur to me just now.

It is at least sixty years since a young man of rare ability as an artist, who was born at Fishguard, appeared in this neighbourhood, whose name was Thomas George. As a portrait painter he achieved high distinction, and some of his works were gems of rare value. After several years spent in art circles, where he was very highly esteemed, he died at a comparatively early age at

Madeira. Though not a native, his start in life was connected with Haverfordwest.

Another man of rare genius and enterprise was Mr. Francis Fortune. He was born in 1783, and was a great uncle of Miss Fortune, of Leweston House, Camrose. A Banker, a General Merchant and a great benefactor of the town, he built Short Row. He died in 1832 in Lombard Street. I happen to know from private sources of information some remarkable circumstances connected with him. At an early period in this century he struck the principle of the pneumatic tubular despatch system for the conveyance of parcels from London to Dover, an idea since successfully carried out. He interested himself greatly in planning railway locomotion from London to Bristol long before it was taken up by the great Brunel and I have seen correspondence with individuals, and suggestions on lines of science, long years afterwards carried out by other men, who claimed originality for their views. He made a great many designs of steam carriages to run on the roads, and planned a canal in Cornwall which proved a great success. The Fortune's Frolic pleasure walk was given to the town by him.

Among others sprung from humble origin, there was a family, the sons of a weaver at the Merlin's Bridge, of the name of Mends, four of whom at least attained distinction in the service of their country. The eldest left the old home, and, without patronage or friendship, rose from one step to another in the Royal Navy, until he became an admiral. For many years he was in command of the gallant "Arethusa," so well known in naval song. A singular circumstance is related of him and another brother. One day the admiral, when out on one of our naval stations, had, in the discharge of his duty, to

perform the not very agreeable task of boarding a merchantman with a pressgang. Stepping on deck, he inquired what seamen were willing to serve the king. Among others who volunteered was a young man of the name of Mends. The admiral requested him to go below with him, when he discovered that he was his own brother, who had left the rooftree after him; and he, too, rose to high command in the service. Another brother was captain of the Royal Marines; and a fourth was captain in the Peninsular War with the Duke. He, I believe, built himself a residence at Merlin's Vale, and was married to Miss Bowen of Camrose.

There was another family of heroes in the immediate neighbourhood, all of whom were distinguished for pluck, and two of them won high places in the roll—the Davies's of Capeston; Evan, a colonel in the Indian army, renowned as "Tiger Davies," who obtained his cognomen from his daring to attack single-handed one of those ferocious beasts known in the neighbourhood of the jungle as a man-eater. Pursuing the monster into his den, he risked his life on a single shot, and despatched him. Sad to think, he fell a victim to the treachery of a company of mutinous Sepoys, into whose midst he ventured. Then there was his brother Lewis of the "Rose," who, at the battle of Navarino, seeing a Turkish fire-ship steering automatically and with deadly precision right into the line-of-battle ships, followed her, took her in tow, and, before she had time to explode, brought her clear of the fleet, amidst the cheers of the spectators, which rose above the din of the conflict. For this gallant action "he was posted" on the spot, and was ever afterwards known as "Navarino Davies."

With regard to General Picton and the town's claim to being his birthplace. The following tradition in the

matter was told the writer by Mr. Wm. John, J.P., Merchant of Quay Street, and an old inhabitant. He states that in 1875 what is now the "Dragon Hotel" in Hill Street was then the town house of the Laugharne family of Orlandon and that General Picton's mother was staying there as a member of a house party. It is further added that a dance took place in which the good lady took part, whereupon she was suddenly taken ill and the future great soldier and national hero was born. In later years he resided at Poyston near the town which had for generations been the home of the Pictons, and went out into the hayfield to bid the haymakers farewell before he left for Waterloo. There is no reason whatever to doubt the story of his birth. It is to be hoped that the movement initiated by Mr. Mathias-Thomas of Tenby will result in the placing of a Memorial in the Shire Hall, Haverfordwest, to his memory.

Sir Thomas Picton G.C.B. was the second son of John Picton Esq of Poyston. He served as ensign in the 12th foot then exchanged into the 75th and obtained his company in 1778. In 1783 his regiment was at Bristol. In 1794 he went to the West Indies and 3 years after became governor of Trinidad. In 1809 he served at Flushing; from thence joining the Peninsular Army. At the close of the Peninsular War he returned to Pembrokehire, and in 1815 started from Poyston to meet a glorious death at Waterloo. He was buried at St. George's, Hanover Square, July 3rd, 1815. There is a memorial to him in St. Paul's Cathedral, and in Rudbaxton Church, Pembrokehire.

Though some of these names are not recorded by historians, they ought not to be allowed to be forgotten altogether. They serve to point young aspirants the way to honour and distinction. Doubtless, in the long succession of ages, many others have lain down to die unno-



LT.-GENL. SIR THOMAS PICTON, K.G.C.B.

ticed. The men who built our churches and founded our charities were no common benefactors of the race, though all but their names are faded out, as far as human gaze can discover. "Their record is on high."

LITERARY AND INTELLECTUAL SOCIETY.

In this connection I should like to give my readers some account of the intellectual and literary status of the town; but the materials, unfortunately, are very scant. I suppose there were some learned clerks in holy orders, and some scholars in other professions, as well as lady blue-stockings, but the educated class was much smaller than it is now. There was a library at Potters,' on the fly-leaf of whose books there were printed the following verses. I never saw them anywhere else until I met with them in a M.S. common-place book, the loan of which I had as a great favour. It was the literary repository of a clergyman who was very highly esteemed in his day, the Rev. John Phillips of Haroldston West.* Though many of the pieces in it are original, I do not know whether this was an original production or not.

"Here you may range the world from pole to pole,
To increase your knowledge and delight your soul ;
Travel all nations and inform your sense
With ease and safety at a small expense.
No storms to shun, no passage fares to pay,
No horse to hire, no guide to show the way,
No Alps to climb, no deserts here to pass,
No ambuscades, no thief to give one chase,
No bear to dread, no rattlesnake to bite,
No flies to sting, nor ravenous wolf to fight,
No flood to ford, no hurricanes to fear,
No dreadful thunder to surprise the ear,
No winds to freeze, no sun to scorch or fry,
No thirst or hunger, and relief not nigh,
All these fatigues and mischiefs you may shun ;
Rest when you please, and when you please jog on,
Travelling both Indies of an afternoon."

*Mr. Phillips died 29th February, 1776, aged fifty-seven.

Potter's reading-room was only open to the élite of the town, and no doubt political and other discussions would often run high, but have left no trace behind.

Some specimens of wit and humour are, however, afforded in the M.S. book to which I have just referred, and some of my readers may be amused with them.

“ON THE BEAR AND ANGEL, TWO TAVERNS IN HA'RFORDWEST.

“Of the Popes I remember it said since a child,
All Innocents cruel, all the Leos were mild,
Which remark with two Houses in Ha'rford will suit,
For the Bear is obliging, the Angel's a brute.”

“TO THE REV. THOMAS SAMUEL, WHO HAD LATELY BEEN
A SERVANT TO BULKELEY PHILIPPS, ESQ.

“Swift says when a Pirson comes into a room
He is clownish, and hobbles as bad as a groom ;
Which in thee to account for, dear Tom, we're able,
For though thou'rt ordained, thou still smell'st of the stable.
“*Ap.* 1, 1743.”

“ON THE SIGN OF THE BLUE BOAR.

“Our Landlord here,
And sign, I swear,
Are very near akin ;
An ill-shaped Boar
Hangs at the door,
And a grumpish Hog's within !

“Ha'r'west *Ap.* 16, 1752.”

The following lines were sent to the rev. gentleman by Miss Philipps of Picton Castle, the eldest of Sir John Philipps's three daughters. They display a good and hearty homeliness which one cannot but admire, and are valuable for my purpose as showing how some high-born ladies lived in that day.

“The cloth was just gone, and the clock had struck ten,
When Moll, who hates idleness, took up a pen ;
No aid she implored, no muse she'd invoke,
For she never attempt'd to write save in joke.

The subject she chose were her friends round the fire,
 For her genius, alas ! would never reach higher.
 The party consisted of no more than five,
 And a list'ner would scarcely have thought them alive,
 Such undisturbed silence there reigned, so profound,
 That no mortal creature could hear the least sound.
 The Knight, as superior, first appears on the stage,
 He was carefully turning o'er many a page,
 While sleep did her Ladyship kindly engage.
 The next were her daughters, nor handsome nor gay,
 But all honest good kind of girls in their way.
 I have only a right to precedence by birth,
 I'm honest and free, and love innocent mirth,
 And freely submit to my sisters in worth.
 Miss Betty all meekness, and mildness, and merit,
 Miss Kitty, though good, has a little more spirit.
 So much for their characters ; now I'm to say
 How they were employed ; not in romping and play,
 But instead of all that, and flirting and stuff,
 Miss Betty was dextrously making a ruff.
 And instead of crying eagerly, who'd cut and shuffle,
 Miss Kitty was busily altering a ruffle.
 While silently thus our time steals away,
 We're envied by none, and despised by the gay.
 But my comfort is this, We *may* make good wives,
 For men say that flirts are the plague of their lives.
 Now Sir John shuts his book, and my Lady's awake,
 The chambermaid's called for the candles to take,
 My pen I must quit, to wish you good night,
 May I give you more pleasure the next time I write.
 " Picton Castle, 1754."

In any account of Haverfordwest-men who made their name in the literary world of their day, mention must be made of the late Mr Tom Purnell the author of at least one work of fiction and it is understood a large contributor to the periodical literature of his time. Tom Purnell was a contributor under the nomde plume " Q " to the publication known as " Judy."

He was a great friend of the late Mr. T. M. Phillips of the Castle Square. Edmund Yates who became a great jour-

alist though dead must not be forgotten. His real name was William Tasker; his pen-name only being Yates.

The late Mr Guy Boothby the well known novelist honoured the town with a visit some years ago.

When the Advowson of S. Marys was being sold by the Corporation in 1839 the auctioneer was a great wag named Hassall a man of exceptional ability some of whose sale-posters were remarkable for their literary grace and rollicking humour. In order to attract bidders by showing the value of the investment in this case, he stated in the auction room that the purchaser would very soon reap the profit of his outlay for the reason that the present incumbent was an old man who in the ordinary course of events could not live very much longer. The parson referred to was the Revd James Thomas; he was a little man and hidden away amongst the crowd present he had escaped the eagle-eyed auctioneer but on hearing this Mr Thomas jumped up and shaking his fist at the surprised salesman, shouted out "You rascal I shall live long enough to see you hanged or run the country!" These words proved to be strangely prophetic for soon after the auctioneer suddenly disappeared from the town much to the chagrin of his creditors.

TRADE, HABITS OF LIFE, AND OLD CUSTOMS.

I daresay my readers would like to know something about the trade done in the town at the beginning of the century, but I cannot find any statistics on which one can rely; for there does not seem to be any official statement preserved. It is certain that there was a very large trade done in corn, Haverford having always been the centre of the district. We may form some estimate of the corn brought in, from the number of extensive stores which were required by the merchants. From the Bridgend all along the level of the river, Northgate,

Bridge Street, the New Quay, and the Old Quay, a considerable quantity was stored for shipment. During the continuance of the duty on corn, speculation was rife, and large sums of money were invested in the articles. Judging from the extensive and substantial mills—Haverford Mill, Cartlett Mill, and Priory Mill—a great deal of grinding was carried on as well. There were also heavy transactions in leather and salt, and as a large capital was required in these branches, only “big men” could go in for them.

I may here give one story, which I had from the lips of the party who was employed to carry out the transaction, of the immediate effects of which he was at the time quite unconscious. It will serve to show the keen rivalry which prevailed during the first few years of the century, when war prices and heavy risks rendered speculation nothing better than gambling. A merchant, whom we will call A, was known to be in difficulties. He had in bond thirty puncheons of rum, an article then much in demand for the Royal Navy, which had a station at Milford Haven.

It happened that a rival merchant, whom we will call B, had in his hands mature bills, of A's, a circumstance of which he (A) was ignorant. My informant was commissioned to purchase the rum, which he did, and at once despatched it to Milford, and in payment tendered to the seller his own bills, which he could not in honour refuse; but it was such a disappointment to receive these instead of cash, that he succumbed to circumstances, and was forthwith gazetted!

Time outlives rivalries, and condones injuries. The grandson of A was a few years since married to the grand-daughter of B, and they are happily living in our midst.

A few years before this date two very extensive tanneries had been successfully carried on, to which I need not further refer; and several glovers, hatters, and weavers were in business besides. The only business which in the present day largely exceeds the past is the wholesale grocery, to which, until ———— established himself here, there was no parallel.

In these days of steamers and railway trains, when so much time is spent in travelling, it is both curious and interesting to study the means which our forefathers had of moving about. How did they manage their journeys; Our answer, though it is hardly an answer to the question, is that they did not need many facilities, as they scarcely ever went from home. A ride to the country was performed by the middle class on horseback, frequently a pannel before and a pillion behind, on which Darby and Joan lovingly jogged along. In reference to a "journey to a far country," we have the familiar story of the good man making his will prior to his departure, lest he should not live to return. The means of travelling to any great distance were the stage-coach, the waggon which, starting from the Royal Exchange in Bridge Street, took about three weeks for the journey to London, or the sailing vessels, called the Bristol traders; and this was a very common mode of going to Bristol, where tradesmen had most occasion to go. But these vessels were often wind-bound, and great anxiety prevailed sometimes when they were detained for weeks at the Mumbles or Penarth, or some other out-of-the-way place, where there were scant postal facilities. Then the travelling from town to town, was compassed in a much more sensible and independent way. People thought little of walking to Carmarthen, or, with a short rest, to Swansea. This was the independence of what was called "Shanks' mare."

Time is now looked upon as everything, but formerly, like their Dutch ancestors, our folks were never in a hurry, fully realising the philosophy of the sentiment—

“Be the day merry, or be the day long,
At length it soundeth to evensong,”

But how did the town get supplied with articles of trade—tea, and tobacco, and sugar, and the other commodities of life? Salt was an important article of commerce, and being very heavily taxed, was of great importance and value. A great many things which we now import were then articles of export, so that you will see that trade has undergone a complete revolution. Hats and hosiery and woollen cloth were manufactured here, and boots and shoes were all made at home. The trade in wheaten flour, now so largely imported, was a source of employment in our mills formerly, and in this respect also there is a great change. Free trade, whether for good or ill I am not going to say, occasioned a marvellous upset, one symptom of which is that barley bread, which was formerly a great article of consumption, is now almost entirely superseded by wheaten. One could give a graphic picture of the everyday habits of the people, by making extracts from the waste book of a tradesman of the town, which I have in my possession. It is in a sense a kind of “Pepys’s Diary,” and pictures from day to day, the life and wants of the inhabitants some 150 years ago.

My readers would, I daresay, like to learn something about the old shopkeeper who owned the establishment in which this waste book was kept. I have ascertained that his name was John Williams, that he lived at the Bridgend, and that for many years he was the deacon or steward of the Green Meeting, old records of that chapel being exhibits of his handwriting. Besides keep-

ing a shop he acted as banker also; at this time there was, I presume, no bank in the neighbourhood.

Take this entry in proof—

Monday, April 4, 1709. Rec. of Mr W. Alleway a bill of £20 on Mr. Ichabod Brown at ye Bull and Mouth, St. Martins le Grand, London, which I sent to Mr John Lewis, Carmarthen.

The following memoranda, entered on the fly-leaf of the old book, are curious and interesting:

Mem. Direct to John Laugharne, Esq., Memb. Parlt., at his house near Golden Square, London.

Mem. Direct to David James, House Carpenter, at ye sign of ye Lamb in Clifton, Bristol, nr ye Lime Kill.

Mem. Mr Green's charge for News to Michlemas 1710 on Mr Mordant, 14/4.

Rec. ye charge, London, Oct. 3d. 1710.

Mem. Mr Cuninghame began his partners for ye Monthly Mercury, had ye June back 1708.

Mem. Address Mr John Burrough att Burtonferry, Glamorganshire, South Wales, In a cover to the Rt. Honble Sir Thomas Mansell, Baronet, In Soho Square, London.

Before closing the record of the old tradesman's dealings, I may perhaps interest you by setting down a lot of names which may be interesting and suggestive to some of my readers:—"Mr Owen Phillips; Jardine; Codd of Folicaston (Folkeston); Morris Thomas of Cartlett Mills; John Jones of the Greyhound; Mr Cleaveland; Mr James Bateman; Wm. Seourfield, Esq. of the Mole; Lattice Landry of Templeton; Roch of Winterton; Roch of Pereston; Sir John Packington, Haroldston; Brother David (paid du-

ties for the Meeting House); David Jones of ye corner above; John Jones of ye George; Luck William; Mr W. Allen, Gilleswick; Eliza Llewellyn of Wooldale, p. Jone Walter; Mr Harries, our neighbour; Mr James Phillips of Pentypark; Bowen of Fletherhill; Mr Stokes of Roch; Mr Maylett; Elliott of Anykale; Mr Knethall; Mr Den, paid for cleaning Cundick and Well, 4d; Mr Geo. Martin, paid entrance for writeing school, 12d; Mr Milton, ye Doctor; Mrs Davies, School Mistress; Higgon of Spittal; Mr Lantholy, our neighbour; Mr Thos. Bowen of Williamston; Turbervell of Wiseman Bridge; Doctor Wright; Mr Davies, our Minister, a wigcomb; Batho of Marloes; Madam Fowler, p. Thos. Jones, Clerk of St. Martin's," etc. etc.

And now, gentle readers, we will come down to later times and dates. Probably little outward change had come over the town from 1708 to 1808. Steam, which has revolutionised the country within the last eighty years, was scarcely known until long after the period about which I am writing, and the aspect of things changed slowly. Let me try to give you some idea of the appearance of the shops, and the little burghers who kept them. As I recall them, they seemed to me all short, little, fat men, who, one would think, had been run in a mould; and their "good condition," as we say, was doubtless occasioned by their sticking so close to business and taking little exercise. In these shops you might get supplied with calicoes, striped cotton, groceries, etc. There were two or three proper drapers' shops, but the common people were generally dressed in homespun articles, and but few affected broadcloth or silks. The masters were always behind the counters, or in the small rooms behind their shops, overlooked by a small glass door, from early morn to dewy eve; for as trade was not very pressing, they did not require many holidays. The shops were fitted up

in comfortable style, with deal counters and shelves, and small windows, as unlike as possible to the establishments of to-day. In the year 1800, or thereabouts, Mr. Scoweroff, a Manchester man, who had come down to start a cotton mill on the Cleddau—an undertaking which proved fearfully out of date at that time—came into the town to open a large drapery business. The first thing he did in building or altering was to put in new windows, and these caused quite a sensation in those days, from their unwonted extensiveness. An aged man told me some years ago that he well remembered being asked by an acquaintance whether he had been up street to see Mr. Scoweroff's new windows? One of these identical windows was still in existence in 1882.

Commercial travellers, or bagmen, as they were styled, because they rode on horseback with saddle bags—here they were called Bristo' men, because all the business was done with Bristol houses—came round at intervals to solicit orders and collect accounts. There was a small fleet of trading vessels of from 80 to 100 tons, which took the berth in turns, the crews of which must have been as much at home on the Welsh Back in Bristol, as in Haverfordwest. It was a flourishing trade until the steamer was put on and broke up the monopoly. As you may suppose, fearful straits were sometimes experienced when adverse winds prevailed, and the vessels were detained, for six weeks together, and there was neither tobacco, nor snuff, sugar, nor rum, to be obtained for love of money. I remember a famine of salt, a supply of which indispensable commodity was at last obtained overland from Carmarthen. The whole neighbourhood would be in a stage of siege—but life was so much less artificial, that the wants were not nearly as imperious or numerous as they are now.

The Western Cleddy is navigable up to the Gas Quay for vessels of 200 tons. For the year ended 5th January 1831, 130 vessels entered inwards, and 59 cleared outwards at this port, and 538 quarters of wheat, 638 quarters of barley, and 7731 quarters of oats, were shipped coast wise. The yearly value of the exports chiefly butter and corn) to Liverpool and London was £100 000. The population in 1911 was 5919. The area is 1381 acres made up thus:—

St. Thomas	296
St. Mary	32
St. Martin	210
Prendergast	169
Cartlett	25
Furzy Park and Portfield		...	649
			— —
			1361
			— —

The place is 251 miles by road from London and 276 miles by rail.

From 1825 to 1912 the capital expenditure of the Corporation has been:—

On the Gas Undertaking	...	14000
On the Water Undertaking	...	19000
On Sewerage and Paving Works and Workmen's dwelling	...	11165
On Markets and Slaughterhouse	..	7750
		— — — —
Making the considerable sum of	...	£51915
		— — — —

And so I have endeavoured, as best I could, to write the story of the doings of the people who formerly walked these streets and looked up at the same sun as shines over us. Nearly all the adult population of "sixty years ago" have passed over to the majority—the old inhabi-

lants who still survive may almost be reckoned on one's fingers, and—

“ As the long train of ages glides away,
The sons of men, the youth in life's green spring,
And he who goes in the full strength of years,
Matron and maid, the bowed with age,
The infant in the smiles and beauty of its innocent bloom
Cut off, shall one by one be gathered to their side
By those who in their turn shall follow them.”

SUPPLEMENTARY.

Just as my work was about to pass from the hands of the printer to the binder, a gentleman who resides in the northern part of the county, and has taken great interest in the subject-matter of my book, kindly sent me an old M.S. which he discovered among his papers.

It is so strikingly illustrative of the customs of the Old Town more than a century ago that I have appended it.

It turns up as a Case submitted to Counsel in the year 1773, and is thus recited:

“ CASE.

13 Edw ^d . c. 6.	{	“ It is commanded that from thenceforth neither faire nor marketts be kept in churchyards, for the honour of Holy Church.”
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“The Town of Haverfordwest is a very Antient Burrough, and was incorporated 30 April, 19, Edward 4th, Prince of Wales and Lord of Haverford, by the name of the Mayor, Sheriff, Bailiffs, and Burgesses of Haverford and was also a county of itself during pleasure.

“There is no grant of any market in this charter. But as the Mayor is therein appointed clerk of the market, markets had certainly been antiently held in the said Town.

"A subsequent charter was granted in the reign of James the First, and by this a grant was made to the Mayor, Sheriff, etc., of two Markets, to be held within the County of the Town weekly, on Tuesday and Saturday, and the Mayor is appointed Clerk of the Market. The Market on Tuesday is very trifling, but that on Saturday is considerable.

"There is no open place in the Town large enough for the Market, and the streets, are generally very narrow. The parish Church of St. Mary is situate near the centre of the Town, and the south side of the Churchyard belonging to that Church and a small street called Pillory Street, which adjoyns one part of ye Churchyard to the south, is the only tolerable open place in ye Town.

"This part of ye Churchyard & 4 or 5 small streets that adjoyns to the east and south parts of the said Churchyard have been, time out of mind, used as a Market on Saturday, and probably from the first time of establishing a Market here; and several of the Markets, especially for 4 or 5 months in Autumn and the Winter, are so crowded with people that the sd Churchyard & those streets can scarce contain them, and it is then extremely difficult to pass thro' either of them.

"The antient inhabitants of the Town did not make use of part of the Churchyard for a Market, out of a disregard to ye Act of Parliament or disrespect for the place, but it was necessity, and the common convenience of the town and the adjacent country that obliged them to do it; the same reasons which at first prevailed with the Antient inhabitants to make use of parts of the Churchyard as a Market have ever since prevailed with the succeeding inhabitants, and must continue to prevail until a convenient place can be provided to remove the Market from the Churchyard.

"It is not known by any person now living that the Markets in the Churchyard have ever been complained of till last year, when the then Mayor endeavoured to interrupt it, but he was sensible of his error and immediately dropt it. The Bishop's visitation was in August last, when the then Churchwardens presented that there was a market kept every Saturday in the Churchyard, and the Bishop was of opinion that the aforesaid Statute did not give any jurisdiction to the Ecclesiastical Court in that affair, yet he suffered a prohibition to issue to the Churchwardens to prohibit any person from buying or selling in the Churchyard, and if not obeyed the Churchwardens were directed in a letter from the Bishop to the Registrar to apply to some of the Temporal Courts, but His Lordship in the same letter directed that before anything was done the Mayor must be desired in the name of ye Corporation, to assign some convenient ground for holding the said Market.

"This injunction was delivered to the Churchwardens about the latter end of last August, when the markets were beginning to fill, but they kept it and took no notice of it, till the 13th of March last (at which time the Market was very thin), when they fixed up a paper in several places, in or near the Churchyard, that they had received such an injunction, and that whoever should offend against it upon and after the 19th of March would be returned into the Bishop's Court. The Mayor at the same time fixed up a notice ordering that the flesh market should for the future be in two narrow streets, to the north of the Churchyard and the Shirehall, where no Market ever was before in the memory of man, and all other goods to remove to Pillory Street and Tower Hill.

"On Saturday the 20th of March last the Churchwardens went into the Churchyard pretty early in the morning,

and terrified the persons who used to sell their goods there so much, by telling them that they should be returned into the Bishops Court if they offered to set up their stands and expose their goods for sale there, that no persons ventured in, and there was great distraction and confusion in the Market on that account, as persons who had goods to sell did not know where to expose them, and their Customers did not know where to find them."

"Several of the butchers were obliged to set up their meat for sale in the street to the north of the Churchyard and complained to some gentlemen of the town that the same was extremely inconvenient for a market, as the street was narrow, and a great thoroughfare for horses with bags of corn, going to the corn market on a Saturday, so that they could not put up any sheds to save their meat in bad weather. Neither was there any room for persons to stand to view their meat, without being in danger of being run over or thrown down by horses with corn. Besides the wall of the Churchyard is on one side of the street, and the ground of the Churchyard, which that wall supports, is about 7 or 8 feet higher than the street, and there are graves frequently near the wall, and other disagreeable things laid near it, so that the wall is generally moist down to the street."

"Many persons have great objections against any meat that hangs against or near that wall."

"There certainly was an attempt at one time to have part of the Market in that place, though no person now living remembers it, for there are two projecting stones at a small distance one over the other, which were certainly intended to put frames or pieces of wood on for the hanging of meat or other goods, and it is supposed

that it was found to be an inconvenient place. The other street assigned for the flesh market is a narrow street, too little to contain half the meat that used to be in the Churchyard. The other goods which were used to be in the Churchyard are crowded into Pillory Street, part of which has always been made use of as a Fish Market, another part for all kinds of garden stuff and roots, and the other part for salt butter, salt meat, and other things, leaving a passage for horses and carriages to go through it; but it is now so crowded with persons who used to sell cloth, flannel, and other things in the Churchyard that persons who used to go to the Market are drove from their stands, and there is no room for a horse to pass thro' it. And persons who live in that street can with difficulty get to their houses; and in the winter markets it must be extremely inconvenient. As for the Tower Hill it is a narrow and very steep street, and in wet weather there runs such a flood of water that no person would be able to stand there, and no Market has ever been held there.

“Some of the gent. of the town being apprehensive, from the above representation of the Butchers, which upon inquiry they found to be true, and from the great inconvenience of the places which the Mayor had appointed for the Market, which used to be in the Churchyard, that the Market would be greatly prejudiced by the disturbance which the Churchwardens had made there to ye great injury of the Town, and apprehending that they had a good prescriptive right to the place where the Market had been held time out of mind, they went into the Churchyard two successive Saturdays, and encouraged some of the Butchers to put up their stands there, which they did, and there are almost as many Butchers there now as before the disturbance.”

So ends the record, which bears date June 1773. Eventually the churchwardens must have triumphed, but until the present Market House was opened in 1827 the terribly inconvenient state of things continued, as my readers on referring to a past chapter in my story will discover.

HAVERFORDWEST ROAST BEEF.

The following two quaint songs may be seen beneath an old engraving in the Haverfordwest Council Chamber, "being a representation of the Publick Entertainment made by the Worshipful John Phillips, Esq., Mayor of the Town and County of Haverfordwest, Pembrokeshire (brother to Sir Erasmus Phillips, Bart., Member for the said Town and County) in honour to the said Corporation on December 27th, 1739."

THE SONG OF OLD BRITISH ROAST BEEF.

When mighty roast beef was the old Briton's food
It ennobled our veins and enriched our blood:
Our soldiers were brave and our Courtiers were good
O, the roast beef of old Britain and old British roast
beef.

But since we have learnt from ail-conquering France
To eat their Ragouts as well as to dance
We are fed up with nothing but vain Complaisance.
Our fathers of old were stout robust and strong
And kept open house with good cheer all day long
Which made their plump tenants rejoice in this song.
But now we are dwindled to-what shall I name
A sneaking poor race half-begotten and tame
Who sully those honours that once shone in fame.

When Good Queen Elizabeth sate on the Throne
'Ere coffee and tea and such slipslop were known
The world was in terror if e'er she did frown.

In those days if Fleets did presume on the Main
They seldom or never returned back again
As witness the vaunting Armada of Spain.

O then they had stomachs to eat and to fight
And when wrongs were a-cooking to do themselves right
But now we're a— I could— but; Good night.

THE SONG OF OLD BRITISH BROWN BEER.

When mighty Brown Beer was the old Briton's taste
Our wives they were merry and daughters were chaste
Their lips were like violets whenever embraced
O, the Brown beer of Old Britain and old British brown
beer.

'Ere coffee and tea and such slipslops were known
Our granddames by their fires sat merrily down:
Their bread it was white and their beer it was brown.

Our heroes of old whose great conquests we boast
Could make a good meal of a pot and a toast.
O did we so now we should soon rule the roost.

When the Spanish Armada on our coasts did bear
Our sailors took each one a jorum of beer
Then sent them away with a flea in their ear.

Our Clergymen too took a cup of good beer
'Ere they mounted the Rostrum their spirits to cheer
Then would preach against Vice though the courtier
was near.

Their doctrine was then both authentic and bold
Well-founded on Scripture and Fathers of old
But now they preach nothing but what they are told.
For since the Geneva and strong Ratase,
We're dwindled to nothing— but— let me see,
Why even to nothing—to Tweedledumdee.

In an interesting interview, Mr. E. H. Ellis, one of the Town's oldest inhabitants and who was for many years headmaster of Taskers Endowed School said he remembered the buildings which stood where the Shire Hall is now. Immediately next to and above the present "Three Crowns" public house was the residence of Dr. Ayleway, one of the same family as a former vicar of St. Mary's. Above Dr. Ayleway's house ran a boundary wall next the street. Passing through a doorway in this wall you found yourself on a grass plot with the Quakers' Meeting House in the background of the picture. The grass plot was a burial ground. In the High Street outside, the pavement was very narrow between Dr. Ayleway's house and Short Row, but narrow as it was at 8 o'clock every night a small crowd would gather at the foot of the hill awaiting the arrival of the Mail Coach which started from the Lord Nelson Hotel Milford Haven. The guard would blow his horn and the coach and four horses would rattle down the cobbled highway with a great to-do. It would pull up at Mr. Pugh's the Castle Hotel and later proceed on its journey as far as "The Roses" a wayside hostelry on the road near Narberth where it would meet the Mail Coach from Hobbs Point and then return, passing through Haverfordwest at 3 o'clock the next morning.

The Drawbridge Lane, Mr. Ellis says, was near where the houses now stand on the north side of Victoria Place. He still retains some impressions of his boyhood. It was a great offence in those days to break a window. If a boy did so he was brought before the Mayor and punished. At eight o'clock at night too, one of St. Mary's bells—the curfew bell—would be rung, and every boy had to be in-doors by that hour. He remembers the boys of that day running and reaching home out of breath

in order to be in time. We could do with a revival of this sort of order to-day.

Mr. William John another lifelong inhabitant stated in a further interview that he retained memories of the Rebecca riots of 1843. Although only about five years old at that time he remembers that a force of Marines was quartered in barracks in Hill Street where the "Dragon" is now; he saw them march with their band playing at their head to Divine service at St. Marys Church on Sundays. He also remembers being brought to the Town Hall about the same time. A great trial was in progress and evidently one of the Rebecca rioters had been sentenced, for he saw a tall Welshwoman wearing the native costume and the high Welsh hat **being** led away from the Hall overcome with grief and supported on either side by sympathising friends. Presumably the prisoner was near and dear to her—a son or a husband.

From Mr. Louis Samson's brochure on the Pembroke-shire South African War Memorial in High Street the following information is taken:—The Memorial was unveiled on the 21st October 1904 by the late Earl Cawdor. The Cross is a copy of the Cross of Illic at Llandough near Cardiff and of which there is a cast in the Cardiff Museum. The stone of which the Cross is made comes from Polyphant, a Cornish village. The designer was Mr. Arthur G. Langdon and the Sculptor Mr. J. Nicholls, both of Launceston. It is erected on the site of the old Guildhall where the Justices for the County of the Town, and those for Pembrokeshire held their Courts till 1835 when the present Shire Hall was erected. The ornament on the Cross, probably ninth century design is of Runic interlaced work and key patterns.

The pedestal is inscribed:—

On the East side.

This Memorial was raised in grateful memory of Pembrokeshire Men, who gave their lives for the Empire during the South African War 1899—1902.

On the North side.

William, 5th Baron Kensington, Capt., 2nd Life Guards
 Lambton, A. F., Capt., 71st H. L. I.
 Meyrick, St John, Capt., 75th G. H.
 Lambton, R. R., Lieut., 68th D. L. I.
 Whicher, S., M. B. London, M. R. C. S., L. R. C. P.
 Rees, B. Skone, Lance-Corpl., 5th Dragoon Guards
 Richards, J., Bomdr., 81st Batt. R. F. A.
 Skone, G. H., Gunner, R. G. A.
 Robinson, S. J., Pte., R. G. A.
 Griffiths, T., Pte., Grenadier Guards
 Nicholas, J., Pte., Grenadier Guards
 Thomas, Evan, Pte., Grenadier Guards

On the West side.

Jones, F. W., Pte., 2nd Scots Guards
 Lewis, J., Corpl., 32nd D. C. L. I.
 Sambrook, D. J., Colr.-Sergt., 41st W. R.
 Davies, J. J., Sergt., 1st Batt. 41st W. R.
 Rees, W. J., Sergt., 1st V. Batt. Welsh Regt.
 Lockwood, E., Sergt., 2nd Batt. 51st K. O. Y. L. I.
 Powell, J., Pte., 1st Batt. Rifle Brigade
 Span, E. G. M., Trooper, Cape Mounted Rifles
 Morris, G. A., Trooper, S. A. Constabulary
 Thomas, J., Trooper, Prince of Wales' L. H.
 John, George, A. B., H. M. S. Powerful

On the South side.

Pembroke Imperial Yeomanry.

Cropper, Col. D. Edward
 Tipling, J., O. M. S.

Protheroe, F. S., Sergt.

Williams, G., Corpl. Farr.

Jones, S., Corpl.

Williams, R. P., Farr. Sergt.

Troopers:

L. G. Bullin, G. Cornish, A. Crapper, S. M. Evans, E. A. Franks, W. C. Hyde, C. H. James, T. L. James, F. J. Lewis, E. Richards, R. P. Rogers, A. B. Summers, G. S. Thomas, E. R. Webb, C. Winstone.

MORE ABOUT PRENDERGAST.

The name of this parish, which did not until 1840 form part of Haverfordwest, is derived from an ancient family of that name, who at one time were the owners of the village, and probably had a residence there. Giraldus mentions Maurice de Prendergast "a stout and brave soldier, from the district of Ros, in South Wales" as one of the invaders of Ireland under Strongbow, Earl of Clare, in 1170, from whom are descended the Irish Prendergasts.

General Sir Harry Prendergast, who died recently, was the present-day representative of this old family. He was a great soldier and won Burmah for the British Crown. His daughter was married to Sir Harry Maclean, known to fame as Kaid Maclean of Morocco.

Mr. E. Laws, in "Little England beyond Wales," p. 118, states that "Prendergast, too, may be Flemish, and means the gast or strangers from Prender, wherever that may be," and in a foot note "The name of Prendergast appears among the officers of William the Conqueror's Army on the roll of Battle Abbey. Probably the Prendergasts were Flemings, for the name in composition and

character resembles certain names which are found in the preface to the Salic Law. According to M. Guizot, the preface is supposed to be sixth century, and was written in mixed Latin and German. Those who compiled the Salic Law are Wisagast, Arigast, Salegast, Windegast.—(Guizot's *Cours d'Histoire Moderne*, Vol. 1, p. 279.)

There are considerable remains of an old mansion known as Prendergast Place on the road leading to the field and pathway called the "Gail"*; this, however, could never have been the home of the Prendergasts, who would certainly have built their house in a position where it could be defended; it is possible that there may have been a motte and baily castle where the Rectory now stands, as the lord's castle and the church were often built near one another, and that in later times the Mansion, probably in the fourteenth or fifteenth century, of which the existing ruins formed part, was built. The property subsequently passed into the hands of the Poyers, then the Gaddarns or Catharns, and later still to the Stepneys.

The present church building, with the exception of the tower, is quite modern. The original was said to have been built in 1195. The tower appears to be a fourteenth century erection, and it is much to be regretted that the perpendicular window in its east face has been partially destroyed to make way for a vestry door. The tower contains two good bells, having on them the following inscriptions: Big bell (cross beam)—"MM. 1818." (on the bell)—"John Rudball, Fecit. 1827." Small bell—"Alban Stepney, 1609." The church is dedicated to St. David.

The connection between Prendergast and the Stepney or Stephneth family came about through the marriage of Alban Stepney with the daughter of Thomas Gad-

*Gyle—is Welsh for a sheep walk.

darn or Catharn, of Prendergast Plâs (High Sheriff of Pembroke-shire in 1565). Alban sat in four Parliaments for Haverfordwest and the counties of Cardigan and Pembroke and was High Sheriff of Pembroke-shire for several years, as stated. By his first wife, he had no children: for his second partner he chose a daughter of William Philipps, of Picton Castle, who bore him two sons and three daughters. Alban was succeeded by his son John, who was created a baronet in 1621. His brother Sir Thomas, knight, was once instrumental in saving the life of James I.; he was also cupbearer to Charles I. He married the daughter of Sir Bernard Whetstone, of Woodford, Essex, and became ancestor of the famous George Stepney.

Sir John Stepneycy, or Stepney, the third baronet, nephew of the second, who it is said only enjoyed the title for three years, was Sheriff of Pembroke-shire and had to enforce the collection of the hateful "ship-money." In 1643, he was Governor of Haverfordwest, and was surprised by the Parliamentarians, made prisoner and not released without much personal discomfort and financial vexation. He represented Pembroke in the "Short" and Haverfordwest in the "Long" Parliament. Sir John, the fourth baronet, married a daughter of the great painter, Sir Henry Vandyke, Bart., a portrait of whom, painted by himself, is still in the possession of the family. Two of his family became nuns and afterwards abbesses of a Brussels Convent.

A distinguished member of this family was George Stepney, scholar, poet and diplomatist. He was a friend of the Great Liebnitz. Walpole alluded to him as "that accomplished minister and poet." He was buried in Westminster Abbey and a Latin epitaph records his many excellences. Another of the Stepneys—Theodora—married

the grandfather of the poet Cowper. The late Sir Arthur Stepney was the lineal descendant of Patrick Ruthven, son of the Earl of Gowrie and is thus related to the Royal family through the Tudor line by descent from Henry VII. He was also of Royal descent by the marriage of Sir Thomas Stepney, the fifth baronet, with Margaret Vaughan, of Llanelly, daughter of Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk; Sir Thomas died in 1744.

Much might be written about this parish and its old customs, but there is not space. It was incorporated with the town after the passing of the Municipal Reform Act in 1835. Malkin, writing 110 years ago, has this passage:—"There is a cotton mill near Haverfordwest which employs about one hundred and fifty persons; and this is the principal manufacture in the County." This is believed to be Prendergast Mills.

"OTHER MEN OF MARK."

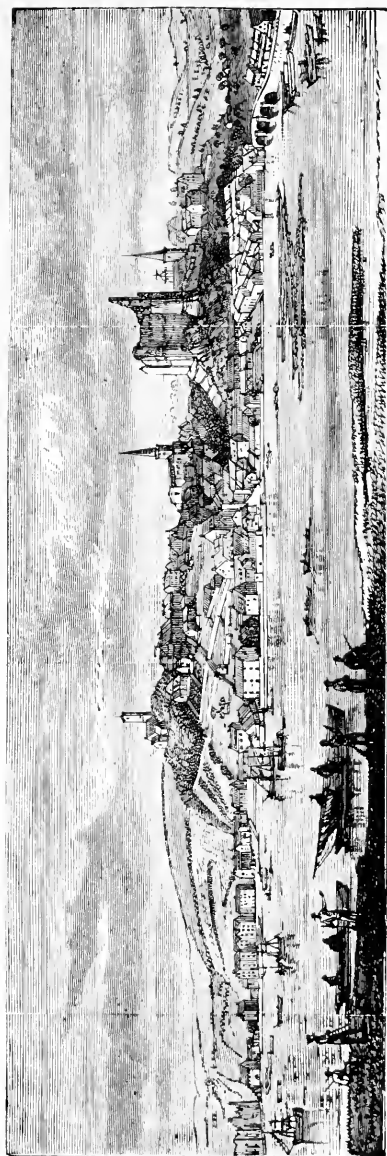
The late Dr. Brown and Sir John Scourfield were the founders of the Pembrokeshire and Haverfordwest Infirmary.

Sir William Rees Davies (son of the late Sir William Davies, of Spring Gardens), who is chief Justice at Hong Kong, was recently elevated to the rank of knighthood. Both father and son represented Pembrokeshire in Parliament. Another man of mark was the late Mr. William Owen, of Withybush, but for whose great personal influence (said the late Dr. Edward Picton Philipps) the Great Western Railway Company line would have left the town some distance away. He was the father of several brilliant sons, among them being Dr. Henry Owen, the well-known antiquary and author, and His Honour Judge Owen, the late County Court judge.

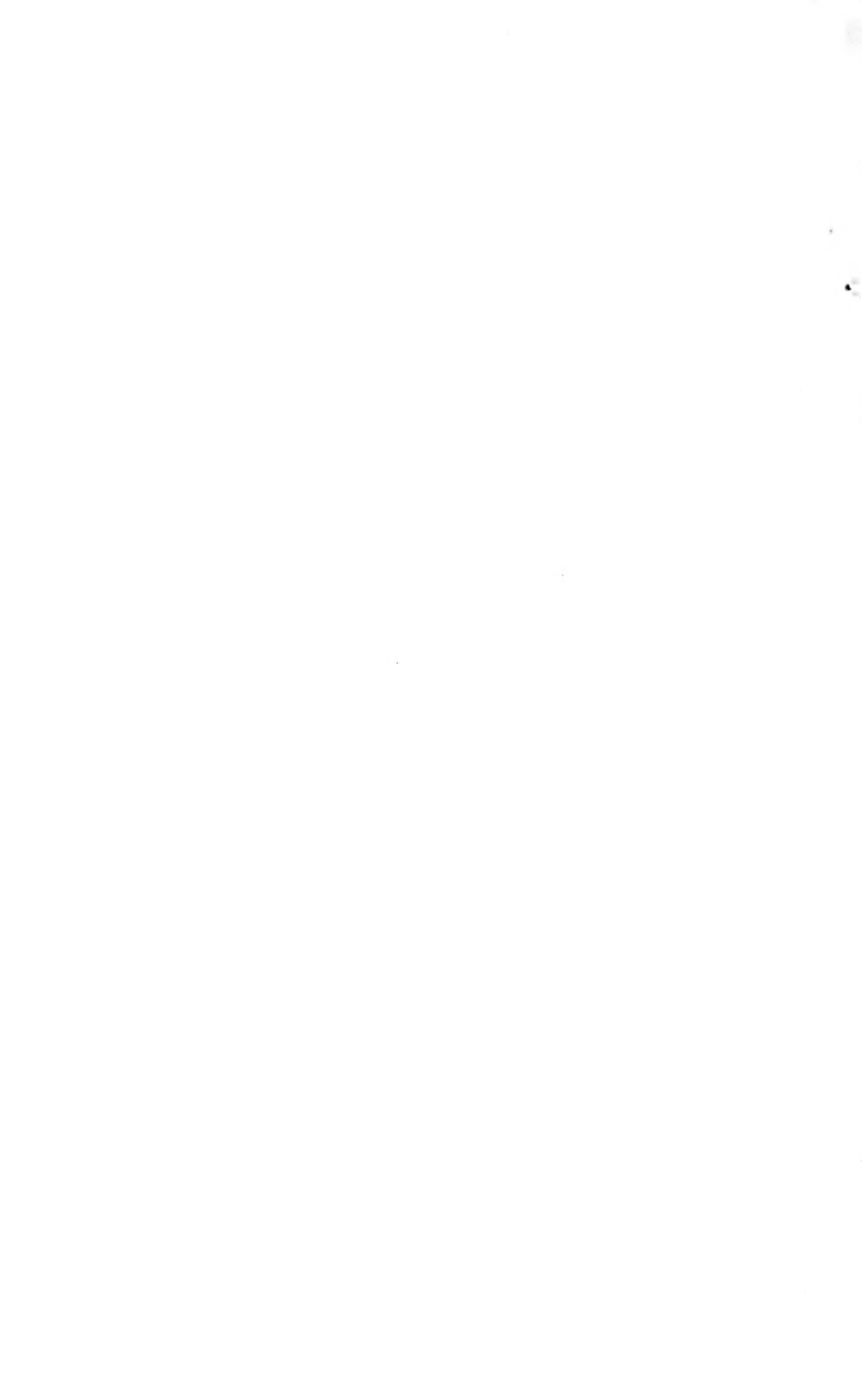
Another Pembrokeshire man who won fame is Colonel Mathias. He told the force under him they had been ordered to take the enemy's position at Dargai, adding "The Gordon Highlanders will take it!" This thrilling call and the brave response the men made will go down to history.

Pembrokeshire and Haverfordwest men came nobly, too, to their country's assistance in her hour of extremity during the Boer War, when a force of Yeomanry and Volunteers left the town for South Africa.

Another very interesting fact, the result of the research which this work entailed is that it is highly probable that the composer of the first Church Catechism in English trod the streets of Haverfordwest. About the year 1555, Cathern of Prendergast Place laid the information that Sir John Perrot "did harbour certain hereties in his house in Wales" namely at Haroldston. The accusation was true. Amongst the Protestants protected by Sir John here was one Alexander Nowell, subsequently (says Mr. Laws) Dean of Lichfield. This was none other than the learned divine Dean Nowell, who composed the Catechism in that original form which was inserted in the First Prayer Book of Edward VI., which came into use on Whit-Sunday or Whitsun-day 1549. One writer states that Alexander Nowell was second master of Westminster School in 1549 and afterwards Dean of St. Pauls from 1560 to 1602. Perrot protected him during the Marian persecution when Ferrar was burnt at Carmarthen, Nichol at Haverfordwest and White at Cardiff.



HAVERFORDWEST IN 1748. (BUCK'S VIEW.)



OLD PEMBROKESHIRE PARISHES.

WALWYN'S CASTLE.

The name of one secluded parish lying close to us, Walwyn's Castle, in the Hundred of Roose, is full of antiquarian interest, and carries us back to the period of tradition, the days which Tennyson in his "Idylls of the King," has made classically famous, when Arthur held his Court of the Knights of the Round Table:

"Then came to Cameliard,
With Gawaine and Modred her two sons,
Lot's wife, the Queen of Orkney, Bellicent,
The Swallow and the Swift are near akin,
But thou art closer to the noble prince,
Being his own dear sister."

Thus writes the Poet Laureate in his own rare verse, with much more about the famous knight Gawaine. But you will want to know what this has to do with the parish I have named. Let me refer you now to "Holingshed's Chronicles," which we saw when we called at the Rectory at Walwyn's Castle, an old black-letter volume, printed in 1577. Holingshed therein recites as follows:—

William of Malmesbury, writing in the third booke intituled De Regibus Anglorum, records : In the province of Wales, which is called Roose, the sepulchre of Walwoyne was found, the which was nephew to Arthur by his sister, not going out of kind to so worthy an uncle. He reigned in that part of Britayne, which unto this day is called Walwithia, a knight for his high prowess most highly renowned. Arthur's grave nowhere appeareth, but the other tomb was found in the days of William the Conqueror, King of England upon the sea side, and contained in length, fourteene foote. Thus hath William of Malmesbury."

Hither, then, to this far away corner, where you would suppose never had been heard the tramp of warhorse or the clarion's blast, came, no doubt in pompous funereal splendour and gorgeous trappings, a retinue of martial men bearing the remains of this famous scion of a royal race, Gawaine, or Walwyne, nephew of the renowned Arthur; and so they laid him down and left him with the requiem of the surges, borne on the breezes from the ancient havens. Centuries of quiet passed over the mouldering relics, when once again appears an armed host, fluttering the quiet village folk, who knew not that a royal corpse had ever been deposited so near them. This time, for some State reason, acting probably on the mandate of the newlythroned Norman, the tomb, in which the royal British prince had lain for some 500 years, is thrown open to be inspected, and again sealed up; and so the cavalcade departs, and doubtless the dead will be no more disturbed till the morn of the general resurrection. Said I not truly of the name of this remote parish, that "thereby hangs a tale!"

"Gawaine" the name of King Arthur's nephew is another form of the word Govan. St. Govan's hermit cell and stone altar are still to be visited and seen not so very far away to the south of the shire where they give the name to a headland. The British form of the name Walwyn appears to be Gwalchmai.

Well, it must have been some years after Cromwell had passed to his long account, and the country-folk were beginning to forget the troubles the land had suffered—for this part of Pembrokeshire, from its vicinity to Milford Haven, had had its full share in the struggles, and now a new generation was growing up,—that an aged man appeared in the neighbourhood one day, and sat down on that same old bench in the church-

porch, with the air of one who was weary of life and its surroundings. It may have been that at first a feeling of curiosity, not unmingled with awe, crept over the rustics as they observed the weird appearance and strange manner of a visitor who was evidently used to other scenes and ways of life. Pity, in time, would lead them to proffer him some simple service, but he needed none. He seldom quitted the quiet resting-place he had chosen; day and night still found him there sad, silent, and alone. The summer's heat and winter's cold seemed to pass over him unheeded. But one morning the stranger "was not"—only that which men, often using the phrase without noting its significance, call "his remains." The tenant had quitted the worn dwelling and departed to the undiscovered country. And who, think you, was this mysterious personage who was consigned to Mother Earth by the simple rustics, with the beautiful and universal expression of the hope of our Church, though he was entirely unknown to those who in charity buried him? Long afterwards it was discovered that he was one of the Regicide Judges, who, feeling that he needed mercy at the hands of the Judge of the whole earth, and cowering under the terrible responsibility which he had once assumed, chose this obscure spot to hide his head and die!

And so, by a singular coincidence, it has come to pass that in this remote corner lie side by side the ancient British chieftain Walwyn and the Roundhead Judge Wogan, carried to their graves under such different circumstances and at periods so remote. I am forcibly reminded of that beautiful passage in the *Spectator*, which occurs in the essay, "Reflections Among the Tombs in Westminster Abbey,"—"When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that

died yesterday and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together."

HAROLDSTON, ST. ISSELLS.

An old parish which lies not very far from Walwyn's Castle, at all events in this same Hundred of Roose, will now pass under our observation. An old black-letter "description of the rivers and streams in Britayne," printed in 1577, speaks of "*another water from the south-west, whose head is short of St. Margaret's Chapel, and entrance between Harraldston and Herforde, which Harraldston receyeth the name of Harrold, the successor of Edwarde the Confessore, as some call him, which was a grievous mall unto the Britaynes that remained in the tyme of the said Edward, as I have already noted.*"

But where is St.. Margaret's Chapel? At the foot of Merlin's Hill there is a small close of land, which you enter by a little handgate on your left, and there at this day, serving as the front wall of a cottage, stand some remains of St. Margaret's Chapel. This is the Maudlin's Chapel from which the name of the Hill is derived—properly St. Magdalen—with its massive walls and embayed windows. Descending to the stream down its banks, we are brought to the mansion of Haroldston, named after so distinguished a person. Long since fallen into decay, the remains of the old mansion testify to its former magnificence and grandeur. Here you may revel in traditions of the long ago. Let us stroll through the beautiful meads, now trodden only by depasturing cattle, but retaining ample traces of what once they were. A few beautiful old forest trees still survive, under whose shade centuries ago nobles of high degree delighted to saunter. Indeed, I can remember a noble avenue of old elms which

stretched right up to the entrance, but which in my time were used as, and called, the Ropewalk. On two sides of the walled garden there still stands a raised terrace—formerly it was a lovely promenade—from which, through a narrow glen, you get a peep of the distant Precelly Hills. In one of the adjoining meadows there still exists an old cockpit, and a raised mound approached by a gentle ascent, on which lords and ladies gay were accustomed to gaze at the display of the marvellous pluck of the English gamecock doing battle to the death. Strange tastes prevailed in those barbarous times, even among the gentler classes, but we must make allowance for the bringing-up of those who lived so long before us.

And now for the residents of the lordly mansion. History will not carry us back further than the times of Sir John Perrot, the renowned Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, reputed son of Henry VIII., whom in person he strongly resembled. He stood high in the favour of “the good Queen Bess,” for whom, however, if report says true he cared but little. Strong and violent passions swayed the frame of Sir John, and Fenton says he was so profane as to invent a new oath. After a turbulent life and checkered fortunes, he ended his days in that royal Golgotha, the tower. His portrait in oils may be seen in the Council Chamber, presented by Sir Charles E. G. Phillips, Bart., of Picton Castle. The original portrait is at Westwood, Worcestershire, the seat of Sir J. S. Pakington, Bart.

Sir John Perrot’s ancestors were great feudal Lords descended according to Burke “from a numerous race of Kings, Monarchs of Britain.” He was born as has been stated, at Haroldston, in 1527 and spent the first 19 years of his life there. He was then introduced to the Court of Henry VIII and became a great favourite with that King and with his young son Edward. For his feats in arms he

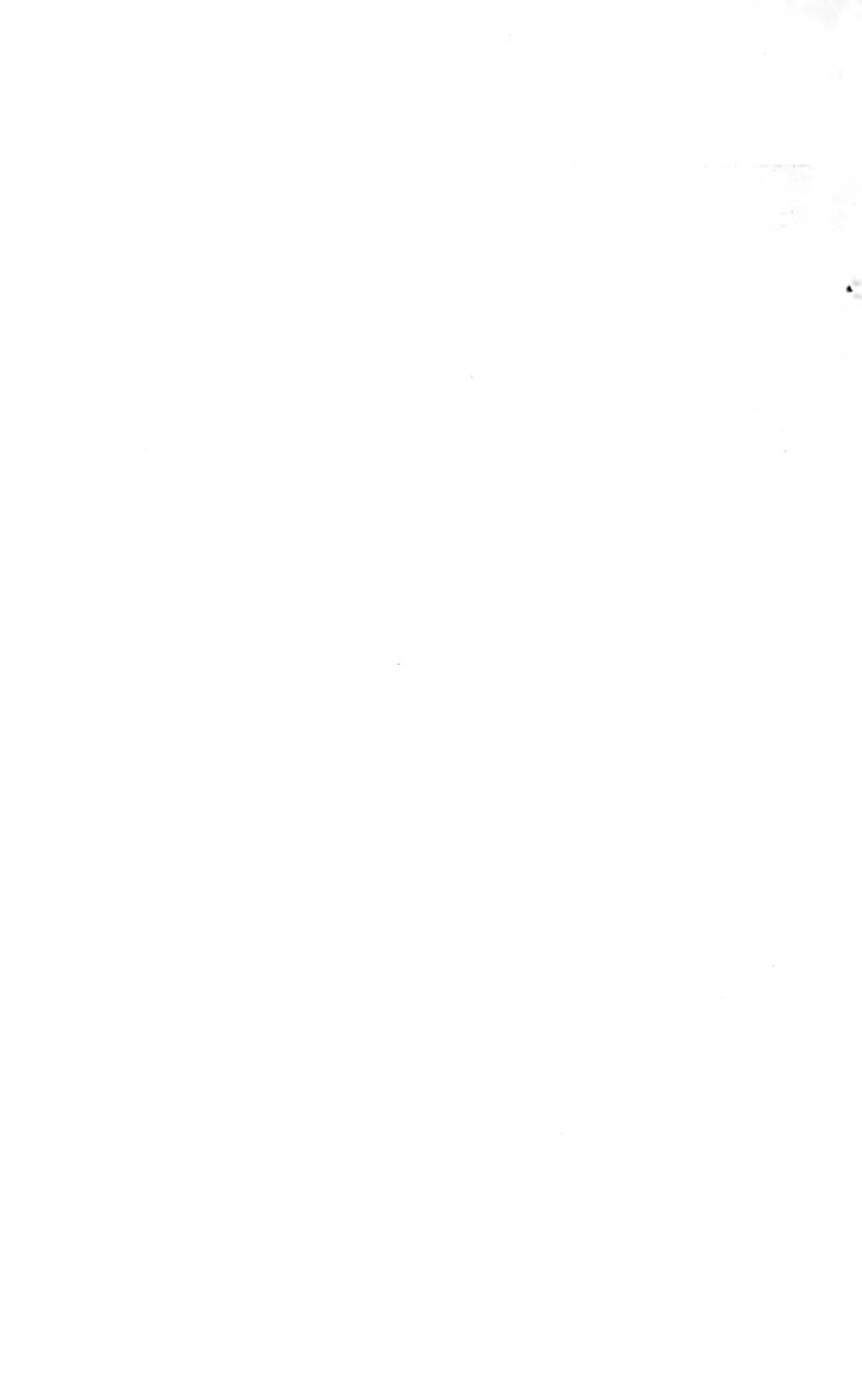
was made a Knight of the Bath by King Edw. VI. After the death of Edward he was imprisoned by Queen Mary for favouring Protestantism and harbouring heretics at Haroldston. Queen Elizabeth created him Lord President of Munster to quell the Desmond rebellion, which he did in twelve months, when he returned to Haroldston and to his Castle of Carew. Another rebellion having broken out in Ireland he was appointed Lord Deputy of Ireland an equal position to that of the Lord Lieutenant of to-day. He held the office for six years having suppressed the rebellion in the first year and returned to Carew Castle in the year 1588. In 1591 he was falsely accused of high treason and on the 27th April 1592 condemned to death; the Queen, however, resolutely refused to sign the warrant for his execution as she knew him to be innocent and had resolved to pardon him. Before his pardon was signed he died in the month of July 1592 in the Tower of London and is buried in St. Peters Chapel there. He was a most princely benefactor of this town and was three times Mayor. It is said that Thomas Cadarn of Prendergast was probably Sir John's accuser.

Then in distant succession comes the gentle Sir Herbert who is said to have presented to Addison his beautiful model character, Sir Roger de Coverley, so exquisitely portrayed in the Spectator.

Nor is this the only connection that existed between this classic spot and Joseph Addison. Here, at a masked ball given by the Lady Betty Rich, who resided at a country seat in this same parish—Haylett, every trace of which has now been destroyed—he first met the fair Countess of Warwick, whom he afterwards wooed and won, though she proved a prize of somewhat doubtful value, and here cluster a galaxy of famous names which



SIR JOHN PERROT.



sparkle in history—Perrot, Addison, Lord Holland and Warwick, Kensington, Pakington, and others:

“ Time has seen, that lifts the low,
And level lays the lofty brow,
Hath seen the ancient pile complete,
Big with the vanity of state;
But transient is the smile of **Fate**.
A little rule, a little sway,
A sunbeam in a winter's day,
Are all the great and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave.”

And now, just a step or two across the stream, though in a different parish, if parochial divisions existed in those days, and the illustrious inmates of the mansion (but prior to the times of Sir John) would meet, we may suppose in friendly guise, the Prior and Brotherhood of the Priory of St. Mary and St. Thomas the Martyr. Here Barlow, the sage scientist, who, like Roger Bacon, was wise before the times, held sway, delighting in alchemy and such like mysterious studies. He searched for the Philosopher's Stone, and if he failed like others in transmuting other baser metals into gold, he discovered a valuable method of converting iron into steel, and of poising the needle in a superior fashion on the mariner's compass than had before been invented. At the Reformation he was appointed Bishop of Gloucester, but he fell under the reproach of evil tongues. He was said to have sold the lead off some religious houses to raise a dowry for his numerous daughters; in modern phrase he converted lead into “tin,” which would, I suppose, be a branch of alchemy; but who is safe from the tongue of slander? Even Barlow's royal patron, the bluff King Hal, of whom Froude speaks so highly, did not escape from her venomous attacks. But “*de mortuis nil nisi bonum!*”

With regard to the gradual decay of the old mansion, I have little information. From 1708 to 1712 it was

occupied by some family connected with the Pakingtons, as in an old daybook, to which frequent reference will be made in the course of my narrative, there are some curious entries, debiting, "Sir John Pakington, for Haroldston, per Gullum the gardner, a lb. of spriggs, a hanging lock, a tin of Nayles, a lb. of glue, a moustrap," etc., etc.,—articles most miscellaneous in character, evidently required for patchwork repairs. About this time Addison appears as a visitor there.

Thus the Perrots had passed away. Yet have we lingering traces of the family about the neighbourhood almost to this present day. Within the last few years there lived in our midst a remarkably handsome man, whose figure and countenance any one who saw him would pronounce aristocratic, and whose name will recall him to many of my readers, James Perrott Thomas, and his brother William two of the most independent of the independent freemen of the town. These were both acknowledged descendants of the family of Perrots, reminding one of the saying of quaint Thomas Fuller, "I have reason to believe that some who justly own the surnames and blood of Bohun, Mortimer, and Plantagenet, though ignorant of their own connections, are hid in the heap of common people, where they find that under a thatched cottage, which some of their ancestors could not enjoy in a leaded castle—contentment, with quiet and security."

But as yet I have said nothing about that most important part of a parish—the church. Alas! I have little to tell, except that in my younger days it was served by one of the choicest spirits I have ever known, from whose memory even here I cannot withhold a tribute—the Rev David Adams—which I pay all the more care-

fully, believing that no other memorial than living memories (now fast fading out), and no relative, exists. None who did know him, as I did, would forget the stores of antiquarian lore, which he was ever ready to impart, while his amiable life and manners, withal so unobtrusive, flourish with a green memory.

In the Public Records Office, 4th Edw. IV., there is a parcel of Latin deeds: "Arbitration between Thos. Perrott and others v. the Priory of St Thomas, dated 1464". Reference is made therein to the endowment of Richard Harold formerly Lord of Haroldston. In this record mention is made of the Convent and Priory of St Thomas the Martyr, but beyond this, in the will of Sir W. Perrot, dated May 20, 1503, he bequeaths, "*Parochiali meæ Sancti Ismaelis juxta Haverford*," his velvet robe, and furthermore 6s 8d to be paid for prayers for his soul. In the will of Jane Wogan, relict of the above, dated 11th November 1504, she bequeaths, "*Parochiali meæ Sancti Ismaelis*" 6s 8d. Also she gives and bequeaths to John Arnold, chaplain of Haroldston aforesaid, the sum of 6s 8d to pray for her soul. (There is a sort of fondness in the term *meæ* which seems very expressive and significant). But to proceed. In the Public Records Office there is also "a sheet of paper touching the question of the performance of divine service in the church of Haroldston," dated 4th Edw. IV., and in an indenture of 4th Edw., VI., Sir Thomas Jones of Abermarlais grants to John Perrott all his interest in the two churches called Thomas Beckett (now St. Thomas in Haverfordwest) and St. Issel's in Haroldston, as well as all tithe, and other lands formerly part of the possession of the Priory of Haverfordwest. In explanation of the last paragraph we find Peter Perrott, son and heir of John, who is sometimes called Knight, and sometimes Esq., married Alice, daughter

and heir of Sir Richard Harold, Knight of Haroldston. And "In a case of award between the Priory of Haverfordwest and Sir Thomas Perrott, the grandson of Peter, we learn that Richard Harold had presented the church of Haroldston to the Priory." And lastly, in his will (not dated) Sir Herbert Perrot gave directions that he should be buried in the parish church of Haroldston in case he deceased in Pembrokeshire, but he was buried, August 1683, at Wellington in Shropshire, where I presume he died. So I was evidently wrong in supposing that the Lords of Haroldston did not patronise or notice in any way the unpretending little edifice, which was on the contrary enriched by their special benefactions.

And now, while I am on the subject of these interesting records which have been preserved with so much care in our national muniments, my readers will be interested, I know, with an account of the last will and testament of another family of the grand old family of these Perrots, which will more particularly serve to show how the national mind was gradually being emancipated from Popish errors, and the light kindled at the Reformation was breaking on the darkness of the people. In 1504 Sir W. Perrot and his wife, Joan Wogan, directed by their wills that certain sums of money should be expended in prayers for their souls. But the will of Sir James, dated 26th January 1636, thus recites: "I, Sir James Perrott of Haroldston, in the county of Pembroke, Knight, being sicke in body, but of goode perfect memory, and strong in mind, prayse and thanks be unto Almighty God, therefore doe make and declare this my last will and testament in manner and forme following, revoking and disannulling hereby, by deed and in law, all former wills and testaments by me heretofore made. First, I do willingly give again and comitte my soul into the hands of Almighty God

my Maker, hoping assuredly by the merits of the death and passion of Jesus Christ, my Saviour only (and by no other means), to be saved, and to be made p'taker of lieffe everlasting, and my bodie to the earth from whence it came, to be buried in Christian buriall in the parish church of St Marie's, within the town and countie of Harfordwest."*

DALE.

Again starting on our tour of investigation of Old Pembrokeshire Parishes, let us turn our faces this time to the westward, when we shall still find ourselves in the domain of the Flemings—the Hundred of Roose.

On the extreme limit of our island, westwards, in a line with the Land's End, in the County of Cornwall, a district which in many respects, Pembrokeshire much resembles, especially in its extremes of climate; and on one side, looking out directly on the Atlantic, stands the parish of Dale.

The origin of the name of this parish is not far to seek. At one end of a valley you have a headland lying exposed to the fiercest sea anywhere to be met with, a rockbound coast carefully passed by the numerous steamers and sailing vessels passing up and down St. George's Channel; and at the other end of the same valley, not a mile distant, a beautifully sheltered strand, where the tiniest boat rides securely, scarcely a ripple breaking on the beach, and lovely slopes where the earliest vegetables and fruits are to be met with. Obviously, it was for this reason the old English word Dale was given par distinction to this parish. Passing along from one end to the other, in a westerly direction, we come to an ancient, well-preserved castle. Like Picton Castle in another part of the county, though it

* Extracted from *Archeologia Cambrensis*, vol. xii.

does not approach it for architectural pretensions, it has been fortunate in never having been dismantled or apparently untenanted. Hard by it stands the old church, with its square tower, mantled with ivy to its topmost stone. Here is a country churchyard which might have served Gray for his original, with its calm and peaceful surroundings. It is the last resting-place of a guileless race of rustics, among whom one might expect to meet with Hampdens, or Miltons, or Cromwells, had circumstances called them into action, if the notion that natural scenery has anything to do in forming the character of a people, only circumstances of exigency are required to call forth the smouldering flame. Happily for them, they have been spared trials which have been allowed to harass others.

“Along the cool sequester'd vale of life,
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.”

Proceed we now at right angles with the valley, to the bluff headland of St Ann, where stands the important lighthouse, which opens the harbour of Milford to the mariner; and here we come upon a landmark of the deepest national interest. Down a precipitous path, at the foot of this ironbound coast, is shown the spot on which the Earl of Richmond, afterwards Henry VII., stepped ashore to climb up the craggy ascent which confronted him. “This,” said the Earl to his followers, “is brunt,” an old English word signifying, according to the “Imperial Dictionary,” “the heat or utmost violence of a contest, as the brunt, of a battle;” and the name thus royally bestowed was, by the happy thought of some bystander, preserved to the farm to which the spot belongs. It is called Brunt Farm to the present day. Then, rushing up the cliffs with the impetuosity which distinguished him, the Earl proceeded to the castle, which we have already seen standing in the valley.

In passing, it is noteworthy, that the story generally received that the Earl landed in Milford Haven, is not strictly true, as he landed, as I have described, just outside, and proceeded inland to escape observation. [The Castle at that time was occupied by a very famous Welsh Chieftain, Sir Rhys ap Thomas, who hospitably entertained him, and warmly espoused his cause.] But before Richmond proceeded on his way, a ceremony had to be gone through, which would seem ludicrous, were it not for the great importance which attaches to every step in "this eventful history." Sir Rhys had sworn a solemn oath, that the Earl of Richmond should never mount the throne of England, save over his body. To keep to the letter of his vow the Welsh nobleman stood under Mullock Bridge, a long, narrow structure, which still exists within a short distance from Dale, while the Earl and his retinue passed over it, and so proceeded on his way, stopping a little while at Haverfordwest. Regarding this passage in English history, we have the following interesting scene in Shakespeare's King Richard III., where, in Lord Stanley's house, Stanley is made to say, "But where is princely Richmond now?" to which Sir Christopher Urswick replies, "At Pembroke, or at Ha'rfordwest, in Wales." So, while the Earl pursues his way to Bosworth Field and England's crown, wading through seas of gore, we, my friend, will retrace our steps to the peaceful hamlet where we met him. And, indeed, it is a charming spot. One would like to linger here. On another headland there is to be seen an old Danish encampment, once held by those piratical marauders, who in those early days of our history infested these coasts. On a third bold rocky promontory stands the remains of an old Block House, from which in former times a chain was stretched across to a similar erection on the opposite

coast of Angle, to prevent the entrance of hostile fleets. Many without doubt, were the fierce and bloody encounters which those now so peaceful spots witnessed in past epochs—pleasant enough to read or think about at a safe distance. A century and a half ago, a large trade was carried on by the inhabitants of Dale. One family, of the name of Runwa* now died out, are said to have done quite a flourishing trade as brewers, sending a considerable quantity of ale to Liverpool, and I have heard on good authority that Dale Street in that city was named after this little decayed village in Pembrokeshire. You remember that passage in Sterne's "Sentimental Journey," so full of exquisite pathos, "States and empires have their periods of declension and fall, and feel in their turn what distress and poverty is. I stay not to inquire into the causes which gradually led the House de E. in Brittany into ruin and decay," etc. So, Dale once flourishing as the residence of substantial sea captains and their families, has gradually decayed the remains of many a spacious residence thus testifying to its former importance. Probably the sudden springing up of Milford—now called Old Milford—in the early part of the century, led directly to its being forsaken. And yet it may be that trade and commerce being drawn to Milford Haven by its extensive new docks, and so a large amount of enterprise and prosperity springing up in the neighbourhood, Dale, so beautifully adapted for marine residences, may be destined to revive. Although to many this may not be altogether welcome. The author of "The Christian Year," writing to his friend Bishop Stanley, the Dean's father, about some charming spot in Jersey, says, "This coast has really a store of beauties which it would take one a long time to tire of. I tell

*There is a farm still named Runwa'skiln, in the district.

you this as a secret, for I should be very sorry to get it much belauded among the fashionable people of England. It would be soon spoiled if the pleasure-hunters got hold of it."

The name Dale is probably Norse, or it may be derived from the family de Vale who formerly had extensive possessions in the county and possibly built the old fortified house known as Dale Castle. Where the first de Vale came from or when he came to the County of Pembroke is not known; but the first of that name that we find mention of is Hubert¹ who held lands at Maenclochog, and was a witness to Martin de Tour's charter to St. Dogmael's². About 1219 Raymond and Gilbert de Vale, and about ten years later, Gilbert and Walter were witnesses to the Marshall charters of Haverford. The last of the male line, who was one of the leading men in Pembrokeshire in the reign of Ed. I. was Robert³. In 1293 he obtained from the King a grant of a weekly market and an annual fair (to last three days) for his manor of Dale, and the like for his manor of Redwalls⁴. He was also a witness to several charters relating to the County of Pembroke and seems to have held lands in Ireland.

Sir Robert was twice married and left four daughters amongst whom his estate was divided as appears from a charter in 1303 of Geoffrey Hascard with reference to a rent at Johnson.⁵

MARLOES AND ST. BRIDE'S.

Adjoining the parish of Dale, taking the line of the coast to the northward, we are carried, first to Marloes, and then to St. Bride's. There is a magnificent wall of

¹ Old Pembrokeshire Families—Henry Owen P. 91

² Dugdale Monasticon IV 130. Martin de Tours landed at Fishguard in 1087 or 1088

³ Old Pembrokeshire Families P. 92

⁴ Baronia P. 75 (Fagwyr Goch in Morvill Parish)

⁵ Old Pembrokeshire Families P 93

cliff, which stretches over the Marloes sands, where you may see the grandest geological strata anywhere to be met with, scarcely to be surpassed, I should think, at Staffa or Iona. And on the beach below there is another, though minute, object of interest, the beautiful little cowrie shells, which abound here. So much for the physical features of the neighbourhood. The people of Marloes have always been a strange race, and in times gone by were honoured with the sobriquet of Marloes Gulls. Superstitious beyond most, they believed in apparitions and witches. I am speaking of them now as they were some century or more ago; for in these days so little isolation is possible, that local characteristics are almost universally broken down, and "Silly Suffolks," "Wiltshire Moonrakers," and "Marloes Gulls," have sunk or risen into the common mass. One of the stories, repeated to their intellectual disparagement, I may venture to give for your amusement. The distance to be travelled over to the market at "Harfat" was so great, that these simple people are said to have been used to do half the journey of a Friday, retrace their steps, and on the Saturday undertake the entire distance! Worse than this, they had the reputation of being unscrupulous wreckers—tying a lantern to the tail of a horse in the dark and tempestuous nights, and leading the beast to and fro over the cliff, for the purpose of luring passing vessels to destruction. According to tradition the people of Druidston had the same reputation for wrecking. In this respect they resembled the Cornishmen and for both the only thing that can be pleaded is ignorance and strong temptation, which were never felt by Birmingham or Manchester men, who, yet loving filthy lucre, were charged by Mr. Plimsoll with sending out unseaworthy ships heavily insured and coolly pocketing the proceeds. But one can estimate the excitement and interest kindled

in the breasts of these watchers on the headlands as the tall, richly-freighted ship goes gallantly on, appearing to defy the elements which so suddenly assert their power ?

“ The visitation of the winds

Who take the ruffian billows by the tops,

Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them,

With deafening clamours, in the slippery clouds (or shrouds ?) *

That with the hurly, Death itself awakes.”

Woe then to the hapless mariner whose craft is caught by the fierce westerly gale on this rock-bound coast.

In the parish of St Bride's, to which we now come, there stood till of late an old mansion worthy of note, Orlandon, once the seat of the Laugharnes, a name of great prominence in the Parliamentary struggle. Major-General Laugharne was one of those ill-starred mortals, who never seem to know which side to support in a struggle. First on the side of the Parliament in 1644, and three following years, he achieved one brilliant victory after another, receiving the thanks of the House of Commons, and large grants of money and land voted to him in token of their obligation and gratitude. Gradually he fell away from his allegiance, and joined the Royalists; and in an engagement at St Fagans 8th May 1648 was defeated and taken prisoner, and the lands which had been bestowed upon him were taken away and given to Colonel Horton, the victorious leader on the other side. After some delay, Laugharne was brought to trial, with Powell and Poyer, and the three were condemned to death. Lots were drawn by a child—strips of paper, on one of which were written words of destiny, “Life given by God,” and this being passed to Poyer, he was shot, and the other two reprieved. This was in April 1649 but on the 1st April 1650 Laugharne

*The above beautiful passage from Shakespeare's Henry IV. in almost all editions is printed *clouds*; but I venture to think the rare reading “*shrouds*,” in which “the wet sea boy in an hour so rude” is perched, is manifestly more correct.—J.B.

was again taken in arms and tried by court-martial "for having betrayed his trust, he having formerly served the Parliament, and was shot to death at Cashel." In the course of years the family recovered its position, and succeeded to the Picton Castle baronetcy, and under the will of the first Lord Milford, after the St. Bride's family would have been entitled to the estates; but in default of male issue—Sir Godwin Philipps dying during the lifetime of the inheritor—it passed to the female line, and the late Sir Erasmus Philipps enjoyed the empty title. The Orlandon property, which was once the most extensive in the county, has all been sold. It was at one time the boast of the family that they could ride from sunrise to sunset without going outside of it. It is a remarkable coincidence that the Picton Castle, Orlandon, and St Bride's families have all failed in male issue, though there were daughters in each line.

Before passing away from Marloes parish, I should like to put on record a singular circumstance which was related to me two or three years ago by one of the men who witnessed it. The subject is one of much interest, as ornithologists have been much divided in their opinions in respect to it. A reference to the register of wrecks for the year in which it is said to have happened would go far to determine the amount of credit to be attached to the statement of the party who related it.

The "Thomas of Gloster" brig, T. Williams, master, was wrecked on Skomar Island, which lies just off Marloes. "I, Phillip J. Handcock, with one W. Folland, was watching the wreck wash ashore, when a large piece of the cliff where we were standing broke away just under us, and from the exposed portion of the cliffs there flew out five or six swallows—martens we called them—and after flying about wildly for about ten minutes, they fell exhausted into the tide. This was on the 13th of January 1846."

STEYNTON, HUBBERSTON, AND MILFORD.

Let me try to give you some idea of what Milford was, over 140 years ago. A gentleman in the neighbourhood, who heard that I was engaged on a work of this character, very kindly furnished me with some extracts from a journal kept by a lady (I believe his great-grandmother) of a trip she made in May 1772 from Liverpool to Pembrokeshire, and I insert them here, as they strikingly describe the scenes which she witnessed in the neighbourhood at that remote period.

After relating the incidents of her voyage down Channel, she says,—“On Tuesday morning, one o'clock, we were so happy as to anchor in Hubberston Bay. Happy, indeed, we were, for immediately the wind shifted, and had we lain to, which we first intended to, at the harbour's mouth, we might have been blown out to sea. At seven we landed in the village, which is very small and irregularly built (the houses being all constructed of a rough stone), and consists only of a few little public-houses. The first thing that struck my attention on entering was the fire. On inquiry I found that instead of coales they use a kind of slacke called culm, which is worked out of the mines, and lyes* them there at ninepence a stocke, which is their term for measure. This slacke is tempered with damp clay and made up in balls, so if you call for the fire to be made up you must say, ‘Ball the fire.’ It never goes out; they are tenderer of it than our coal. After breakfasting and thanking God, who had been pleased to place me on dry land again, I took horse for Little Hoten, which is about seven miles, and arrived in time for dinner, where I found my friends well.

“This is a fine healthy county, almost surrounded by the sea. The soil is for the most part impregnated with

* An equivalent local expression is “stands” for costs.

clay. Their manure is chiefly lime; little dung is to be had, as the cattle are never housed, as in most parts of England, but all seasons are left out in the field.

"The roads are very narrow, so much so that the husbandmen are obliged to blow horns before them when they use the teames, which are generally drawn by a pair of horses and a pair of oxen."

This is a picture of times gone by, which will be familiar to many of us elderly people.

The writer proceeds to speak of "the churches as poor indeed, very small, and not kept clean; there are no psalms sung in them. They have a peculiar method in their burials, never laying a man and his wife in the same grave, so here it were vain to dye for love, in case your spouse goes before you, for in the grave you will not be united; but if you are worthy, the currant will be laid upon you, but if that cannot be got, a few box sprigs stuck up and mixt with flowers."

Perhaps some of my readers may be able to explain this reference to the "currant," which I do not remember to have heard of.*

The writer visits Haverfordwest, of which she gives a very fair description, but as farther on in my work I have quoted largely from Mrs Morgan's "Tour to Milford Haven" in reference to that subject, I do not need to add to it. She speaks, however, of a "Nunnery on the north side of the castle covered with ivy, but little of it is standing."

Passing down to the last decade of the century we shall find but little change had come over Milford and the neighbourhood. At this time, on the Milford side of Hubberston pill, a solitary cottage was to be seen on the

*There are "French currant" trees to be seen in some of our Churchyards.

brow of the hill, near the spot where until lately the custom-house stood. All besides was a grassy slope. Just opposite, as described by the writer we have quoted, stood the village of Hakin, furnished with a very small church and a recently erected Observatory. The Observatory was furnished by Charles Francis Greville, to whom reference will follow, with a most complete and costly astronomical apparatus. Greville himself was an accomplished astronomer. Over it he placed Dr Pond and Dr Maskelyne, both afterwards, I have been informed, Astronomers Royal. Nelson's second in command, Lord Collingwood, also for some time rented a house at Hakin (still shown, though in a dilapidated condition). These incidents render the now wretched-looking village almost classical. There was one hotel of some importance in those days, the name of which I have forgotten.

At this period a mail packet establishment with Ireland had sprung up, and a good road extending all the way to London had been formed. There was, however, as yet but little travelling over it. The passengers by the mail packets had to submit to the inconvenience of being carried on men's shoulders over the mud when the tide was out. On one occasion two gentlemen, greatly to their amusement, were being thus conveyed, when one of them incautiously burst out into a laugh, and exclaimed to his companion, "Well! if ever I expected to ride on a Welsh goat!" "Indeed, then," said the testy Welshman, "and you shall see his tricks," and with a simulated stumble deposited his load into the mud.

The pill or creek which I have referred to ran up some half a mile or more to the Priory, where there still stands an old wall and a fine arch, evidently once part of a monastic building, which dates back to the twelfth century, and was dedicated to St. Mary and St Budoc. The place is

called Pyllos in two old itineraries. A mansion near is called St Botolphs. At about a mile distant from this spot there is another creek which is called Castlepill, presenting some very interesting features. Then as now, there was a lot of neatly-kept, though small, cottages, whose cultivated gardens furnished almost a livelihood to the occupants. In the early part of the century, while Milford was being built, this little spot was very attractive. The roadstead in those days was much frequented by men-of-war. There was also an extensive quarantine establishment in addition to the mail packets, which ran daily to the south of Ireland. Nothing could surpass the quiet loveliness of the little village, the slope on both sides of the estuary being covered with trees. On the further bank General Holwell, one of the few Englishmen who survived the dreadful incarceration at the Black Hole of Calcutta, and wrote an account of that terrible tragedy, had built himself a mansion, which he called Castle Hall. After some years he left the neighbourhood, and the property came to the hammer. On this side of the pill stands the old chapel of St Katharine, and not far off an old fort called Prixpill.

Just with the commencement of the nineteenth century, a new life and history seemed to open up for Milford. It happened that Sir William Hamilton, a man of considerable celebrity on account of his philosophical researches at Herenlanecum and Pompeii, and the drawings which he presented to the British Museum,—he had been English ambassador at the Court of Naples,—appeared on the the scene accompanied by Lord Nelson, whose favourable opinion of Milford ought never to have been lost sight of. Hamilton owned a large estate in the neighbourhood, and no proprietorship could have been more propitious. Just previous to this juncture of affairs, a most delicate

and important incident had occurred. The celebrated Lady Hamilton—the Emma to whom Nelson was so devotedly attached—was high in influence at the Court of Naples. Nelson's fleet appeared there, deplorably deficient of supplies of every description. He was introduced to her Ladyship, and through her influence obtained a supply of all he required. Thus refreshed and strengthened, he made sail for the East, and this was at once followed by the victory of the Nile, by which Bonaparte's power was crushed. Lady Hamilton, whose unhappy though brilliant story has been often told, visited Haverfordwest; and a lady told me she saw her in company with Lord Nelson as he appeared on the balcony of Foley House, and received the congratulatory ovation of the townsfolk after the battle of the Nile.

A water color in the Council Chamber depicts an incident in this battle viz. the attack by the British fleet with the "Goliath" leading the van, commanded by Captain, afterwards Admiral Sir Thomas Foley of Haverfordwest, the friend of Nelson.

This visit of Nelson's was most important to Milford. His business ostensibly was to lay the foundation-stone of the little church of St. Katharine's. The hotel there was just finished, and in honour of his stay at it, the name which it had originally received of Paul Cross's Hotel, was changed for that of The Lord Nelson Hotel.

The star of Milford was now in the ascendant. Sir William Hamilton—who had inherited his property through marriage with the Barlow family—backed up by the opinion of Lord Nelson as to its great national importance, threw himself heart and soul into a grand scheme for its development. He found an able coadjutor in his nephew the Hon. (and I believe) Sir C. Francis Greville, son of

the Earl of Warwick, under whose management he placed it, and afterwards bequeathed it to him. How long Charles Greville survived his uncle I do not know, but at his death it passed into the hands of his brother, Robert Fulke, who married the Countess of Mansfield. Under the fostering auspices of this family the place rapidly rose.

New factors now appear upon the scene, attracted to the spot, no doubt, by inducements and facilities offered by the proprietors and their agents, and men of the right material, too. My acquaintance with Milford commenced when the race to whom I refer were in the sere and yellow leaf. Comparatively few of them were natives of the neighbourhood, but they were men of energy and mark, and would strike any stranger as somebodies. At this time there were Henry Leach and W. Williams, Jacob James, M'Milne, Byers, Chappell, Bouchier, Peregrine, Dobbin, Nuttall, Evans, Minchin, Barrallier, Propert, Paul and Gayer Starbuck, all men of position, and of business, too. Such men as William Roberts and Pascal, and a host of others, with a string of tradesmen and artisans (such as Henry Edwards and Hugh Richards), of whom any place might be proud,—they built the town, and places of business. When these started, Milford was young, and its founding was rather remarkable.

Just watch that group who are busily engaged in laying out a new town, for such it is. The bulk of the inhabitants are yet to come and settle. Among the group you observe some half-dozen men, whose attire and demeanour bespeak them quakers or friends, as they style themselves. The soil they are pacing looks as virgin and fresh as was that on the shores of the Delaware and Alleghany three half centuries before, when their sturdy ancestors left their homes in England, for peace

and conscience sake, with William Penn. Their forefathers "had lain them doon and died" in the forests of the new world, and so like Abraham of old, had secured freeholds there, if only for sepulture. Grand and picturesque as were the surroundings of their new homes in the West, doubtless many an evening tale would the old settlers tell their children of never-forgotten spots in Fatherland. How they would revel in recollections of the old churches and castles hoary with age, and kindle in their youthful bosoms a desire to see what their fathers told them about! The settlers in the United States sent back in repayment to the old country an instalment of those more precious things than gold or specie; young heads that could plan, and hands that could work; and so it fell out that to Milford they came and settled, Folgers, Starbucks, and Rotches, at the head of a band of workers. These families had been engaged in the profitable whale-fishery in Nantucket, and they brought over with them energy and experience to start a branch trade here. It does not seem to have succeeded; but though this enterprise was not long-lived, its promoters did not leave the neighbourhood to which they proved so great an acquisition. Thus a town grew up, and a thriving community to fill it, and so it continued down to the time when I first knew it.

But now there came a change for the worse. The men who started here, possessed of, it may be, little save the power to earn by skill and industry and thrift combined, soon acquired a competency, and went on to wealth. In the course of years they left families well provided for; and those who did not need to toil as their fathers had done, but lived on incomes provided for them, were in time succeeded by others who had to sub-divide the patrimony between them, for no new source of revenue, in the shape of manufacturers or mines, was struck out

by them, and the town sank into comparative poverty, and an air of indolence and listlessness crept over it, and people said, "How awfully dull everything is become."

It must have been just about this time* that Roscoe, the author of "Wanderings through South Wales," visited Milford, and he thus describes it:—"Scores of houses are now shut up. Dulness reigns undisputed sovereign of the port, and her poor subjects, under the influence of her leaden sceptre, wander sadly about, or congregate in little groups, with the tacit understanding to be miserable together. The unhappy inhabitants, as they promenade from the flag staff to the church and back again, seem like walking spirits of bygone days, looking for the tenth time this half-hour to see whether the wind has shifted a point, wondering for the twentieth time whether it will rain during the night, and sighing between times that government should have used them so harshly."

"A visitor has a strange sound to the Milford people; he is looked upon as a foreigner, whose now and then appearance serves to keep alive public curiosity. This is particularly the case with the innkeeper who holds the hotel, I've been informed, without paying any rent, solely to keep it from falling into decay. Poor man! nothing can exceed the disconsolate air of his establishment, and his only gratifying reflection is a retrospect of former times, and the mournful consolation that it was not always so."

In the parish of Steynton there is nothing further particularly worthy of notice, save that at the remote end of the parish there stands a high ridge of land called the Beacon-

*Just at the time referred to the Irish mails were removed, the quarantine establishment was done away with, and the place did seem to have fallen under a ban.

hill, where, in times of threatened invasion, a fire was lit up to summon the inhabitants of the surrounding district. At the foot of this hill there is an ancient mill, and here there is a circumstance worthy of notice. A boy who has hired at this little mill to drive the donkeys round to the customers, somehow broke away from his employment and went off to sea. After many adventures, he fought his way to fame and eminence in the wars in which the Hon. East India Company were engaged, and became Sir W. James, Bart., a name of high distinction, whose portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds adorns the walls of the old hall in Leadenhall Street.

Since the foregoing was penned, Milford has, however, very considerably developed and has grown in population and rateable value. The Docks Company so fostered the fishing industry that it has assumed large dimensions and Milford now ranks as the third largest fish market in the United Kingdom.

RHOSMARKET---HISTORY AND CELEBRITIES.

Rhosmarket was at one time a somewhat important spot; as its name indicates, it was a market for this part of Pembrokeshire. The village is mean and miserable enough, but in some old title deeds to which Mr. Fenton had access, "there were streets referred to as having formerly existed in it." And indeed you may readily gather from its position with regard to Neyland, that it was a place of trade and importance 180 years ago. A very considerable navigable arm of the sea with very deep water touches its extremity. At the end of the creek, where it opens to the sea, stands Neyland, and a place of importance two centuries ago. Sugars were imported here, and paid the English duty at Pembroke; and woollen yarns were also imported from Ireland, Milford being one of the free ports then allowed by

Parliament. The latter product would employ an extensive trade in cloth and flannel, which the Flemish settlers introduced to this neighbourhood. It is said, indeed, that this trade was first of all established in the kingdom by these settlers. It had also a refinery for salt, in which there was a large trade done. And here, in 1759, H.M.S. "The Milford," and, in 1765, "The Prince of Wales," 74 guns, were built and launched, events at that time of day of no small importance. Such was the neighbourhood at the head of which stood this now insignificant village. No doubt the Flemings, a people who were so ready to avail themselves of every commercial facility, flourished here and called it Rhosmarket.

There are two historical personages who were connected with the place, whose names are kept green in history and letters. The first was the unfortunate, and no doubt beautiful, Miss Lucy Walters, favourite of Charles II., and mother of the Duke of Monmouth. History fully furnishes the description of this celebrated lady. Her father, Sir Richard Walters, was resident at Rhosmarket, but afterwards at Haverfordwest, where he died, and is buried in one of our town churches. The other name belongs to later days. The friend of Dr Johnson, who treated her so kindly and pityingly on account of her blindness, Miss Anna Williams, found a home in the doctor's house, a biography in his pages, and whatever is immortal in this world, in his patronage and friendship.

"It is an historical question of great doubt" (I am quoting the words of a gentleman who devoted a considerable amount of research to the matter) "whether Lucy Walters was not lawfully wedded to Charles II. There were some very singular circumstances connected with Court intrigues which favour the supposition. That

Charles, when questioned on the subject, gravely denied it, is true; but His Majesty was not distinguished by a very strict regard to truth. It is matter of fact that the reigning house had lasting and grave doubts upon the subject. It is further recorded that Katharine of Portugal, the wife of Charles, had a firm conviction of the legitimacy of the unhappy Monmouth, and earnestly interceded with James II. for his life. There is another very remarkable circumstance connected with the affair. Some time antecedent to the middle of the 18th century, under high warrant from the Home Office, the marriage register of the Parish of St Thomas, Haverfordwest, where the family of the Walters resided for some time, was sent for to headquarters. No reason was assigned for the requirement by those who applied for these documents, but it was afterwards asserted, and with considerable confidence, by some who were likely to be well informed on the matter, that the register contained a record of a marriage which was solemnised a century before, which, if it had been proved, would have been of some consequence as regards the succession of the House of Brunswick. It is now, of course, only a romance of history, but the register was never returned!"

And here, though it has no connection with Rhosmarket, I may be allowed to mention another very interesting incident which connects Pembrokeshire with the reigning House. It has been preserved in "Notes and Queries, 1856," from which the following extract is taken:

"Sir Arthur Owen, Bart. of Oriulton, in the County of Pembroke, is the individual who is asserted to have given the casting vote which placed the Brunswick dynasty on the throne of England.

"A lady now residing at Haverfordwest remembers her grandmother, who was staying at Oriulton at the

time, when Sir Arthur rode to London on horseback for the purpose of recording his vote. He had relays of horses at the different posting-houses, and accomplished the journey in an incredibly short space of time, arriving at the precise juncture, when his single vote caused the scale to reponderate in favour of the descendants of the Electress Sophia."

I may add from another source, that Sir Arthur stayed a minute or two to speak to a friend whom he met in the lobby of the House, when a member rushed out, and seeing Sir Arthur Owen, exclaimed, "Gentlemen, while you are dallying the destinies of the nation are being settled." There was barely time for Sir Arthur to record his vote, which proved to be the casting one.

LANGUM WOMEN.

I have reserved for the last of my letters on Pembrokeshire Parishes the subject of the fish-women, who reside in the parish of Langum, a few miles further up the river Daugleddau than Neyland. The Langum women are closely connected with Haverfordwest, where you would be sure to fall in with some of them, and could not fail to be struck with their appearance. No other class of people in South Wales—except it be the natives of Gower, near Swansea, whom they strongly resemble and who are, like them, pure Flemings—have preserved intact the dress, manners and customs for I know not how many generations. Fishwomen, wearing short petticoats and jackets, and often pea-jackets, or "my man's jacket," as they would inform you if you asked them; a style of dress which leaves them very unencumbered for "iraveling" or walking, bearing on their backs panniers suspended by leathern straps which come over their shoulders, and are kept in position by their arms thrust

*The name appears as *Langein* in a 12th century deed.

through in front and crossed over the breast,—these hardy industrious people are met with, go where you will. Mostly of fair and bright complexions, not unfrequently decidedly pretty; not shy, and yet by no means immodest, they address high and low with a frankness which is sure to attract. They are cousin-german to the “Harfats” and form a kind of appendage to them. For I know not how many generations they have gone in and out among them, bearing their burdens of fish and oysters from door to door. At home, in the village where they reside, six or seven miles from Haverfordwest, you would pronounce them a peculiar people, never forming an alliance with strangers, or allowing their daughters to go out for service, as the other peasant people of the county do; you would be interested if you were to pay them a visit at any time.

Their husbands are kept under strict petticoat government, and you would hear a man described familiarly as “Jenny Palmer’s man.” It is said that, instead of a woman surrendering her maiden name at marriage, her husband is often called upon to take hers; thus, a man would be called Jemmy Morgan by his own, but Jemmy Thomas by his wife’s, surname. Anyhow it is quite uncommon for the wife to surrender hers. As a class they are very industrious, the men scarcely ever going from home except to follow their avocation as fishers, while the women “trapes” (their word for travelling) the towns and country round to sell what they manage to get, fish or oysters, according to the season.

The village where these people live does not present anything attractive as far as their habitations are concerned, being mostly a cluster of poor cottages; but the families are very large, the number of children being almost incredible. These pour forth in troops at the

approach of a stranger, not, however, as in some neighbourhoods, to beg, but to stare. Every cottage has a garden attached, which is very industriously cultivated. The village, though so mean in itself, is beautifully situated on the river I have mentioned. Just in front of the spot there is a most lovely "reach" with water deep enough at all times to float the "Great Eastern," with many fathoms to spare; indeed, it is the deepest water inside the harbour. In the neighbourhood may be seen the finest peeps in the county, perhaps in South Wales,—Picton Castle, Slebech, Boulston, Lawrenny, Benton, Carew and Pembroke Castles, all trending down to the banks of the river.

Having thus gone over a few "Old Pembrokeshire Parishes," in the Hundred of Roose, the district which, in the reign of the first Henry, was assigned to the Flemish settlers who have occupied it ever since, I should like to tell you something respecting the race of people. The district extends from Newgale Bridge up to Trefgarne Rocks, and following the Western Cledau from thence to Haverfordwest, and on to the Harbour's Mouth, thus embraces the parishes of Roch, Walton, Camrose, Lambston, the two Haroldstons, Freystrop, Langum, Johnston, Steynton, Robeston, Hubberston, Herbrandston, St. Ishmael's Burton, Llanstadwell, Talbenny, Walton-West, Dale, Marloes, St. Bride's, Hasguard, Trefgarne, and in all these twenty-three parishes only the English language is spoken. We may fairly conclude that the Flemish have driven out the Welsh-speaking natives.

I will try to give you some description of the manners, habits and customs which they either introduced into the district, or, finding them there, adopted. A great part of the population was formerly composed of small farmers and their hinds, mostly of a low type, uneduca-

ted, ill-fed, and parsimonious, but at the same time honest, industrious, and peaceable in their habits, though meanly dressed and ill-housed. They are very superstitious, believing in ghosts, white ladies, corpse candles, spectre funerals, witches, and the efficacy of charms. I have met with old people who believed in fairies, or as they called them "the little people," of whom they spoke in low tones, as though they feared to be overheard. Stories were told of hares which were coursed almost to the death, and lost at the last moment, when suddenly some old crone made her unexpected appearance in front of the dogs. This was a witch. Everything very uncommon or approaching a phenomenon was a foretoken. Charms as a means of cure were almost universally believed in and the art was a source of revenue to many gifted persons. Some complaints were especially amenable to the treatment, as, for instance, Shingles or St. Anthony's Fire, or as the common people call it, Brangam, which appears as a sort of eruption and if this be allowed to make a complete circle, the patient dies; for this charming was the only cure. Warts also were cured by charms.

Allhallow's Eve, or La Hollantide, was a special season for cabalistic rites. Churchyards and crossroads were very superstitiously regarded towards midnight. Easter was a season more thought of than Sunday in some respects. To turn up the earth with a spade on Good Friday was flagitious, and to avoid disturbing the ground on that day some of the old religious people were used to walk about either in bare or only stockinged feet.

Christmas time was a season of general merrymaking and jollity, and always the Old Style was kept. On New Year's Day a custom prevailed in the country called Hoglin. Colliers and lime-burners particularly were used

to go from farmhouse to farmhouse to receive loaves of bread and some cheese, which were universally bestowed, not so much from charity as from custom. There was another usage which I believe was very old, that of carrying the wren, or the king, as he was called, on twelfth day, the last day of Christmas. The little house in which the poor bird was carried about, not by children, but by men, was decorated with ribbons, a ridiculous song being sung, commencing, "Our king is no small man," and I suppose no good luck could be expected to rest on a house where these visits were not welcomed.

Among the ancient customs which prevailed alike in town and country, there was one very interesting ceremony of singing a hymn or psalm at funerals (these were formerly much more numerous attended than they are at present). Assembled at the dwelling of the deceased, where often a short address would be delivered by a minister, the coffin, on leaving the threshold, would be placed on chairs, and a hymn would be started, the first two or three verses being sung just outside the door; when they came to the well-known stanza, "Whate'er we do, where'er we be, we're travelling to the grave," the bearers would lift the coffin, and the procession move on. One particular hymn was always sung as they went round a corner, and whether the distance was long or short, the singing was sustained until they arrived at the church or other place of interment. My readers will, many of them, remember a few beautiful lines by Mrs Hemans illustrative of this practice.

By the chanted psalm that fills
Reverently the ancient hills,
Know that life's last harvests won,
Peasants bear a brother on
To his last repose.

Another usage, which, however, I think is more honoured in the breach than in the observance, was the custom of carrying round either spiced wine or ale to the folks who attended, and so very lavish was the supply that it was not uncommon for some of them to become intoxicated. So inveterate, however, was the custom formerly, that a story was told me the other day which showed how the abolition of it was regarded. A Mrs Evans, great-grandmother, I believe, to a former Mayor, was about to be buried in St Mary's, Haverfordwest. Her friends desiring to discountenance the drinking ceremony, arranged that the funeral should take place somewhat early in the forenoon. On the parson hearing of it, he rushed to the scene, and exclaimed, in tones of strong remonstrance, "Are you going to bury the woman like a dog?" Just then, as if the very elements protested against the innovation, a tremendous thunderstorm passed over the town, and the spire of St Mary's was so injured by what is called a thunderbolt, that it had to be taken down some time afterwards. Another custom which was always observed, was that two decently attired females were employed to precede the bier, and scatter sprigs of box and rosemary on the ground in front of the procession. This custom of scattering sprigs of the herb rosemary (which is an emblem of fidelity) has evidently given that name to Rosemary Lane, Haverfordwest. Rosemary lane runs from Hill Street in the direction of Church lane and St. Thomas' Churchyard and in that lane possibly the hired female mourners would commence to scatter the rosemary.

Such were some of the old customs which I remember, but so completely are they disappearing before the spread of education, that should perchance a copy of my little book be in existence at the beginning of the 20th century, I fear

that I shall be regarded as having yielded to the love of romance, instead of carefully confining myself to the truth. Knowing differently, however, I deem it all the more desirable to note matters which are so rapidly becoming things of the past.

*A List of Pembrokeshire
Words and Phrases.*

A list of Pembrokeshire words and Phrases in which those given in "Little England Beyond Wales," by the kind permission of the learned Author of that work, are incorporated.

It is not claimed that the words given in this list are peculiar to Pembrokeshire but all of them are still in use in the County.

The names "Roose" and "Castlemartin" are names of Pembrokeshire Hundreds.

ABBREVIATIONS.

A.S.	..	Anglo Saxon.
C.F.	..	Compare.
Ic.	..	Icelandic.
M.E.	..	Middle English.
O.W.	..	Old Welsh.

Ach: An interjection of disgust, welsh, "Ach upon you.

"Ach a fi": Filth on you.

Addley pulke: A stagnant pool. A.S. adela, mud, slime.

Pulk-Welsh pwll a pool.

Afeard: Afraid. Old English.

Agonies: Glandular swellings.

Akker: A boat used for carrying limestone on the Cleddy.

All-be-leisures: To go easily, slowly.

All to clush: All to pieces.

All a' both: Two together. "Come you all a' both."

Alified: Sottish (Roose)

Amrah: Anything big or awkward worn round the neck, such as a big muffler.

Ankler: Ankle. The "r" due to pronunciation of final "e".

Anny: The Kittiwake gull (*Larus risus*)

- Angos: Pain (of a wound or sore) (Roose) a French word "Angoisse."
- Apern: Apron, old English (vide Mathew Parkers Bible 1572).
- Apple flap: A turnover.
- Ash Kays: Seed of the Ash tree. (Roose).
- Auzty: An old woman (Roose)
- Babbaloobies: Water-worn lime stones used to ornament walls.
- Back: A hill; Norse bakki, a little hill, a pit back—rubbish from colliery shaft.
- Bailey: Jocular, a bum bailiff. In welsh beili.
- Balke: To belch. A.S. bealcan, mutated from balean. There is a local saying—"Balking full, like Mary Garrett's hen."
- Balls: Fuel of anthracite small coal mixed with clay.
- Bandy: A game something like cricket the batsman had a stick shaped like a hockey stick and instead of a wicket there was a stick placed across two stones.
- Barriote: A fence across a stream; diminutive of French barre.
- Bat: A measure, ten feet six inches.
- Bald-tot: A half-fledged bird.
- Bag-o-looches: same as bungelush.
- Bean cracker: Land rail (Roose).
- Belge: To bellow like a bull, a by form of belch.
- Belt: To beat (Castlemartin) from the instrument, employed in castigation.
- Beatland or Peatland: Land that has been pared and burnt. Burning Peatland. In Welsh llosgi betin.
- Belldrum: Water hemlock.
- Beyond: Intensive "It was something beyond" : It was about as bad as it could possibly be.
- Bean: The straw rope for tying a sheaf of corn (Roose) A thumb bean is a long straw rope for tying up a bundle of straw.

- Betwaddle: To confuse. Ic. thwaetta : chat, silly talk.
- Bickning: A beacon, Beaconing.
- Bidding: An invitating to a wedding (Qy. The entertainment and reception of presents at the house) cf. bidding prayer A.S. biddam: ask cf. beadsman cf. beading, asking or praying; Welsh "Bettws": A.S. Bed-hus: Prayer House i.e. Chapel (e.g. in a wood) Welsh Bettws-y-coed. Beadhouse.
- Bible: Any large book.
- Bigotty: Conceited.
- Billy boys: Lightermen.
- Bleeze: A bladder; Dutch blass.
- Blinch: Or Blink: A glimpse; Dutch blik, a glimmer, M.E. blenken A.S. blican: shine.
- Bluemorgan: Marsh grass; carnation grass (*Carix glauca*)
- Blady: By our Lady. cf. "bloody" (swear word).
- Blades: Leaves : blades of grass.
- Blackpriests: Cock Chafers.
- Blaidy drean: "By our Lady I am in no agreement with you."
- Blough: Blossom, bloom A.S. Blowan to bloom. Shakespeare "I know a bank where on the wild thyme blows."
- Blackbutter: A relish or delicacy made from a kind of seaweed, see Laverbread.
- Bog ginger: A plant (*Polygonum Hydropiper*)
- Bow: The stiches in knitting.
- Botcher: One who make a muddle of anything. Bodger. Danish botsen, strike, repair : root of beat.
- Bogey: Pwcca, puck : A spirit. Bwgi? mediæval bugger Bug-Bible. "Thou shalt not be afraid of the arrow that flieth by day nor the bugge by night." bogie bug-bear.
- Bout: To go across a ploughed field with the harrows and back again over the same piece of ground and so on until the whole field is done : the men are directed

to bout the field Qy. about Anglo Saxon bugan, bend, turn.
Boughton: Ready made.

Brangam: Shingles, a nervous disorder; Dutch brand
Herpes, inflammation.

Brat: A pinafore; Welsh Brat.

Bratful: A lapful. Brimful, full to the edge. cf. Chaucer's
Prologue 687-8. "His walet lay biform him in his lappe.
Bratful of pardoun come from Rome al hoot." Also
in Pier's Plowman. Swedish bräddful: brimful from
brädd, a brim connected with A.S. brerd: brim.

Branders: A three legged triangular iron frame for hold-
ing an iron pot over a wood fire. A.S. brandan : to
burn.

Brangy: Of a horse; nervous; difficult to handle. Flem-
ish brandig-heated.

Breed: The sweep of the scythe in cutting hay.

Bright: An idea (Haverfordwest).

Bruss: Brittle grass. Very dry as of over made hay.

Bubbock: A scarecrow; Welsh bwbach, a little bogey.

Bubow or bu-bou: A Jew's harp. Bewh : yelp, bark
(Dialect Eng.).

Budrum: Oatmeal gruel; Welsh budrum.

Bundle: To court a woman; in bed as in Wales, N. Engd.
and Penn. in America.

Burgage: A small field.

Bush: To thrust with the horns, as a cow. Perhaps a
corruption of French pousser, to push.

Bullyrag: To abuse; to nag at.

Bullybo: A bogey. (Bwcibo-see remarks Ferrar Fenton,
who thinks it Prextian : something to do with "Ci
Baal" (Baal's dog). Sir Edward Anwyl thinks this
improbable.

Bump a gorse: A bittern.

Butter and eggs: Narcissus.

Bull heads: Tadpoles.

Bungclush: A very fat awkward untidy person.

Call: To call by nickname; to abuse.

Candle: The pupil of the eye.

Cawel: A basket, Welsh cawell.

Car—To carry: A.S. Choer Dutch Karre.

Caffle: To entangle. Perhaps another form of Cavil.

Cast one's stomach: To vomit. Cf. Shakesphere Hy. V.
Act III, Scene II. Boy's Speech.

Catamouse: A bat.

Call home: To publish banns of marriage.

Carpeting: To assume genteel manners, put on side.

Chilbladders: Chilblains.

Chrismal: A ne'er-do-weel; a weakly child on whom
Chrism or Consecrated Oil has been used. A baptised infant.

Chime: To sprout (Roose) a chiming potatoe.

Check: To accuse; chide.

Claps: Tales, scandal; Dutch klappen, to gossip.

Cleggar: Hard Rock, Welsh clegyr.

Clen: Cleaned. "Have you clen it up?"

Clom: A mixture of clay and straw, formerly used for
building cottages; Norse Clam, dirt.

Cletched: Besmirched; covered with; "cletched with mud"
stronger meaning than splashed.

Clap on: Put on; "Clap on your jacket." A. S. Clappan
Dutch klappen to do anything with a sudden hasty
motion.

Clack: To chatter O.W. Klaka. German Klatschen: to
rattle, to make a noise. Mod. Welsh "Clegian":
chatter, tell tales. C.F. cluck-hen and "Cleck": sneak
tale-bearer.

Clit: Bindweed or burr. *Convulvus arvensis*.

Cock-a-leekie porridge: Broth made of fowl and leeks;
Lowland Scotch.

Common: Ill, "Ah's main common" he's very unwell.

Conk: Perky.

Condrim: A dilemma, a puzzle "I'm in a condrim." Perhaps a corrupted form of conundrum or quandary.

Cook: A flat cake. Like a large bun, Welsh *cwc* plural *cwcau* (obsolete).

Cootch: Dead grass and weeds harrowed out after breaking up pasture land, usually put in heaps and burnt.

Coppat: The apex of a thatched roof; Dutch *kop*, the head.

Cornel: A corner; Welsh *cornel*.

Cossey: A slide on the ice. Eng. Causeway from French *chaussee*.

Couple: Several; more than two; six or eight.

Cowell: A basket; see *cawel*.

Coppice: Cod piece; from Saxon; i.e. the flap piece of a man's breeches. Codde: a small bag; Welsh, *cod*, a bag or pouch

Cockle: The sheerwater or greater Petrel.

Cracks: Wild plums.

Crannocks: The stems of furze bushes which have been burnt.

Cranted: Stunted.

Creath: A cicatrice; Welsh *craith* a scar.

Crydd: A shoemaker.

Creel: An open basket; Norse *krili*.

Cretch: A tail board of a cart; French *creche*, a crib.

Crith: A spell, incantation.

Crood: To brood, as a hen.

Croody down: To crouch down. Probably same word as "crowd" but with the older sound of "ou".

Crwtaw down: Boys "down"!

Grwt: A small boy; Welsh *crwt*.

Croglin: A small shell fish.

Croodle: To squat down; same meaning as "quot".

Creathing: The ridge of a thatched rick.

Crogilins: Stones or shells, used to play dribs; Dutch archaic, diminutive kogelkins, a little ball.

Cuckoo lamb: A late lamb born after the Cuckoo is heard.

Cuckoo shoes: Dog violets (*viola canina*).

Culf: A hunch of bread or meat.

Culfy: Misshapen, untidy, rough.

Culm: Anthracite small coal. Veins of which are found in Pembrokeshire.

Culls: Inferior sheep (Roose)

Cursed: Naughty; Mischievous; a cursed boy A.S. Cursian : cross, to make the sign of the cross against someone.

Cutty: Small, cutty wren; Welsh cwta, bobtailed.

Cutty mullock: The common water-rail (*Rallus aquaticus*).

Cutty wren: The common wren.

Cutty-clout: A baby's under-garment. A.S. Clough and clút : a clout.

Cutty evet: A newt. A.S. efeta (pronounced eveta) a newt : an ewt an evvat, cf. Nonce : an once. This proves that there was no "w" sound originally in the word "one", that is why we find such a phrase as "such an one" Probably Shakesphere pronounced "one" as "on".

Cwta: Cymraeg for any short garment worn without a finish or tail; cutty. Cotta: a short surplice.

Daft: Foolish; Lowland Scotch.

Dandies: Dibs, a game played with knuckle bones or stones by children.

Damper: Half a pint of beer.

Danted: Strongly tempted. (Castlemartin) Daunted; shaken in resolution.

Dear Anwyl: Interjection, "Dear, Dear!" Welsh *anwyl*, dear.

Dern: Determined. stern, also strong; in good health
Dern see Johnson's Dict.

Disle: A thistle; Dutch *distel*. A.S. *distel*.

Dilch: Shale which gets mixed with coal, and flies when heat is applied to it.

Devilskin: Young reprobate : devil's kin.

Dollin: A large earthenware jug.

Dotty: Silly from age. Senile.

Droughty: See Johnson's Dict. thirsty.

Dout: To do out; put out; "dout the candle".

Dowse: the glim : to put out the light; to dout (do out) or extinguish the glimmer.

Draft: Brewer's grains.

Drang: A narrow passage; the old name for Fountain Row, Haverfordwest, Dutch *drang*, a crowd, pressure. German *drang*; cf. modern English "throng."

Droppel: The threshold, pronounced "Tropple," the sole plate of a door-frame. Dutch *drempel*.

Druke: The rectangular handle used for turning a churn, grindstone, &c.

Drollop: A dirty, untidy woman. A corruption of "trollop" cf. "dram" for "tram" (amongst colliers) trollop comes from "troll" to sing a song. Johnston says (a low word I know not whence derived) a slatternly, loose woman.

Dressal: A kitchen dresser.

Dry: Thirsty. A.S. *dry* "so dry he was for sway" Shakespeare.

Drabbat: An expression (Roose) in the nature of an oath. A reproachful term akin to "drat"; possibly a contraction of 'Od rabbat, where Od is short for God; but what the remainder is is a puzzle.

Dryth: Drought.

Drait or draft: (Roose) a turn; to harrow one drait :
to harrow once over a field.

Drill: A row of potatoes in a garden or field, qy opened
up with a drill.

Dull: Foolish, silly, idiotic (very common) "a's real dull"
the Welsh *dwl* comes from English.

Dullun: A fool.

Dwrgi: Pronounced *durgy* and meaning a man with short
legs; comes from Welsh for otter "*dwrgi*" : water dog;
the otter has short legs and long body.

Eligug: The Common guillemot (*Uria troille*).

Elver: A young eel.

Element: The sky.

Emmocks: Ants. A.S. *æmette*.

Erger: To wrangle; Dutch *erger*, to offend.

Erging: Continually finding fault.

Evil: A three pronged garden fork? "Heavel" for heav-
ing.

Evvat: Newt. A.S. *efeta* see cutty *evet*.

Favour: To resemble; "A favours his father." Cf. well
favoured and ill favoured.

Fail: To break down from age.

Fetch-candle: Corpse-candle Welsh "*Cauwyl corph*". A
supernatural light which foretells death and passes
along the route from the house to the Churchyard which
the funeral will subsequently take.

Fear: Of certain places where an apparition has been
seen or something uncanny has happened it is said "there
is fear there."

Felon: A whitlow. A "malignant" sore.

Fex: By my faith.

Fidgeon and Fitchet: The polecat. Old Dutch *vitsche*,
probably meant climber.

Filty: smart; Filty fine; over dressed.

Fib: A lump.

Flasket: A large oval shaped basket with a handle each end.

Fleming: Shell fish (*Lutraria elliptica*).

Flittericks: Bits; smithereens.

Flush: A bird when fledged in thus described.

Flumaxed: Confused; "Ah was clean flumaxed" he was quite nonplussed.

Fledracks: Thistle down.

For all: in spite of e.g. I know better for all cf. "yet for all they were so many, yet was the net not broken."

Fog: Summer grass allowed to wither. Welsh ffwg: dry grass.

French cockle: *Cardium echinatum*.

Freeth: To wattle a fence; a wattled fence. To wreath.

Fugle: To square up; threaten with the fists. Cf. fuggle-man, a soldier expert at drill and physical exercises who led the others. German flugel: wing, same word as our "fowl". A.S. fugol. "There was a deal of fugling but not much fighting."

Furrable: Forward, as of a girl, also of a crop: early, forward.

Fuzz: To get on; "How do you fuzz?" Apparently a secondary form of fare. By form of "fuss" A.S. fus, : rushing, precipitate.

Full the jug: jug full to the brim.

Full his skin: An officious, pompous individual: also same meaning "As big as John the gant."

Gallback: Harvesters who carry the bound sheaves of corn to the spot where the mow is to be made.

Gall: A moist place in a field.

Gallowses: Braces.

Gameral: The stick used by butchers to keep the stomach of a dead pig open.

Gamot: A small person.

Gan: Dandruff; scurf.

Gant: A gander.

Gaining: Getting on, recovering : of a sick person "a's gaining stoutly."

Geather: To gather : Old English (Parkers Bible 1572)
C.f. together.

Germans: Ginger breads.

Glaster: Milk and water, from Welsh glasduw: Milk and water.

Gleather: (1) The Iris.

(2) Battens in a thatched roof to which the
thatch is fastened by cords.

Gorrel: A gormandizer; Dutch gorgel, the throat?

Grig: To squeeze or pinch with the hand. "I'll grig ye"
meaning "I'll give you a twister."

Grinch: A small person; a morsel.

Graiths: Grathy (Roose) chain traces.

Greet: Friendly; on good terms. "I'm not greet with you."

Grawn: A grey-hound (Castlemartin).

Greybird: A thrush.

Grey dullun: Hedge sparrow.

Grimmel pool: A stagnant pool.

Grip: A ditch, Norse grip.

Grunkle: A dell.

Grunnings: The rubbish put under a rick. Groundings.

Grin: A snare (Eng. Gin) Saxon gryn : a snare, a trap.

Gut: A wide ditch : used in the Haverfordwest marshes. A.S. Gut from geotan : to pour i.e. a neck or orifice.

Gunkal: A pit, a hole.

Handkercher: A handkerchief: Shakespere Henry V. Boys' speech.

Hadridge: Charlic; Dutch hadig (danewort).

- Hagel stone: A hail-stone; Dutch hagelsteen. A.S. Hae-gel-stan.
- Haggard: A rick-yard; Norse hayadr.
- Hainish: Greedy; Gaelic aine, eagerness. Welsh "hain" to pervade as with a consuming desire.
- Harfish: The razor-fish (Solen).
- Haslet: Small portions of a pig's liver, lights, ears, feet and boiled together (Hasla, a bundle: hasterel, hastereau, hastier, French) not peculiar to Pembroke-shire.
- Hawse: To try to get information out of anyone, to pump him.
- Hantry: Hames; that part of the harness to which the traces or trace-chains are attached.
- Hammocky: Lumpy.
- Haines: Bearded wheat (Norse)
- Haity: A see-saw.
- Head: The roof "the head of the house."
- Hearty: Full of heart; high spirited in good health.
- Heler: "A regular heler," a coverer or concealer. Also a Thatcher A.S. helan : hide e.g. hell : hiding place.
- Heck: To hop. Form of "Eke" Saxon "Eacan" see Johnson's Dict.
- Heckshell: Hop scotch. Ekeshell.
- Heft: The weight of a thing; also to judge the weight by lifting. A.S. hebban: hold, haft.
- Hen: A shell-fish (Cyprin Islandica).
- Hesk or Hesseky: Coarse grass.
- Heaky: Thick stick with a hook shaped handle.
- Higst: To wince; of a horse. Form of "hoist" French hausser.
- Hidee-hoop: Hide and seek. Hidey-whoop.
- Higgin: A night dress. From Welsh hugan or hugyn.

Highly: Healthy; pleasant; of a residence, a position commanding a fine view.

Hide: To thrash; to beat the hide or skin of a person.

Hilding: Pouring of rain. "Tis hilding rain come thee in sheltere."

House-leek: A herb found on roofs and old walls.

Hobbler: A man who drags vessels up the river Cleddy with a warp or rope. Not only local.

Honey: A term of endearment. "Come, honey" ? Haverfordwest people are sometimes called "Honey Harfats."

Honour: Uses as a term of address; "If your honour will please take the turning to the village," &c.

Hogglins: Lime-burners go round to beg of the farmers who employ them; this is hogglings.

Holts loaf: A loaf made without a mould.

Hog: Clay.

Hummy: Musty, mildewed.

Hum: A smell as of a damp room which has been shut up, also any bad smell : Hoared pronounced Hoar'ed same meaning as hummy but only used of mildewed hay.

Hyld: To last or endure, especially of rain.

Hunk or Hunch: a thick piece of bread.

Idlepack: A bad woman.

Indeed-in-double-deed: strong affirmation, usually the prefix to a lie.

Into: All but. "They were all there into so and so."

Jack Arter: Cormorant.

Jiffy or Jiffey: An instant, a second of time; "It was done in a jiffy."

Jolly: Stout; fat.

Jonach: Thorough; honest.

Jump: Perpendicular; "The bank is too jump."

Kaving: Raking aside of straw when threshing with a flail.

- Kerdidwin: Small pig of the litter. Welsh
- Keaks: The hollow stalks of wild *Heracleum sphondylium*, hemlock and other plants.
- Kedge: To beg or steal. Cadge.
- Keep: To reside, live; "where't thou keeping?"
- Key: Used as a verb; to lock. "Key the door."
- Kernap: Short tempered. One who gives a sharp, disagreeable or unexpected answer.
- Kift: Awkward unhandy.
- Kish: In his kish; In his line, in his element.
- Kiss me quick: Valerian (*Centranthus Ruber*).
- Kiddle: A three-legged iron pot for boiling. Kettle.
- Kive: A large wooden vessel used in brewing.
- Klems or Klams: Pincers; Dutch klem, a grip; a hold. Yorkshire dialect "clemmed" with cold or hunger.
- Kleers: The glands; Dutch klier.
- Knappan: An ancient game, players on horseback and on foot, much like modern Rugby football but the ball used was of wood boiled in tallow; played within living memory at Burton in this County; hockey is now called knappan; Dutch knap, to crack, to snap. Much played in Pembrokeshire in old times and minutely by George Owen Temp. Queen Elizabeth.
- Knowledge: Small quantity; "Just a knowledge of".
- Lady Washdish: The common wagtail (*Motacilla alba*)
- Lake: A running stream; Norse lackr, a stream.
- Lapster: A lobster; This pronunciation is as old as George Owen's time. A.S. loppestre.
- Lathy: Strong. One who bends without breaking like a lath.
- Lavier: A man who invites guests to a wedding.
- Laggins: Boards laid down.
- Labbigan: A gossip. M.E. labber : to loll out the tongue.
- Labbing: Gossiping. "She has been out labbing with

her neighbours."

Land vore: The furrow next to the unploughed land.

Laverbread: A delicacy made from the Laver weed gathered on the rocks on the sea-shore; known better locally as black butter which quite describes its appearance as it is sent from our coast and is on sale in the Swansea market.

Lear: Half starved. A "lear" stomach is an "empty" stomach, also found in E. Sussex and Wilts dialect but pronounced "lair".

Leather mouse: A bat.

Leave, let: "Leave me go."

Leejurs: Easily; "To go all by leejurs". All be leisures.

Leekie porridge: Same as cock-a-leekie, minus the cock; Scotch.

Leese: To lose; (lessen Dutch) occurs in the 4th Bible printed at Oxford 1747 1 Kings 18. 15. "No cause or client fat, will chev'ril leese" Ben Johnson.

Leat: An artificial watercourse. Mill Leat.

Leeze: To glean; Dutch lees, to gather.

Lear: Empty. A.S. laer : empty. Found in other dialects.

Leap or leep: A straw bee hive; "A bee leap," also the receptacle used for holding the seed when sowing corn.

Learn: To teach; used also in the modern sense. A.S. læran and leorian, to teach. Johnson says this verb is obsolete, but it is still in use in Pembrokeshire.

Lep: To leap; "A heck (eke) step and a lep" an expression used in a game so called.

Liggy: The pig call; then as a pet name for the pig; Welsh llegal, sluggish one.

Limpin: A shell-fish. The limpet.

Little bitties: Little children.

Liver and hearty grow: A disorder in which the liver is supposed to grow fast of the heart.

Liverrocks: Bulrushes. Laverocks.

Lizzat: Lissom; graceful, also Lizza (Roose), active, athletic. A.S. Lithe: active, supple.

Lief: Saxon Leof and Dutch Liof, soon, willingly; "I'd as lief go as not."

Limmers: Two straight pieces of wood at the back of a cart to prevent it going too far when tripped. Limbers.

Limmack: Limb of Satan. "I'll tell on thee thou Limmack."

Lick: To beat, thrash; of a schoolmaster; "A licks am if tha' don't larn." Qy. from Roman "Lictor."

Linchpin: The pin in the axle of a cart which keeps the wheel in place.

Lock: To shut does not necessarily imply the use of the key "lock the door"; close the door. If the key is to be used the Pembrokeshire man says "key the door."

Lonker: A fetter to hobble animals with; Danish lœnke Icelandic hlenkr, a chain, English link.

Looch: A wooden spoon; Gaelic leach, a large spoon. French louche : ladle.

Love child: One born out of wedlock.

Loft: An upper storey of a cottage or outbuilding A.S. hloft; Icelandic loft.

Lobberkite: Graceless (Castlemartin).

Loafer: An interesting word but not only used locally. "Loafer" it is suggested is the name given to the tramp who goes from Town to Town and gets relief in the shape of a loaf at each, thus earning the sobriquet somewhat appropriate of "loafer."

Lurchy: Lame. (Note) Lurch derived from l'ourche a game of drafts much used by the Dutch. Ourche derived from Arca; so that those that are lost are left in the lorche in the lurch or box : Johnston.

Lumps: Small fish.

Mad: Angry.

Mash: A marsh; Old English Marish.

Main: Intensitive; very; Welsh maint, size, bigness? Norse megni, strong; "main common" : very poorly.

Master: Used in the old fashion instead of sir; "Master, what o'clock is it?"

Maund: A basket; Dutch mand.

Maychate: A cat born in May; they are supposed to bring adders into the house; French chatte, a she cat.

Mewk: A sound, "A never made a mewk."

Meusc: The run of a hare or rabbit.

Mean: Not very good; poor; also of a person who is ill; "A's very mean", : he's very poorly.

Mealmoth: The lesser whitethroat. (*Curruca garrula*).

Mealmouthed: Of a person who flatters.

Meet: To happen on, to find. "I met this glove on the road."

Mind: To remember; "Can you mind it."

Middling: An intermediate stage : of a man recovering from an illness "A's middling" or "A's pretty middling," possibly "mean" meant the same originally.

Mitch: To play truant.

Mixen or Miskin: A manure heap; Norse myki, dung
A.S. mixen, meox : dung.

Mocket: Calves' tripe.

Mogue: To humbug; to delude; Welsh mwgwd, a mask?

Moil: To grub like a pig; draw potatoes with the hand from under the growing plant. Old French moiller, to wet. Latin mollis, soft.

Moory hen: The common gallimule (*gallimula chloropus*).

Moory pinnock: The meadow pipit (*Anthus pratensis*).

Moral: A child's game; tick, tack, toe.

Mortal: An intensitive; mortal good; mortal bad. "I waited two mortal hours for him."

Moyle: A polled cow; Welsh moel, bald.

Mullock: A Dish (Norse)

Muffles: Fetters for sheep.

Muster: A noise; a disturbance.

Murfles: Freckles.

Mumruffin: The longtailed titmouse (*Parus caudatus*).

Nash: Delicate; thin; poor condition of cattle. Also nesh and applied to human beings. A.S. *lnesc*: delicate, soft.

Nature: Inclination.

Nedack: The nape of the neck. Form of "Nuddock," back of the head.

Never-go: May I never go again; if &c.,

Never-mov: May I never move &c,

Near: Mean; parsimonious; "A very near man."

Neck: The last few heads of corn cut in harvest and hung up in the kitchen roof with great ceremony, and allowed to remain there until next harvest. As soon as these ears were cut the reapers shouted The neck! The neck! and one of them had to convey it neatly bound up into the house unseen; if he contrived to get into the house the reapers could demand a special supper that night called the neck feast and the man who carried the neck in got in addition a jug of ale with a silver coin at the bottom; if the maid servants, who would be on the look out could catch this man and throw water over him there would be no neck feast and the carrier would not get his beer. A Pagan custom connected with the worship of Ceres.

Nisbil: The hedgehog : another form of this is "Nishbil" applied to a mischievous or naughty lad : "you little nishbil" meaning "you little hedgehog" also nishple.

Ninehole : Eel ; a lamprey.

Ninnycorn: A gathering round the nail.

- Noy: A wash tub. Welsh noe, a kneading trough.
- Norra-one: Never a one; not one.
- Nur: A mean or contemptible little man.
- Office: The eaves of a house; that part of a hayrick where the head begins.
- Orts: Remnants: odds; "odds and ends: orts and ends, Possibly the same word as the popular botanical termination wort, e.g. honey-wort C.f. Orchard : ort-yard, wort-yard or root-yard.
- Oxland: Half a hide of land.
- Pardo: The great black-backed gull (*Larus marinus*). Welsh parddu, soot?
- Peel: A Baker's wooden shovel. French paelle.
- Peace: To quiet; "I can peace the child."
- Pelt: A scamp. Pelting (Shakespeare): paltry. Root is pill, peel : to skin or rob for "The commons hath he pilld" (Richard II) see also Pierce Ploughman's vision C.f. pillage.
- Penny jug: A pitcher; not so called from the price for this is rather a big jug.
- Penny sow: A wood louse.
- Pepper grass: Mustard and cress.
- Penny-wedding: A wedding where the couple are very poor and each guest is expected to give a penny or more before he partakes of refreshment: Pence possibly collected in "Penny jug."
- Pick: A two pronged hay fork.
- Pickstill: The handle of a hay fork.
- Piskin led: Pixie led. To be led away by the fairies, i.e., to lose one's way in the dark.
- Pelvelgin: A method of ploughing by which the thin strip of underground left at the divisions into which the field is portioned out called "backs" is cut out. This is necessary when cross ploughing has to be done, as for barley in order to prevent the sudden jar which

would otherwise occur when crossing the backs; the field is said to be pelvelged.

Pink: Chaffinch.

Pikelets: Crumpets? Pie clets.

Pile: To throw stones. Saxon pil, an arrow or dart? Latin pilum. Dutch pyl.

Pill: A creek; Welsh pwll.

Pilke: To butt like a cow.

Pinion or Pine-end: The gable of a house. French pignon, a gable.

Plank: Bread baked on a griddle. Also the griddle itself.

Ploughland: A hide of land.

Pompren: A wooden foot bridge; Welsh pont bren.

Popples: Water-worn stones; pebbles.

Pottle: An iron frame with hooks for hanging a pot over a fire.

Poythe: Wedding presents; Welsh pwyth.

Power: An expression meaning a quantity. "A power of books," A large number of.

Pram: A flat bottomed boat (Norse).

Preen: Wooden or steel knitting needles; Welsh pren, wooden.

Putch: The bag for carrying the whetstone strapped round the waist. A form of "pouch".

Purl: To spin (Castlemartin) To "go a purler" to have a bad fall, as from a horse.

Pulke: A pool. Welsh pwll.

Push plough: A breast plough.

Pursey-Pogue: Puff balls : (Bovista and Lycoperdon)

Pyatt: A magpie. Welsh piod, meaning the same.

Quirl: Shiver; "I felt all of a quirl."

Quarry: A pane of glass. A lozenge-shaped piece of glass from Latin quadratus : squared

Quarling: Quarrelling.

Qwat: To stoop down; to draw one's lower limbs under one in a hiding attitude.

Rambat: A game; fives.

Rammasing: Wandering; discursive; e.g., "A told me a regular rammas," a long, doubtful tale.

Ranging: Raging of a fire or temper.

Râthe: Saxon, early soon; "râthe in the morning" positive of rather, also râther and râthest used in the same sense "the rath potatoes are not good" "the râthest garden in the neighbourhood" "Bring the râth primrose that forsaken dies"—Milton.

Râth: An ancient earth-work. In Pembrokeshire this term is peculiar to the district between Precelly Mountain and St. Brides Bay. Rhaith : Cymraeg for "law". A Rath meant a kind of Parliament according to "Morien," and Roath is another form of the same word. The Wraith-ring! Johnson says : A hill, I know whence derived. There is a great use among the Irish to make great assemblies upon a rath or hill, there to parly about matters and wrongs between Township or private persons: Spencer. This is the Irish rath, a mound.

Ran: "On the ran" means walking on the uppers of the boot, the sole being worn away.

Rames: Wild, garlic. Album versinum.

Rammas: Long winded, a long, doubtful story, a confused speech.

Rawney: Coarse; of a man or corn, grass &c. : rank. Note the word rank in Pembrokeshire is pronounced ronk.

Racket: A noise, "a stout racket;" a loud noise.

Rab: A Roose name for a soft rock (Lower Silurian) used for making paths &c.

Reg: A sudden flood; Dutch regen, rain. A.S. regen.

Reeley Mouse: Dormouse or Shrew.

Rhyme: To compose "He rhymed me a letter."

Roccas: A girl. Welsh rhoecas : yr hocas for hoges.

Rottle: Good; excellent; also an intensitive "rottle" dull : quite mad.

Runt: A poor, undersized cow or young beast.

Sale: The foundation of a rick; Welsh swl, a flat space.

Servant, Sir: The common salutation of an inferior.

Scope: Handicap; a boy who gives another several yards start in a race, calls it giving him scope, or scoop?

Scroyle: A dry twig or rotten stick; trimmings of a fence for firewood (Johnston states that this occurs in Shakespeare "It seems derived from escrouelle French, a scrofulous swelling; as he calls a mean fellow a scab from his ich, or a patch from his raggedness, a mean fellow; a rascal; a wretch."

Screed: A small quantity; "Shall I make ya a speck of broth with a screed of parsley in it?" C.f. shred and potsherd.

Screamer: A swift.

Scolps: Wooden thatch pegs, used in thatching roofs, bent like a staple and sharpened both ends.

Scrallion: A thin scraggy man or beast; Norse scroeling, a shaving; the Vikings called Eskimos by this name.

Scud: A boon companion; Dutch schuddle, a shark, a scoundrel.

Sea crow: The cormorant.

Send: To accompany one on his way. "Wilt thou come to send me."

Sea Parrot: The puffin (*Fratercula artica*).

Sea pyatt: The oyster catcher (*Hoematopus ostralegus*).

Seegar: The marine crayfish.

Shoiling: Dragging the feet wearily along.

Shigle: To shake, to rock; Welsh sigl, meaning the same.

Shewin: A horned sheep.

- Shipress: A mixture of oats and barley sown together used for washporo.
- Shonk: Smart, well. (In health "A's main shonk", he's quite well).
- Sharamed: Shivering, paralysed with cold.
- Sheafhell: To cover ricks with rush or straw preparatory to the thatching proper when this has been done the rick is said to be sheafheld. The last part of this word is "hell" to hide *lc.* cover A.S. *helan*.
- Shrove: Shrunken.
- Shut: A shoot of water;—Shut Street, Haverfordwest.
- Skrink: To shrink.
- Shringle: A loaf.
- Shed: To spill, upset : to shed water.
- Siccans: Oatmeal cleared of the husk, but retaining the bran.
- Siggywiggy or stickyfichy: The blue titmouse (*Parus cæruleus*)
- Silly Willies: Sandpipers, shore birds.
- Skaddly pluck: A scramble for anything (such as sweets nuts, &c.) thrown into a crowd of children.
- Skadly: Greedy; stealing food by stealth as of a young servant picking things or a well-fed cat stealing when no one is about. "Skadly herring," a man's nickname: Dutch *schaad*, hurt, damage.
- Skedadle: To run away.
- Skep or Skip: A basket.
- Skew: A settle; Welsh *ysgi*w.
- Skewiff: Anything awry or askew.
- Skarvey or scarve: To clear up, of the sky after rain, "Tis a hilding shower mabby t'will scarve."
- Skit: To splash.
- Skep: Basket-work; Norse *skepi*.
- Skul: To strip the crust of a loaf.
- Skymer: A cow that breaks fences and wanders. A schemer. *Qy.*
- Skrunk; Shrunk. A.S. *seruncan seroncen* ; shrunk.

- Saxon talan to count. "Nine talers make a man"
- Skip: To give short measure; to cut too fine.
- Slider: To slide.
- Slang: A narrow slip of land
- Slabby: Soft; muddy.
- Slip: A young girl or pig.
- Slop: A gap in a bank.
- Slurry: A very muddy condition; "The road is in a regular slurry" also the thick mud in a drain or ditch.
- Slink: Sour veal.
- Sneak: A slug, sneaks and snails; Dutch slek.
- Snob or snot: A bit of burnt wick generally called a thief, it makes the candle gutter.
- Soaker: A natural fissure in the limestone rock.
- Sogged: Saturated, overcome; "Sogged with sleep."
- Sowl: To be careful of, to spare. "Sowl the bag in the mount," a local maxim. "Sowl the butter."
- Sowling: Careful saving.
- Sorry: Poor, wicked, also sick.
- Sour-dock: Wild sorrel.
- Sowl: Something eaten with bread; e.g. bread and cheese. "A's had some bread and a sowl of bacon and a sowl of treacle, &c."
- Spen: The teat of a cow.
- Spiddocks or spittacks: Thatch pins. Dutch spic, a peg.
- Spur: The common tern (*sterna hirundo*).
- Spattle: Same meaning as Peel.
- Sprilly: Slender; used in reference to plants.
- Splay: Spread out; wide.
- Spewly: A see-saw.
- Springle: A trap for catching birds made with horse hair.
- Spile: The vent plug in a beer barrel. Dutch spijlen.
- Spuds: Potatoes (Norse).

Squile or squale: A number of birds or articles, as "a whole squile of birds."

Stivle: To starve; shiver from the cold; Form of "stifie." French estoufer.

Stein: To stein a well is to build it round with stones to prevent the sides falling in.

Stug: Stubborn; Dutch stug.

Stum: To cover the ball fire with fresh fuel in order to keep it in over night, to bank it; also to smother; e.g. of a drunken man; "A'd got in under the mattress and I was a feared a'd stum."

Staniel: Another form of stallion.

Strike: A corn measure.

Stound: To stun; to render unconscious. Ic. stunde.

Stuggy: Short; close knit: a stuggy man.

Stare: Startling.

Stokker: Bonus to Fishermen.

St. George Duck: the sheldrake (Tadorna Vulpanser).

Staer: Perpendicular; "the rick is too staer."

Staff: A walking stick; invariably used in this sense. Saxon stæf, Dutch staf.

Stang: A rood of land.

Stife: Smoke; also dust.

Stingle: A sting; bee's stingle.

Summer blossoms: Primroses.

Sump: Substance (Welsh)

Swingle or swing: A spreader to keep apart the traces of a leading horse; a wipple-tree.

Swelth: A swelling (e.g. of a bruise "a great swelth").

Swansea rain: Rain coming from the S.E.

Swill: Saxon, to rinse, to wash. Shakespeare Hy. V. "Swilled by the wild and wasteful ocean."

To take off: To run away, of horses "the horses were frightened and I was afeared they would take off."

Taler: A man who keeps count of wedding presents;

- a reference to ringing the passing bell; same word.
- Tailer: Best man of bridegroom.
- Tally: A check stick, from French tailler to cut; a stick notched or cut in conformity to another stick, and used to keep accounts by : Johnston's Dict.
- Tannot: As much hay or straw as a man can carry; Welsh tanaid, a morsel, a bit.
- Tangs: Withes used in tying anything.
- Tablen: The last layer of bricks on a chimney stack.
- Teens: Haybands; Dutch teen, osier : twig.
- Thicky: That.
- Tidy: Fairly good; "a tidy lot : a good quantity" "a tidy man" a decent, respectable person.
- Tinkle: Tingle.
- To go agen one: To go out to meet a person.
- Towlat or Tollat: The unceiled loft of a cottage; from Welsh tafllow.
- Topfest: Superlative of top; highest.
- Tosty: A cowslip ball.
- Tom Puddin: The puffin.
- Tranter: A fish hawk. A south Country (Wessex) word; Common in Thomas Hardy's novels : carter.
- Trelawny: Barley bread boiled with water.
- Trapesing or traipsing: Wandering about in an idle fashion. From verb to trape or traipse: To run idly or sluttishly about, used only of women.
- Trash: The cuttings of a hadge; Islandic tros: German drusen anything worthless.
- Tripless: Rickety; unsafe; Dutch trippen.
- Triple: The frame placed on a cart to increase its carrying power for hay.
- Trippet: A stool. Form of tripod from Latin tripus; perhaps a corruption when pronounced with short i trip-od.
- Trolly: A suet dumpling; Dutch trollen to roll.

Trelew: Convolvulus (Major).

Trow: Trough; Dutch troch, Danish trou.

Tundish: A large square wooden funnel used for filling a water cart.

Unkid: Awkward; unsteady.

Uncommon: Intensive; very; "uncommon yegger" very sour. "Bring me thicky d'll dollin jug of beer for I am uncommon dry."

Vang: To dam mop up or catch water; Dutch vang, to catch. "I'll put out the kive, to vang the water" A.S. fang : to seize, grip C.f. modern fang and finger.

Veer: To hunt as a dog; to quarter.

Veer or vair: A weasel.

Vel: Skin hide; Dutch vel.

Velg: Fallow land.

Verra: Barren. A verra : a cow not in calf.

Vit: Aim; an attempt; "A made a vit at it."

Villy: The fellow of a wheel.

Vitty: Handy.

Vorriot or Headland: Land unploughed at the top and bottom of the field where the horses and plough are turned, this part being ploughed last and at right angles to the other furrows.

Voor: The furrow of a plough; Dutch Voor.

Vonk or Vank: A spark; Dutch vonk.

Walplote: Part of the wall of a house; the wallplate.

Washporo: Oatmeal dumped and allowed to ferment; boiled and eaten cold like blanc mange. Wash porridge.

Washe: To bathe (The e is pronounced) note--The mediæval e is still in use in Pem. e.g. "churne, milke, poste, sheltere, beaste, &c." "I'll pitche and you'll loade."

Wambling: Rolling on its belly; also of a piece of bad

- meat "wambling with maggots." Dutch wemmelen.
- Wemble or Wimble: A couple (beam) of a roof.
- Wentin: A division in a field which is too large or too hilly to plough in one continuous furrow from fence to fence: the wentin is afterwards ploughed up.
- Weeds: Old clothes; Saxon *peoda*, Dutch *waed*: Johnston says "Now scarce in use, except in "widow's weeds" "Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in" Shakspeare. The word is still in use in Pembrokeshire.
- Whichè: Which; "I don't care whichè".
- Whistle-board: Front part of a cart. (Roose).
- Wim: A circular wooden windlass used formerly in coal pits: it was worked horizontally.
- Winchester: Contraction of Winchester bushel; the measure is always called a Winchester.
- Wicked: Angry "A's uncommon wicked"; he is very angry.
- Winch: A deep well requiring a rope and bucket.
- Wish: Delicate.
- Wirrit: To beat.
- Wilg: The willow (Castlemarten).
- Woodcush: A wood pigeon.
- Wollop: To beat; to thrash.
- Worrit: To worry.
- Wraith-rings: Ring marks on the grass attributed to fairies or wraiths.
- Yegger: Sharp; sour, : Saxon *Ea'ger*, "And curd, like eager droppings into milk : Shakspeare. "It is a biting and an eager air" Hamlet.
- Yearne: Yarn, old English.

*A List of High Sheriffs of
the County of Pembroke.*



The High Sheriffs of the County of Pembroke.

Year of
Reign.**HENRY VIII.**

1540	Sir Thomas Jones, of Haroldstone, Knight.....	32
1541	John Philipps, of Picton Castle, Esquire.....	33
1542	Sir John Wogan, of Wiston Castle, Knight.....	34
1543	John Vaughan, of Whitland, Esquire	35
1544	Owen ap Owen, of Pentre Evan, Esquire.....	36
1545	John Sutton, of Camrose, Esquire	37
1546	Morgan Jones, of Milton, Esquire	38

EDWARD VI.

1547	Henry Wyrriott, of Orielton, Esquire	1
1548	Thomas Philipps, of Picton Castle, Esquire	2
1549	John Wogan, of Wiston Castle, Esquire	3
1550	John Perrott, of Scotsborough, Esquire	4
1551	Sir John Perrott, of Carew Castle, Knight ...	5
1552	John Bowen, of Treffloyne, Esquire	6
1553	John Bowen, of Treffloyne, Esquire	7

QUEEN MARY.

1554	Sir John Wogan, of Wiston Castle, Knight ...	1
1555	John Vaughan, of Whitland, Esquire	2
1556	John Williams, of Panthowell, Esquire	3
1557	William Rees, of Sandyhaven, Esquire	4
1558	Arnold Butler, of Johnstone, Esquire	5

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

1559	Henry Wyrriott, of Orielton, Esquire	1
1560	John Bowen, of Treffloyne, Esquire	2
1561	Griffith White, of Henllan, in Castlemartin, Esq.	3
1562	John Barlow, of Slebech, Esquire	4
1563	William Philipps, of Picton Castle, Esquire ...	5
1564	Reece ap Owen, of Upton Castle, Esquire	6
1565	Thomas Cadderme, of Prendergast Place, Esquire	7
1566	Sir John Wogan, of Wiston Castle, Knight ...	8
1567	John Wogan, of Boulston, Esquire	9

THE HISTORY OF HAVERFORDWEST.

Year of
Reign.

1568	Francis Laugharne, of Saint Brides, Esquire ...	10
1569	Thomas Bowen, of Pentre Evan, Esquire	11
1570	Griffith White, of Henllan, Esquire	12
1571	John Bradshaw, of Saint Dogmaels, Esquire ...	13
1572	John Wogan, of Wiston Castle, Esquire	14
1573	Alban Stephney, of Prendergast Place, Esquire	15
1574	John Wogan, of Wiston Castle, Esquire	16
1575	John Barlow, of Slebech, Esquire	17
1576	Morgan Philipps, of Picton Castle, Esquire ...	18
1577	George Wyrriott, of Orielton, Esquire	19
1578	Francis Laugharne, of Saint Brides, Esquire...	20
1579	Thomas Revell, of Forest, near Kilgerran, Esquire	21
1580	George Devereux, of Lamphey, Esquire	22
1581	Griffith White, of Henllan, Esquire	23
1582	John ap Reece, of Richardson, near Dewsland, Esquire	24
1583	Hugh Owen, of Orielton, Esquire (afterwards Knight)	25
1584	Sir John Wogan, of Boulston, Knight	26
1585	John Elliott, of Narberth, Esquire	27
1586	Rowland Laugharne, of Saint Brides, Esquire	28
1587	George Owen, of Henllys, Esquire	29
1588	Henry Adams, of Pater-church, Esquire	30
1589	Thomas Jones, of Harroldstone, Esquire	31
1590	Alban Stephney, of Prendergast Place, Esquire	32
1591	Edmund Wenstanley, of Saint Dogmaels, Esquire	33
1592	Henry White, of Henllan, Esquire	34
1593	John ap Reece, of Richardston, Esquire	35
1594	Walter Laugharne, of Saint Brides, Esquire ...	36
1595	John Philipps, of Picton Castle, Esquire	37
1596	Thomas Lloyd, of Kilkiffyth, Esquire	38
1597	Thomas Parry, of Saint Dogmaels, Esquire...	39
1598	John Wogan, of Boulston, Esquire	40
1599	Hugh Butler, of Johnstone, Esquire	41

THE HISTORY OF HAVERFORDWEST.

1600	John Scourfield, of New Moat, Esquire	42
1601	Devereux Barrett, of Tenby, Esquire	43
1602	George Owen, of Henllys, Esquire	44

KING JAMES I.

1603	James Bowen, of Treffloyne, Esquire	1
1604	Henry White, of Henllan, Esquire	2
1605	Alban Stepney, of Prendergast Place, Esquire...	3
1606	Sir John Wogan, of Boulston, Knight	4
1607	Roger Lort, of Stackpole Court, Esquire	5
1608	John Butler, of Coedcanlas, Esquire	6
1609	Owen Elliott, of Narberth, Esquire	7
1610	Thomas ap Reece, of Scotsborough, Esquire ...	8
1611	Thomas Philipps, of Picton Castle, Esquire (afterwards Knight and Baronet)	9
1612	William Barlow, of Criswell, Esquire	10
1613	Thomas Lloyd, of Kilkiffyth, Esquire	11
1914	John Stepney, of Prendergast Place, Esquire (afterwards Baronet)	12
1615	Richard Cuny, of Lamphey, Esquire	13
1616	Devereux Barrett, of Tenby, Esquire	14
1617	William Scourfield, of New Moat, Esquire	15
1618	George Barlow, of Slebech, Esquire	16
1619	Henry Lort, of Stackpole Court, Esquire	17
1620	Alban Philipps, of Great Nash, Langwm, Esquire	18
1621	John Philipps, of Pentypark, Esquire	19
1622	John Carew, of Carew Castle, Esquire	20
1623	James Bowen, of Llyngwair, Esquire	21

KING CHARLES I.

1624	John Lloyd, of Hendre, in Castlemartin, Esquire	1
1625	John Laugharne, of Tenby, Esquire	2
1626	Griffith White, of Henllan, Esquire	3
1627	George Bowen, of Treffloyne, Esquire	4
1628	David Thomas Parry, of Noyadd Trefawr, Car- diganshire, Esquire, and	

THE HISTORY OF HAVERFORDWEST.

	David Parry, his grandson, both in one year ...	5
1629	Sir John Wogan, of Boulston, Knight	6
1630	John Laugharne, of Saint Brides, Esquire	7
1631	George Bowen, of Llwyngwair, Esquire	8
1632	Sir Richard Philipps, of Picton Castle, Bart.	9
1633	Hugh Owen, of Orietton, Esquire (afterwards Knight)	10
1634	John Scourfield, of New Moat, Esquire	11
1635	John Wogan, of Wiston Castle, Esquire	12
1636	Sir John Stephney, of Prendergast Place, Bart.	13
1637	John Philipps, of Ffynongaine, Esquire	14
1638	Thomas Warren, of Trewern in Cemmacs, Esquire	15
1639	George Carew, of Carew Castle, Esquire ...	16
1640	Lewis Barlow, of Criswell, Esquire	17
1641	James Lewis, of Kilkiffyth, Esquire	18
1642	Alban Owen, of Henllys, Esquire	19
1643	Thomas Butler, of Scovaston, Esquire, who ...	20
1644	continued his office two years	21

THE KING AND PARLIAMENT.

1645	William Philipps, of Haythog, Esquire	1
1646	John Lloyd, of Blaiddpwll, Llanfyrnach, Esquire	2
1647	Abraham Wogan, of Boulston, Esquire	3

THE KEEPERS OF THE LIBERTIES OF ENGLAND BY ACCOUNT OF THE PARLIAMENT.

1648	Arnold Thomas, of Haverfordwest, Esquire (for Llungwathen)	1
1649	Sampson Lort, of East Meare, Esquire	2
1650	James Phillips, of Trefgil, Carmarthenshire, Esquire	3
1651	Roger Lort, of Stackpole Court, Esquire	4
1652	John Lort, of Prickeston, Esquire	5

THE HISTORY OF HAVERFORDWEST.

OLIVER, LORD PROTECTOR OF ENGLAND.

1653	Sir Hugh Owen, of Orielton, Knight and Baronet	1
1654	James Price, or ap Reece, of Richardston, Esquire	2
1655	Sir Erasmus Philipps, of Picton Castle, Baronet	3
1656	Richard Walter, of Roch Castle, Esquire	4
1657	Henry White, of Henllan, Esquire	5

RICHARD, LORD PROTECTOR OF ENGLAND.

1658	Henry White, of Henllan, Esquire	1
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The Keepers a second time.

1659	George Howard, of Flether Hill, Esquire	1
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KING CHARLES II.

1660	George Howard, of Flether Hill, Esquire	1
1661	John Lloyd, of Kilrhiw, Esquire	2
1662	David Morgan, of Coed Lloyd, Newport, Esquire	3
1663	William Scourfield, of New Moat, Esquire	4
1663	Sir Hugh Owen, of Landshipping, Baronet	4
1664	Griffith Davies, of Bangeston, Esquire	5
1665	Sir Herbert Perrott, of Haroldstone, Knight	6
1666	Thomas Phillips, of Trelewhellin, Esquire	7
1667	Lewis Barlow, of Criswell, Esquire	8
1668	James Lewis, of Coedmore, Cardiganshire, Esquire	9
1669	Thomas Lloyd, of Morvill, Esquire	10
1670	John Williams, of Gumfreystone, Esquire	11
1671	Jas. Bowen, of Llwyngwaire, Esquire	12
1672	Lewis Wogan, of Boulston, Esquire	13
1673	William Meares, of Eastington, Esquire	14
1674	William Warren. of Trewern, Cemmaes, Esquire	15
1675	Nicholas Roch, of Richardson in Roose, Esquire	16
1676	Lewis John, of Lampeter Velfrey, Esquire ...	17
1677	David Morris Griffith Beynon, of Manordivy, Esquire	18

THE HISTORY OF HAVERFORDWEST.

1678	Reynold Lewis, of Lampeter Velfrey, Esquire	19
1678	Francis Phillips, of Lampeter Velfrey, Esquire	19
1679	Thomas Jones, of Wenallt, Newport, Esquire ...	20
1680	Francis Phillips, of Waingron, Esquire	21
1681	Sir John Barlow, of Minweare, Baronet	22
1682	George Bowen, of Llwyngwaire, Esquire	23
1683	David Williams, of Hean Castle, Esquire.....	24
1684	John Owen, of Trecoon, Esquire	25

KING JAMES II.

1685	David Morgan, of Coed Lloyd, Newport, Esquire	1
1686	John Barlow, of Criswell, Esquire	2
1687	Charles Philipps, of Sandy Haven, Esquire	3
1688	James ap Reece, or Preece, of Richardston, Esquire	4

KING WILLIAM AND QUEEN MARY.

1689	William Lewis, of Carew Castle, Esquire	1
1690	Griffith Hawkwell, of Tallybont, Esquire	2
1691	Edward Philipps, of Picton Castle and Kilgetty, Esquire	3
1692	George Meare, of Corston, Esquire, who died Sheriff	4
1693	William Allen, of Gellyswick, Esquire	5
1694	David Parry, of Noyadd Trefawr, Cardiganshire, Esquire	6
1695	Francis Meare, of Corston, Esquire, who died Sheriff	7

KING WILLIAM.

1696	George Lloyd, of Cwmgloyne, Esquire	1
1697	Sir Thomas Stepney, of Prendergast Place, Paronet	2
1698	Hugh Bowen, of Upton Castle, Esquire	3
1699	William Scourfield, of New Moat, Esquire	4
1700	Thomas Lewis, of Grove, near Narberth, Esquire	5

1701	Thomas Lloyd, Floeshelig, Cardiganshire, Esquire, for lands in Cledai and Narberth in right of his wife	6
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QUEEN ANNE.

1702	John Edwardes, of Treffgarne, Esquire	1
1703	Julius Dieds, of Exeter, Esquire, for his lands in Saint Dogmell's	2
1704	Simon Willy, of Lampeter Velfrey, Esquire ...	3
1705	John Barlow, of Lawrenny, Esquire	4
1706	George Owen, of Priskilly, Esquire	5
1707	Sir Arthur Owen, of Llanshipping, Baronet ...	6
1708	Sir William Lewis, of Bristol, Knight	7
1709	Thomas Lloyd, of Grove, Esquire,	8
1710	John Vaughan, of Trecoon, Esquire	9
1711	Moris Morrish, of Manordivy, Esquire	10
1712	John Warren, of Trewern, Esquire	11
1713	John Simmons, of Llanstinan, Esquire	12
1714	Charles Owen, of Great Nash, Llangwm, Esquire	13

KING GEORGE I.

1715	Thomas Davids, of Dyffryn, Kilgerran, Esquire	1
1716	John Skyrme, of Llawhaden, Esquire	2
1717	Lewis Vaughan, of Jordanston, in Dewsland, ' Esquire	3
1718	Thomas Parry, of Manorowen, Esquire	4
1719	William Wheeler, of Haverfordwest, Esquire ...	5
1720	Richard Rowe, of Linney, Esquire	6
1721	Stephen Lewis, of Llangolman, Esquire	7
1722	Lawrence Colby, of Bletherston, Esquire	8
1723	John Lort, of Prickeston, Esquire	9
1724	William Wogan, of Wiston, Esquire	10
1725	John Child, of Begelly, Esquire	11
1726	David Lewis, of Vogart or Llandewy, Esquire	12
1727	Sir Richard Walter of Rhôs market, Knight ...	13

KING GEORGE II.

1728	Robert Popkins, of Forest, Esquire	1
1729	Nicholas Roch, of Paskeston, Esquire	2
1730	James Lloyd, of Kilrhiw, Esquire	3
1731	John Laugharne, of Llanrythan, Esquire	4
1732	John Allen, of Cresselly, Esquire	5
1733	Nicholas Roch, of Paskeston, Esquire	6
1734	James Philipps, of Penty Park, Esquire	7
1735	John Philipps, of Ford, Esquire	8
1736	William Philipps, of Sandy Haven, Esquire ...	9
1737	Thomas Davies, of Nash, Esquire	10
1738	George Harries, of Tregwynt, Esquire	11
1739	George Meare, of Pennar, Esquire	12
1740	William Warren, of Longridge, Esquire	13
1741	Matthew Bowen, of Westfield, Esquire	14
1742	William Allen, of Gellyswick, Esquire	15
1743	David Paynter, of Dale, Esquire	16
1744	William Jones, of Llether, Esquire	17
1745	John Wogan, of Wiston, Esquire	18
1746	Morris Bowen, of Upton Castle, Esquire	19
1747	Rowland Edwardes, of Treffgarne, Esquire ...	20
1748	John Wogan, of Boulston, Esquire	21
1749	Thomas Picton, of Poyston, Esquire	22
1750	Sparks Martin, of Withy Bush House, Esquire	23
1751	Hugh Meare, of Pearston, Esquire	24
1752	John Owen, of Berllan, Esquire	25
1753	George Barlow, of Slebech, Esquire	26
1754	Essex Marychurch Meyrick, of Bush, Esquire	27
1755	John Smith, of Jeffreyston, Esquire	28
1756	John Hook, of Bangeston, Esquire	29
1757	John Allen, of Dale Castle, Esquire	30
1758	John Adams, of Whitland, Esquire	31
1759	Thomas Jones, of Brawdy, Esquire	32
1760	Thomas Roch, of Butterhill, Esquire	33

KING GEORGE III.

1761	Rowland Philipps Laugharne, of Orlandon, Esquire	1
1762	William Wheeler Bowen, of Lambston, Esquire	2
1763	John Tucker, of Sealyham, Esquire	3
1764	William Ford, of Stone Hall, Esquire	4
1765	John Francis Meyrick, of Bush, Esquire	5
1766	William Williams, of Ivy Tower, Esquire	6
1767	Council Williams, of Haverfordwest, Esquire ...	7
1768	John Griffiths, of Clynderwen, Esquire	8
1769	Thomas Skyrme, of Vaynor, Esquire	9
1770	Thomas Colby, of Rhosygwilwen, Esquire ...	10
1771	Thomas Lloyd, of Cwmgloyne, Esquire	11
1772	John Parry, of Portclew, Esquire	12
1773	John Jones, of Brawdy, Esquire	13
1774	Cæsar Mathias, of Hook, Esquire	14
1775	John Lort, of Prickeston, Esquire	15
1776	John Harries, of Crygglas, Esquire	16
1777	Nicholas Roch, of Paskeston, Esquire	17
1778	Thomas Williams, of Trelethin, Esquire	18
1779	John Griffiths, of Llankeith, Esquire	19
1780	Thomas Lloyd, of Kilrhue, Esquire	20
1781	Henry Scourfield, of Robeston Hall, Esquire	21
1782	Vaughan Thomas, of Posty, Esquire	22
1783	Thomas Wright, of Popchill, Esquire	23
1784	John Protheroe, of Egremont, Esquire	24
1785	John Lloyd, of Dale Castle, Esquire	25
1786	William Knox, of Slebech, Esquire	26
1787	James Philipps, of Pentypark, Esquire	27
1788	John Philipps Laugharne, of Orlandon, Esquire	28
1789	George Roch, of Clareston, Esquire	29
1790	William Philipps, of St. Brides, Esquire	30
1791	William Wheeler Bowen, of Lambston, Esquire	31
1792	John Mathias, of Llangwarren, Esquire	32

THE HISTORY OF HAVERFORDWEST.

1793	John Higgon, of Scolton, Esquire	33
1794	John Phelps, of Withy Bush House, Esquire ...	34
1795	John Herbert Foley, of Ridgeway, Esquire ...	35
1796	Nathaniel Phillips, of Slebech, Esquire	36
1797	Abraham Leach, of Corston, Esquire	37
1798	John Tasker, of Upton Castle, Esquire	38
1799	Gwynn Vaughan, of Jordanston, Esquire	39
1800	John Meares, of Eastinton, Esquire	40
1801	Morgan Jones, of Kilwendeage, Esquire	41
1802	Hugh Stokes, of Hubberston, Esquire	42
1803	George Bowen, of Llwyngwair, Esquire	43
1804	Sir Hugh Owen, of Orielton, Baronet	44
1805	John Hill Harries, of Heathfield Lodge, Esquire	45
1806	Hugh Webb Bowen, of Camrose, Esquire	46
1807	John Colby, of Flynnone, Esquire	47
1808	John Hensleigh Allen, of Cresselly, Esquire ...	48
1809	Charles Allen Philipps, of Saint Bride's Hill, Esquire	49
1810	John Mirehouse, of Brownslade, Esquire.....	50
1811	Lewis Mathias, of Llangwarren, Esquire	51
1812	William Henry Scourfield, of Robeston Hall, Esquire	52
1813	Gwynn Gill Vaughan, of Jordanston, Esquire ...	53
1814	John Harcourt Powell, of Hook, Esquire	54
1815	Morris Williams, of Cwmgloyne, Esquire	55
1816	Henry Mathias, of Fernhill, Esquire (afterwards Knight)	56
1817	Charles Mathias, of Llangwarren, Esquire ...	57
1818	Robert Innes Ackland, of Boulston, Esquire ...	58
1819	Henry Davis, of Mullock, Esquire	59

KING GEORGE IV.

1820	Nathaniel Phillips, of Slebech, Esquire	1
1821	Joseph Harries, of Llanunwas, Esquire	2
1822	John Meares, of Eastington, Esquire	3

THE HISTORY OF HAVERFORDWEST.

1823	Owen Lewis, of Trewern in Cemmaes, Esquire	4
1824	Orlando Harries Williams, of Ivy Tower, Esquire	5
1825	George Bowen, of Llwyngwaire, Esquire	6
1826	Jonathan Haworth Peel, of Cotts, Esquire	7
1827	Anthony Innys Stokes, of Saint Botolphs, Esquire	8
1828	Thomas Meyrick, of Bush, Esquire	9
1829	William Edwardes Tucker, of Sealyham, Esquire	10
1830	George Clayton Roch, of Clareston, Esquire...	11

KING WILLIAM IV.

1831	Morgan Jones, of Kilwendeage, Esquire	1
1832	David Davies, of Carnachenwen, Esquire	2
1833	John Henry Philipps, of Williamston, Esquire (afterwards took surname of Scourfield)	3
1834	John Barham, of Trecwm, Esquire	4
1835	Nicholas Roch, of Paskeston, Esquire	5
1836	Charles Wheeler Townshend Webb Bowen, of Camrose, Esquire	6
1837	John Adams, of Lydstep, for Holyland, Esquire	7

QUEEN VICTORIA.

1838	John Colby, of Ffynnone, Esquire	1
1839	Gilbert William Warren Davis, of Mullock, Esquire	2
1840	Richard Llewellyn, of Tregwynt, Esquire	3
1841	George Roch, of Butterhill, Esquire	4
1842	Robert Frederick Gower, of Glanddovan, Esquire	5
1843	George Lort Philipps, of Dumbledale (after- wards of Lawrenny), Esquire	6
1844	William Charles Allen Philipps, of Saint Bride's Hill, Esquire	7
1845	Abel Lewis Gower, of Castlemaelgwyn, Cardi- ganshire, Esquire	8
1846	John Harding Harries, of Trevaccwm, Esquire	9

1847	William Henry Lewis, of Clymview, Esquire ...	10
1848	Owen Owen, of Cwmgloyne, Esquire, who died Sheriff	11
1849	Seymour Philipps Allen, of Cresselly, Esquire	12
1850	William Richards, of Tenby, Esquire	13
1851	John Harcourt Powell, of Hook, Esquire	14
1852	Henry Leach, of Corston, Esquire	15
1853	Adrian John Nicholas Stokes, of Saint Botolph's, Esquire	16
1854	The Hon. Robert Fulke Greville, of Castle Hall	17
1855	John Leach, of Ivy Tower, Esquire	18
1856	Lewis Mathias, of Llangwarren, Esquire	19
1857	Sir John James Hamilton, of Fishguard, Baronet	20
1858	Nicholas John Dunn, of Westmoor, Esquire	21
1859	William Owen, of Poyston, Esquire	22
1860	George Augustus Harries, of Hilton, Esquire...	23
1861	Edward Wilson, of Hean Castle, Esquire	24
1862	James Bevan Bowen, of Llwyngwaire, Esquire	25
1863	William Rees, of Scovaston, Esquire	26
1864	Thomas Harcourt Powell, of Hook, Esquire.....	27
1865	Thomas Henry Davies, of Clareston, Esquire ...	28
1866	William Walters, of Haverfordwest, Esquire	29
1867	Mark Anthony Saurin, of Orielton, Esquire	30
1868	George Richards Graham Rees, of Penllwyn, Esquire	31
1869	Robert Pavin Davis, of Ridgeway, Esquire ...	32
1870	Morris William Lloyd Owen, of Cwmgloyne, Esquire	33
1871	The Baron de Rutzen, of Slebech Park ...	34
1872	Richard Edward Arden, of Pontfaen, Esquire	35
1873	Seymour Allen, of Creselly, Esquire	36
1874	James Bowen Summers, of Milton, Esquire	37
1875	James William Taubman James, of Pontsaison, Esquire	38

1876	Charles Allen, of Tenby, Esquire	39
1877	Thomas Meyrick, of Bush, Esquire	40
1878	W. Henry Richards, of Tenby, Esquire	41
1879	W. F. Roch, of Ashdale, Esquire	42
1880	J. F. Lort Phillips, of Lawrenny, Esquire ...	43
1881	Sir Owen H. P. Scourfield, of Williamston, Baronet	44
1882	Charles E. G. Philipps, of Picton Castle, Esquire (afterwards Baronet)	45
1883	M. J. Saurin, of Oriulton, Esquire	46
1884	J. T. Hawkesley, of Caldys Island, Esquire ...	47
1885	Henry Leach, of Corston, L.-Col.	48
1886	R. W. B. Mirehouse, of Angle, Col.	49
1887	J. F. Ll. Philipps, of Pentypark, Esquire ...	50
1888	Arthur Picton Saunders Davies, of Pentre, Esquire	51
1889	J. D. G. Higgon, of Scolton, Esquire	52
1890	Charles Mathias, of Lamphey, Esquire	53
1891	J. V. Colby, of Rhosygilwen, Esquire	54
1892	G. D. Harries, of Llanunwas, Esquire	55
1893	Louis Samson, of Scotchwell, Esquire	56
1894	George Leader Owen, of Withybush, Esquire	57
1895	The Baron de Rutzen, of Slebech Park	58
1896	J. C. Yorke, of Treecwm, Esquire	59
1897	J. Clement Williams, of Tenby, Esquire.....	60
1898	W. Howell Walters, of Haroldston Hall, Esquire	61
1899	Edward Laws, of Tenby, Esquire	62
1900	John Evans, of Welston, Esquire	63

KING EDWARD VII.

1901	George Powell Roch, of Maesgwynne, Esquire	1
1902	Henry Owen, of Poyston, Esquire, D.C.L. ...	2
1903	Percy Arden, of Pontfaen, Esquire	3
1904	Herbert C. Lewis, of Hean Castle, Esquire ...	4
1905	H. H. Goodeve, of Tenby, Col.	5

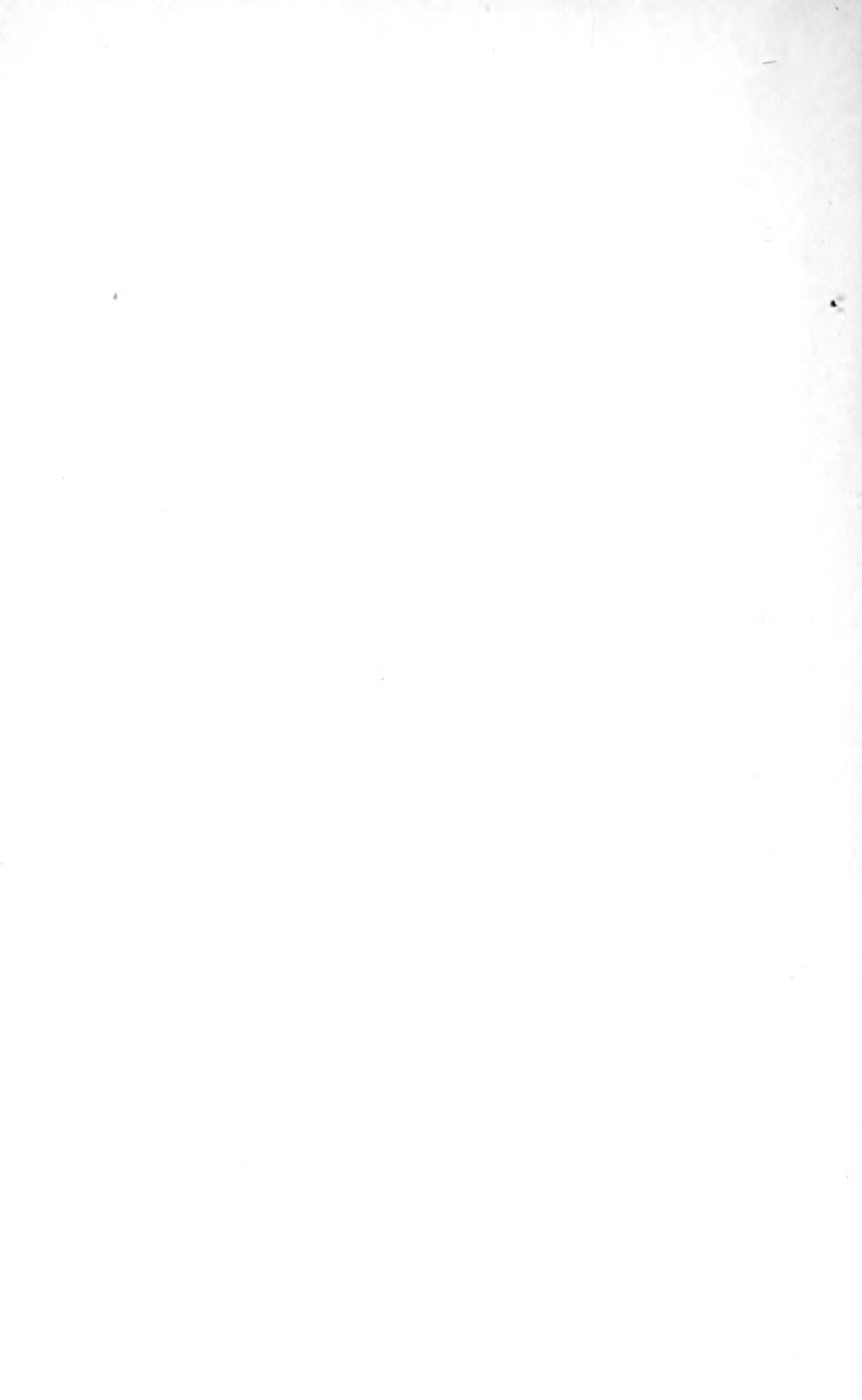
THE HISTORY OF HAVERFORDWEST.

1906	R. V. Lloyd Philipps, of Dale Castle, Col. ...	6
1907	Sir Owen Cosby Philipps, of Amroth Castle, Knight	7
1908	R. P. L. Penn, of Camrose, Esquire	8
1909	Herbert J. Allen, of Tenby, Esquire	9
1910	John Harcourt Powell, of Dumpstone Park, Esquire	10

KING GEORGE V.

1911	Evan Davies Jones, of Fishguard, Esquire ...	1
1912	Richard Ll. Lloyd, of Pentypark, Esquire ...	2
1913	Samuel Keith Harries, of Hilton, Col.	3
1914	Gilbert Bevan Bowen, of Llwyngwaire, Esquire	4

*A List of the Mayors and
Sheriffs of Haverfordwest.*



The Mayors and Sheriffs of Haverfordwest.

King James the 1st, in the 7th year of his reign (1610), granted by Royal Charter to the inhabitants of Haverfordwest power to elect their own Mayor and Bailiffs, although the Borough was already incorporated in 1479.

We find, however, mention is made of a Mayor of Haverfordwest more than two hundred years before this date, so that we may pretty safely assume that the earlier officials were "nominated" by the Lord, and that the only difference made by the Jacobean Charter was that subsequently Mayor and Bailiffs were "elected" by the Burgesses. The Sir Thomas Phillipps M.SS.,† however, suggest that before the reign of Richard II., Mayors were unknown in Haverfordwest, and that the Lord's affairs were managed by Praepositi or Prefects (Practically Bailiffs) without the intervention of a Mayor.

Lewis Dunn Vol. 1, p. 87. Pedigree of Ffulk of Haverfordwest gives Richard Ffulk as 1st Mayor of Haverfordwest, temp. Henry VII.

In 1341-2, William Harald was Constable of the Castle of Haverford, and John de Gobagh, William Fossard, Hamond le Gras, and Richard Clamery were Bailiffs. One of the principal men of Haverford in 1342 was Richard de la Porte (an ancestor of the donor of Portefield Common to the Burgesses), who with other representatives of the community did fealty on the accession of Edward, the Black Prince, to the Principality of Wales.* In 1386, Robert Gosnold was Prepositor. No list of Mayors for a period of 84 years of the early life of the Corporation—1479 to 1563—has been compiled, and it

†In the possession of Mr. J. W. Phillips.

*The right of Portefield was confirmed by James I. in 1609.

is believed that the materials for preparing it cannot now be obtained. In documents written in the period indicated, the name of a Mayor is occasionally given. Thomas Browne was Mayor in 1490; Hugh Harries in 1538; William Morris Gwynne in 1545, and Hugh Harry in 1553. Richard Taylor, whose name heads the appended list, stated in 1572 that he had been Mayor of Haverford "divers times." Richard Taylor was the second member of Parliament returned by Haverford; he was elected in September, 1553.

EARLY "PRAEPOSITI" OF HAVERFORDWEST.

1285	circa	Symon le Kyng
		Richard le Tallacharne
1300		John Nest
		David Pantintune
1315	circa	Wm. Johes (Johannes) le Fever
		Ricus le Spicer
1318		Henry Lamy
		Philip Cokey
1323		Thomas de St. David
		Walter Peytin
1340		William Joce
		William Terverton
1342	circa	Philip Pelcam
		Henry Tholose
1342	circa	Robert Hey
		Thomas Bonevile
1347	circa	John Wythened
		John Britoun
1355		Henry Crispin
1379		Thomas Russell
1381		Philip Dodston, Maior of Haverfordwest 5
		Ric. II., 1381.

THE HISTORY OF HAVERFORDWEST.

1381	circa	Ric. Brun
1384		Richard Gourda (Praepositus)
1386		Robert Defnold
1386	circa	Cradocus Cementarius
		Thomas Texton
1411		Walter Bolton
1419		Richard Penbey
		Jno. Musselwyke, Seneschal
1421		Thomas Dodde
1458		Galfrid Pole, Seneschal of Haverfordwest
		William ap Owen, Deputy
1571		Lewis Harries, Gent., Maior
		Clement Daniel, Sheriff
		Henry Nash and Henry Taylor, Bailiffs
1605		John Bateman, Maior
1678		Jacob Wolford, Maior

Note.—The Seneschals were Military Governors of the Castle and Town.

FIFTH YEAR OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

<i>Date.</i>	<i>Mayors.</i>	<i>Sheriffs.</i>
1563	Richard Taylor	...Morris Llewellyn
1564	William Gwynne	...Lewis Harries
1565	William ap Rees	...Morris Walter
1566	William ap Rees	...George Pynde
1567	John Voyle	...Jenkin Davids
1568	George Pynde	...John Synnett
1569	Thomas Tanke	...Thomas Bowen
1570	Sir John Perrot, Knight	...Roger Marcroft
1571	John Voyle	...Edmond Harries
1572	Lewis Harris	...Clement Daniell
1573	William Morris Gwynne	Richard Gwynne
1574	John Voyle	...Meredith Powell

THE HISTORY OF HAVERFORDWEST.

<i>Date.</i>	<i>Mayors.</i>	<i>Sheriffs.</i>
1575	Sir John Perrot, Knight	...John Davids
1576	Sir John Perrot, Knight	...Morris Cannon
1577	Jenkin Davids	...Thomas Warren
1578	Jenkin Davids	...William, Bowen
1579	Morris Walter	...John Harries
1580	Morris Cannon	...George Eynon
1581	William Walter	...William Walter
1582	John Davids	...Morgan Voyle
1583	Richard Bateman	...William Jones
1584	George Eynon	...Henry Murton
1585	Morgan Voyle	...John Kynner, senr.
1586	Sir Thomas Perrot, Knight	William Morgan
1587	Morris Walter	...Richard Gibbon
1588	Henry Murton	...Roger Waters
1589	William Jones	...Harry Nash
1590	John Kynner, sen.	...Thomas Thomas
1591	Roger Waters	...William Walter
1592	William Walter	...Thomas Hendie
1593	Jenkins David	...Richard Harries
1594	Henry Murton	...Rice James
1595	Richard Bateman	...George Carne
1596	Roger Waters	...Thomas Powell
1597	William Walter	...Thomas Cannon
1598	George Carne	...John Kynner, jun.
1599	Thomas Cannon	...John Hill
1600	John Kynner	...Arnold Tanke
1601	Thomas Powell	...Nicholas Gibbon
1602	Thomas Cannon	...Richard Knethell
JAMES I.		
1603	John Hill	...John Howell
1604	George Carne	...William Davids
1605	Sir James Perrot, Knight	Matthew Synnett
1606	Thomas Cannon	...Rees Leonard
1607	Arnold Tanke	...James Scourfield

THE HISTORY OF HAVERFORDWEST.

<i>Date.</i>	<i>Mayors.</i>	<i>Sheriffs.</i>
1608	Richard Knethell	...William Thomas
1609	Rees James	...Richard Smyth
1610	John Howell*	...Thomas Vawer died: in his room Thomas Martor
1611	William Thomas	...John Bateman
1612	Thomas Cannon	...William Bateman
1613	William Davids	...John Warren
1614	John Kynner	...Thomas Bateman
1615	Matthew Synnet	...Roger Walter
1616	John Bateman	...Thomas Adams
1617	Roger Walter	...James Williams
1618	William Bateman	...Jenkin Howell
1619	Roger Walter	...William Meyler
1620	Sir John Stepney, Knight	William Cannon
1621	John Warren	...Ethelred Wogan
1622	Jenkin Howell	...William Hake
1623	Thomas Adams	...Richard Bateman
1624	Sir James Perrot, Knight	John Barlow

CHARLES I.

1625	William Meyler	...John Synnett
1626	John White	...Francis Kynner died: in his room John Gibbon
1627	William Bowen	...Roger Beavans
1628	John Barlow	...Richard Bateman
1629	Ethelred Wogan	...William Williams
1630	Roger Beavans	...John Davids
1631	William Bateman	...John Pryne
1632	Sir Thos. Cannon, Knight	Rice Vaughan
1633	William Williams	...Thomas Barlow
1634	Sir James Perrot, Knight	Morgan Walter
1635	William Meyler	...Nicholas Bateman
1636	John Warren	...Arnold Thomas

*Named in the Charter of King James I. dated 20th
February, 1609.

THE HISTORY OF HAVERFORDWEST.

<i>Date.</i>	<i>Mayors.</i>	<i>Sheriffs.</i>
1637	William Bowen	...Richard Higday
1638	John Barlow	...Philip Wall
1639	Ethlered Wogan	...Thomas Davids
1640	Roger Beavans	...William Nicholas
1641	William Williams	...Morgan Harries
1642	John Davids	...Henry Bowen
1643	Richard Bateman	...Thomas Williams
1644	Arnold Thomas	...William Walter
1645	Rice Vaughan	...Owen Howell
1646	Roger Beavans	...William Davids
1647	Ethelred Wogan	...John Stibbins
1648	John Pryne	...John Wheeler

CROMWELL AND PARLIAMENT.

1649	William Williams	...John Grange
1650	William Bowen	...William Howell
1651	Thomas Williams	...Roger Beavans
1652	Thomas Davids	...Lewis Barron
1653	William Walter	...William Marychurch*
1654	Henry Bowen	...Thomas Wilkin
1655	William Davids	...Balthazar Wolford
1656	Richard Bateman	...Henry Jones
	James Philipps	...
1657	Sir H. Owen, Bart.	...George Knethell
1658	Arnold Thomas	...Thomas Bowen
1659	Lewis Barron	...William Browne

CHARLES II.

1660	Henry Jones	...William Davids
1661	Philip Wall	...John Eddowe
1662	Sir Jno. Stepney, Bart.	...John Williams
1663	Lewis Barron	...Gabriel Wade

*William Marychurch, Sheriff, and John William, his bailiff, were fined at Haberdasher's Hall for bearing office (being formerly in arms for the King) and put out of office.

THE HISTORY OF HAVERFORDWEST.

<i>Date</i>	<i>Mayors.</i>	<i>Sheriffs.</i>
1664	John Williams	...John Lloyd
1665	William Browne	...John Holland
1666	Thomas Cozen	...Rice Jones
1667	Richard Walter	...Richard Fowler
1668	Richard Walter	...Robert Prust
1669	Thomas Bowen	...George Lewis
1670	John Thomas	...John Bateman
1671	Richard Fowler	...Jacob Wolford
1672	Balthazar Wolford	...Vincent Powell
1673	Robert Prust	...Richard Williams
1674	John Lloyd	...Hugh Rice
1675	John Bateman	...Roger Davids
1676	Roger Davids	...John Wolford
1677	Sir Herbert Perrot, Knight	Richard Wheeler
1678	Jacob Wolford	...William Bateman
1679	John Williams	...Edward Hughes
1680	William Davids	...William Browne
1681	Lewis Wogan	...John Fowler
1682	Thomas Bowen	...Thomas Lloyd died: in room Thomas Poyer
1683	Robert Prust, sen.	...Robert Prust, jun.
1684	Roger Davids	...Thomas Bowen

JAMES II.

1685	John Fowler	...Peter Davids
1686	William Browne	...Thomas Harries
1687	William Bowen	...John Perry
1688	Thomas Poyer	...James Laugharne

WILLIAM AND MARY.

1689	Robert Prust, jun.	...John Jones
1690	Thomas Harryes	...John Lewis
1691	George Lewis	...Thomas Llewellyn
1692	William Bateman	...William Marychurch
1693	Thomas Llewellyn	...Thomas Bowen

THE HISTORY OF HAVERFORDWEST.

<i>Date.</i>	<i>Mayors.</i>	<i>Sheriffs.</i>
1694	William Marychurch	...Jacob Wolford
1695	Jacob Wolford, jun.	...Stephen Prust

WILLIAM ALONE.

1696	Stephen Prust	...John Bateman
1697	Thomas Bowen, jun.	...Peregrine Stokes
1698	John Perry	...Benjamin Bateman
1699	James Harries	...Benjamin Prust
1700	Benjamin Prust	...George Phillips
1701	William Wogan	...Richard Smyth
	Robert Prust	...

QUEEN ANNE.

1702	John Bateman	...William Ayleway
1703	Francis Edwardes	...John Maddocks
1704	William Bowen	...William Hall
1705	John Maddocks	...John Laugharne
1706	William Browne	...Edward Moore
1707	Robert Prust	...John James
1708	John Edwardes	...John Higgon
1709	Michael Prust	...Griffith Summers
1710	Richard Smyth	...Thomas Parr
1711	John Higgon	...Jonathan Thomas
1712	Richard Sparkes	...Moses Gibbon
1713	Thomas Llewellyn	...James Barnsley

GEORGE I.

1714	William Ayleway	...John Price
1715	James Wheeler	...Joseph Prust
1716	Thomas Bowen	...John Gilmin, sen.
1717	Thomas Harries	...John Lewis
1718	William Bateman	...John Hore
1719	Joseph Prust	...George Summers
1720	Benjamin Prust	...Thomas Morris
1721	John Phillips	...John Gilmin, jun.
1722	John Mathias	...Daniel Ayleway

<i>Date.</i>	<i>Mayors.</i>	<i>Sheriffs.</i>
1723	Robert Prust	...Charles Cleveland
1724	John Higgon	...Philip Hunt
1725	Richard Sparkes	...Nicholas Eynon
1726	Michael Prust	...Thomas Allen

GEORGE II.

1727	John Perry	...Thomas Tucker
1728	Joseph Prust	...Thomas Hoare
1729	William Bateman	...Richard Gwynne
1730	Thomas Parr	...John Hood
1731	Daniel Ayleway	...John Davids
1732	Thomas Morris	...Thomas Nash
1733	Thomas Bowen	...Richard Thomas Bateman
1734	John Lloyd	...William Elliot
1735	John Davies	...William Jenkins
1736	Evan Tucker	...Joseph Blundell
1737	John Phillips	...Rowland Philipps
1738	Sparks Martin	...Arthur Bateman
1739	John Lloyd	...Benjamin Bateman
1740	William Edwardes	...Charles Philipps
1741	James Phillips	...Thomas Philipps
1742	John Lloyd	...George Bowen
1743	Daniel Ayleway died; in John Beddoe his room John Higgon	
1744	Stephen Morris	...William Phillips
1745	John Higgon	...Vincent Griffiths died; in his room D. Griffiths
1746	John Mathias	...William Perry
1747	Rowland Philipps	...William Evans
1748	Edward Whitaker	...Charles Prust
1749	George Howell	...Edward Hichings
1750	George Bowen died; in his Arthur Bateman room Geo. Howell ...	
1751	Charles Prust	...John Perrot
1752	Stephen Morris	...William Moore

1753	John Williams Lloyd	...William Ayleway
1754	John Higgon	...John Ormond
1755	William Edwardes	...Thomas Bowen
1756	Rowland Philipps	...William Bowen
1757	Rowland P. Laugharne	...John Williams
1758	Rowland Philipps	...William Adams
1759	Thomas Harries	...John Mends

GEORGE III.

1760	John Hensleigh	...John Morris
1761	William Ayleway	...John Rhodes
1762	David Hughes	...John Griffiths
1763	Robert Prust	...Samuel Levi Phillips
1764	George Phillips	...Lieut. John Phillips
1765	James Phillips	...Lieut. John Phillips
1766	Sir Richard Philipps, Bart.	Charles Gibbon
1767	Essex Devereux Jones	...Charles Gibbon, sen.
1768	John Wogan	...Thomas Skone
1769	John Warren	...Charles Waters
1770	Thomas Beynon	...Joseph Maund
1771	John Griffiths	...William Wright
1772	Thomas Harries	...Thomas Skone
1773	Robert Prust	...James Bevan
1774	William Wright	...Benjamin Allen
1775	Essex Devereux Jones	...John Bateman
1776	John Warren	...Thomas Gibbs
1777	William Moore	...John Prickett
1778	Robert Prust	...John Jenkins
1779	Hugh Allen	...Lewis Gibbon
1780	William Wright	...Charles Gibbon
1781	Essex Devereux Jones	...John Green
1782	John Warren	...William Phillips
1783	William Moore	...James Evans
1784	John Lloyd	...Thomas Robbin, jun.
1785	Joseph Fortune	...Thomas Tucker

THE HISTORY OF HAVERFORDWEST.

<i>Date.</i>	<i>Mayors.</i>	<i>Sheriffs.</i>
1786	Edward Waters	...William Griffiths
1787	Right Hon. Lord Milford	Richard Lloyd
1788	John Philipps Laugharne	George Devonald
1789	Edward Waters	...John Jones
1790	Robert Bateman Prust	...John Theophilus Potter
1791	Edward Waters	...Stephen George
1792	Robert Bateman Prust	...Richard Argust
1793	Robert Bateman Prust	...John Argust
1794	Edward Waters died; in his room R. B. Prust ...	William Charles
1795	William Ayleway	...James Tasker
1796	Hugh Savage	...Thomas Evans
1797	Francis Edwardes	...William Bowen
1798	Hugh Savage	...Richard Everitt
1799	Robert Bateman Prust	...Thomas Robbin
1800	Dudley Acland	...John Bowen
1801	William Thomas	...John Evans
1802	Robert Bateman Prust	...John Jones
1803	Richard Lloyd	...John Bowen
1804	Thomas Tucker	...William Crunn
1805	Rt. Hon. Lord Kensington	Richard Parcell
1806	Henry Mathias	...John Gibbs
1807	Wm. H. Scourfield	...William Evans
1808	John Mathias	...Thomas Evans
1809	Lord Kensington	...John Griffiths
1810	Jno. Mathias removed by Mandamus & W. Ayleway succeeded	James Griffiths
1811	Rev. James Thomas	...John Banner
1812	Rev. J. T. Nash, D.D.	...John Wakelin
1813	John Lort Phillips	...William Griffiths
1814	Thomas Lloyd	...Joseph Potter
1815	John James	...Richard Gibbon
1816	John E. P. Laugharne	...Charles Gibbs

THE HISTORY OF HAVERFORDWEST.

<i>Date.</i>	<i>Mayors.</i>	<i>Sheriffs.</i>
1817	Thomas Lloyd	...Moses Phillips
1818	Rev. J. T. Nash, D.D.	...John Evans
1819	George Thomas	...Thomas Gibbs
GEORGE IV.		
1820	William Evans	...William Gibbs
1821	George Harries	...Joseph Tasker
1822	James Phillips	...John Lloyd
1823	James Phillips	...Thomas Harries
1824	Nathaniel Phillips*	...William Maurice
1825	Wm. Philipps Laugharne	William Scowcroft
1826	Robert Innes Acland	...John Robbin
1827	James Higgon	...George Phillips
1828	George Roch, jun.	...William Rowlands
1829	Arthur Bowen	...Joseph Marychurch

WILLIAM IV.

1830	Sir R. B. P. Philipps, Bart.	Edward Jenkins
1831	William Evans	...Joseph Potter
1832	W. H. Scourfield	...Charles Gibbs
1833	David Morgan Lloyd	...William Charles
1834	John Higgon	...Joseph Potter
1835	John Lloyd Morgan	...Joseph Potter
1836	Morgan Rice James (first James Meyler Mayor under municipal corporation Act.)	

VICTORIA.

1837	William Evans	...John Phillips
1838	James Higgon	...John Owen Bowen
1839	John Jardine	...Thomas Harryes
1840	James Griffiths	...William Phillips
1841	William Rees	...Walter Reynolds
1842	William Owen	...Mark Bevan
1843	Joseph Potter	...James Bevan, jun.
1844	John Phillips	...John Llewellyn

*Afterwards Sir William Philipps Laugharne Philipps, Bart.

THE HISTORY OF HAVERFORDWEST.

<i>Date.</i>	<i>Mayors.</i>	<i>Sheriffs.</i>
1845	Owen Edmond Davies	...John Llewellyn
1846	George Llewellyn Millard	William Phillips
1847	George Parry	Francis Lemon
1848	William Walters	...John Green
1849	James Owen	...George James
1850	William Cozens	Henry George Fownes
1851	William Owen	...Charles Prust
1852	Capt. Wm. Butler	...William Williams
1853	William Walters	...John Maddocks
1854	William Walters	...Harry Phelps Goode
1855	William Owen	...Richard Phillips (who died near the end of his office)
1856	William Owen	...James Saies
1857	William Rees	.. William John
1858	William Rees	...Charles Saies
1859	O. E. Davies	...John Phillips
1860	O. E. Davies	...David Lewis
1861	William Davies	...William Lewis
1862	William Davies	...Joseph Thomas
1863	H. Phelps Goode	...James Williams
1864	H. Phelps Goode	...Thomas Williams
1865	Joseph Marychurch	...Thomas John
1866	John Maddocks	...John Dawkins
1867	John Maddocks	...William Evans (saddler)
1868	John William Phillips	...Thomas Gwyther
1869	Summers Harford	...Henry Davies
1870	James D. Brown	...George Palmer
1871	James Phillips	...James Harries (draper)
1872	Joseph Thomas	...Thomas Rees
1873	Joseph Thomas	...Stephen Jenkins
1874	John James	...William Lewis Harding
1875	Edward Thomas	...William Blethyn
1876	John Green	...Philip Parsell Ellis

THE HISTORY OF HAVERFORDWEST.

<i>Date.</i>	<i>Mayors.</i>	<i>Sheriffs.</i>
1877	Samuel Thomas	...James Meyler Martin
1878	William Williams	...James Rees (grocer)
1879	James Phillips	...William John (grocer)
1880	Henry Davies	...James Rowlands
1881	Isaac Roberts	...Thomas Powis Evans
1882	W. P. Ormond	...George Griffiths
1883	William Farrow	...David Roberts
1884	Samuel Thomas	...Thomas Vaughan
1885	Thomas Baker	...Edmund Henry Ellis
1886	Stephen Green	...Richard Williams
1887	Thomas James	...David Price Saunders
1888	Thomas Rule Owen	...George John Bland
1889	Edward Eaton Evans	...William Reynolds
1890	Thomas J. White	...John Jones
1891	Thomas Baker, jun.	...John Roch Phillips
1892	John James	...William Thomas
1893	John James	...Thomas Lewis James
1894	Stephen Green	...James Thomas
1895	William Williams	...Levi Harries
1896	Thomas James	...William Davies
1897	Thomas James	...Thomas James (The Brewery) died 28th Jan- uary, 1897, and his son Harold Thomas James appointed
1898	Sir C. E. G. Philipps, Bart.	Arthur John Rose
1899	Sir C. E. G. Philipps, Bart.	Frederick Robert Green- ish
1900	Sir C. E. G. Philipps, Bart.	Thomas Russell

EDWARD VII.

1901	Thomas L. James	...John Andrew Bland
1902	Wm. H. George	...John Griffith Wm. Francis

THE HISTORY OF HAVERFORDWEST.

1903	Richard A. G. James died in his room, Thomas L. James	Charles Canavan Saies
1904	J. H. Bishop	...Thos. Maddocks Phillips
1905	W. J. Jones	...John Powis Reynolds
1906	H. J. E. Price	...Charles Codd
1907	James Reynolds	...Edward White
1908	T. H. Thomas	...Wm. H. Reynolds
1909	Isaiah Reynolds	...George Davies
1910	Hugh J. P. Thomas	...Lewis H. Thomas

GEORGE V.

1911	G. Herbert Llewellyn	...John Evans
1912	George Davies	...D. Ed. Thomas Owain Thomas
1913	H. J. Rogers	...Sidney J. Rees.
1914	W. J. Jones	...Francis D. Phillips

LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS.

Arnold, F. T.	...	Bridgend
Allen, C. F. Egerton	...	Tenby
Alderwick, Martin	...	Wolverhampton
Buften, T.	...	Haverfordwest
Brigstocke, Chas. A. Dr.	...	Haverfordwest
Bowen, W. M. Lt. Col.	...	Staines, Surrey Side
Birch, A. H.	...	Risca, Mon.
Birch, T. G.	...	Haverfordwest
Bradford, J. G. (Agent of the University Libraries)	...	London
Bevan, Willie	...	Haverfordwest
Brewer, G. P., J.P., C.C.	...	Narberth
Berkin, Miss Maria	...	Haverfordwest
Brigstocke, G. R.	...	Ferryside
Bowler, J. H.	...	Wiston
Bennett, Miss Lilian	...	Haverfordwest
Bulmer, Charles	...	Haverfordwest
Beynon, Howard	...	Port Talbot
Ballinger, Miss	...	Clareston, Haverfordwest
Campbell, Colin		Haverfordwest
Colborne, F. Newton		Bristol
Cook, Francis H.	...	Swansea
Cochrane, Dr. Robert, I.S.O., L.I.D.	...	Dublin
Clark, W. T.	...	Bristol
Davies, A. J. Devereux	...	Cardiff
Davies, T. Jenkin	...	Bridgend
Davies, Professor T. Witton B.A., P.L.D., D.D.	...	Bangor
Davies, Rev. R. W. F. Sing- ers, R.D.	...	Llandrindod Wells
Davies, Rev. John Phillips	...	Hollington, Sussex
Davies, W. T., C.C.	...	Haverfordwest
Davies, Thomas	...	Cardiff
Davies, Rev. Joel J.	...	Haverfordwest

THE HISTORY OF HAVERFORDWEST.

Davies, Austin G.	...	Haverfordwest
Davies, A. H.	...	Haverfordwest
Davies, William	...	Haverfordwest
Davies, J. Arthur	...	Haverfordwest
Davies, C. S.	...	Haverfordwest
Davies, George	...	Haverfordwest
Davies, James	...	Haverfordwest
Davies, Sir Wm. Rees	...	Hong Kong, China
Dawkins, S. W., J.P.	...	Haverfordwest
Dawkins, T. Randle, J.P.	...	Haverfordwest
Evans, Rev. J. T.	...	Stow-on-the-Wold
Evans, Levi	...	Fishguard
Evans, Delia Mrs.	...	Haverfordwest
Evans, Geo. Eyre	...	Aberystwyth
Elias, Alfred	...	Haverfordwest
Edmondes, Archdeacon F. W.		Bridgend
Evans, Wm. (Councillor)	...	Haverfordwest
Elias, Davy	...	Caerphilly
Evans, Alfred	...	Cardiff
Evans, George	...	Haverfordwest
Evans, W. Howard	...	London
Evans, Mrs. Pugh	...	Carmarthen
Evans, Alban	...	Swansea
Evans, Thomas	...	Haverfordwest
Evans, T. H.	...	Upper Haylett, H-wes ^t
Evans, Sir E. Vincent	...	London
Evans, William	...	Porth, Glam.
Evans, E. A.	...	Haverfordwest
Edwards, Blanche Oliver Miss		Haverfordwest
Edwards, Principal	...	Cardiff
Fawke, Jas. M.	...	Southport
Flooks, F. M.	...	Bristol
Farr, Harry	...	Cardiff
Fothergill, Miss Jennette	...	Bath

THE HISTORY OF HAVERFORDWEST.

Fyfe, Miss A. Dempster	...	Bawtry, Yorks.
Fetlow, Mr. Albert H.	...	Massachusetts
Greenish, Dr. F. R., Mus. Doc. (Oxon)	...	London
Griffiths, Henry	...	Letterston
Grieve, W. Nevison, J.P.	...	Pembroke Dock
Gulston, Alan Stepney	...	Llandeibie
Guest, Henry C. M. P.	...	London
Gibbon, Fred	...	Haverfordwest
George, John	...	Treffgarne, H-west
Green, F. P., J.P.	...	Haverfordwest
Gwynne, J. E. A., F. S. A., J.P.	...	Polegate, Sussex
Gaskell, J. B., J.P.	...	Milford Haven
Griffiths, J. P.	...	Caerphilly
Green, Francis	...	St. Davids
Griffiths, W. B.	...	Cardiff
Griffiths, Seth G.	...	Haverfordwest
Griffiths, Evan	...	Haverfordwest
Howells, Geo. O.	...	Cardiff
Hyde, W. N.	...	Haverfordwest
Hilbers, Geo. C., The Ven. Archdeacon	...	Haverfordwest
Hughes, W. Gwynne, Col.	...	Nantgaredig
Hammond, D.	...	Aberdare
Hook, Paul, Rev. Ph.D.	...	Holywell
Holt, R. T.	...	Haverfordwest
Hill, Geo. A.	...	Haverfordwest
Hughes, E. K.	...	Leicester
Holmes, H. S.	...	Cardmarthen
Harries, Henry	...	Ystrad Rhondda
Harries, Mrs. L. E.	...	Newport, Mon.
Howard, Lady	...	Llanelly
Hughes, John	...	Haverfordwest
Hughes, Edwin	...	Haverfordwest
Harries, Genl. Geo.	...	Louisville, U.S.A.

THE HISTORY OF HAVERFORDWEST.

Havard College Library	...	London
Higgon, Victor	...	Sealyham
Ham, A. E.	...	Bristol
Jones, E. D.	...	Fishguard
Johns, Sir J. Hills, Lt.-Gen. etc., G.C.B.	...	Llanwrda
John, R. E. H.	...	London
James, Cory, Rev.	...	Rhayader
James, Miss Alice	...	Cardigan
Jenkins, H. C. Blewitt	...	Neath
Jones, J. R.	...	Neath
Jordan, N. T. K. (M.B.)	...	Haverfordwest
James, W. D.	...	Kidwelly
James, C. G.	...	Haverfordwest
James, Harold T.	...	Haverfordwest
Jenkins, W. Rev.	...	Reynoldston, S.O., Glam.
James, E. Miss	...	Haverfordwest
James, B. Miss	...	Haverfordwest
Jones, D. Lloyd	...	Haverfordwest
Jones, Alfred G.	...	Cardiff
James, Lionel	...	Monmouth
James, George	...	Pontypridd
James, Walter R.	...	Narberth
Jones, W. J.	...	Haverfordwest
Jones, Brynmor D., Rt. Hon Sir (M.P.)	...	London
Jenkins, J. L.	...	Haverfordwest
Jones, J. Edmund, J.P., C.E.		Pont Neath, Vaughan Neath
James, Thos., J.P., D.L.	...	Stretford, Manchester
Jones, J. Edwards	...	Carmarthen
Jones, D. R.	...	Haverfordwest
John, Wm. J.P.	...	Haverfordwest
James, Geo. Douglas	...	Newport, Mon.
Jones, J. E. Pughe	...	Swansea

THE HISTORY OF HAVERFORDWEST.

James, Dep. Chief Const.	...	Haverfordwest
James, Rev. D. J.	...	St. Davids
Jenkins, John	...	Pontardulais
James, Gwendoline Miss	...	Haverfordwest
John, Joseph	...	Port Elizabeth, S. Africa
James, S.	...	Haverfordwest
Jones, T. John	...	Haverfordwest
Jenkins, W. D.	...	Cardift
Johns, Willie G.	...	Portsmouth
Kempe, J. R.	...	Tenby
Kirkland, W. H.	...	Huntingdon
Llewelin, G. Herbert (T.C.)...		Haverfordwest
Lowless, R. D.	...	Pembroke
Lloyd, Maurice H.	...	Llanwrda
Lloyd, Lucy E. Mrs.	...	Theakston
Laws, Edward, F.S.A.	...	Tenby
Lowe, M. Bezant, M.A.	...	Llanfairfechan
Lloyd, Professor, J. E.	...	Bangor
Lewis, T. Y.	...	Haverfordwest
Lloyd, Col.	...	Treffgarne
Lloyd, P. A., F.R.C.S.	...	Haverfordwest
Llewelin, W. C.	...	Haverfordwest
Llewelin & Livermore, Misses		Haverfordwest
Linton, H. P.	...	Cardiff
Lloyd, J. Grey, Canon, M.A., F.S.A.	...	Haverfordwest
Lloyd, Fred Freeman	...	New York
Leach, John, Esq., J.P.	...	Tenby
Llewelin, J. H.	...	Milford
Lloyd, Richard H., J.P.	...	Pentypare
Lewis, Arthur H.	...	Haverfordwest
Langford, F.	...	Haverfordwest
Llewelin, J.	...	Haverfordwest
Lewis, Fred W.	...	Haverfordwest

Mathias, A. G. O.	...	Pembroke
Merthyr, Lord	...	Aberdare
Meyrick, Col. F. C., C.B.	...	Pembroke
Morgan, M. E.	...	Haverfordwest
Morgan, Lt. Col.	...	Swansea
Mendus, Rev. W.	...	Haverfordwest
Morse, Mr.	...	Birmingham
Meyler, L. J.	...	Milford Haven
Morse, W. E.	...	Haverfordwest
Morris, W. E.	...	Haverfordwest
Morgan, J. O.	...	Haverfordwest
Martin, T. H.	...	Haverfordwest
Mendus, Leta	...	Haverfordwest
Maclean, Ewen J., Dr.	...	Cardiff
Maclean, Donald, M.P.		London
Nicholas, Canon	...	Flint
National Library of Wales	...	Aberystwyth
Noot, William	...	Haverfordwest
Owen, W.	...	Carnarvon
Owen, Cecil C.	...	Carnarvon
Owen, Wm. J.	...	Milford
Owen, Henry Dr.	...	Poyston
Owen, T. Rule, J.P., F.S.I.		Haverfordwest
Owen, H. Rule, J.P., F.S.I.	...	Haverfordwest
Philipps, F. Lort	...	Lawrenny
Phillips, Chas.	...	London
Prichard, R. M.	...	Stoke-on-Trent
Parry, R. Ivor	...	Pwllheli, N.W.
Page, Wm. Chas.	...	Haverfordwest
Prendergast, Gen. Sir Henry		
North Dalrymple, G.C.B.,		
V.C., R.E.	...	Richmond, Surrey
Phillips, G. P.	...	Haverfordwest
Phillips, C. Nash	...	Carmarthen
Phillips, F. D., M.P.S.	...	Haverfordwest

Parry, D. F.	...	Haverfordwest
Phillips, Rev. T. O.	...	Haverfordwest
Phillips, Kate, Miss	...	Haverfordwest
Price, Rhys H., Mrs.	...	Dowlais
Phillips, John, Rev.	...	Haverfordwest
Parry, Hughes J., Rev.	...	Haverfordwest
Phillips, H. E. E., J.P., D.L.		Pictou Castle
Phillips, Bart., Sir C. E. G.		Pictou Castle
Phillips, John O.	...	Cardiff
Perkins, Wm. Rev.	...	Hendon
Probert, M. D.	...	Newport, Mon.
Phillips, J. W.	...	Haverfordwest
Pearce, Edward	...	Haverfordwest
Peters, Rev. Wm. Alfred	...	Cardiff
Phillips, S. G.	...	Haverfordwest
Phillips, J. Llewellyn	...	Haverfordwest
Rees, J. F.	...	Milford Haven
Rees, Sidney J. (Hon. Sec.)	...	Haverfordwest
High Sheriff (1913)		
Reid, Mrs.	...	Boulston, Haverfordwest
Randall, H. L.	...	Bridgend
Raynes, A. H.	...	Haverfordwest
Rowland, T. A.	...	Cardigan
Rogers, William	...	Newport, Mon.
Rees, Harold S.	...	Haverfordwest
Rees, James, J.P.	...	Haverfordwest
Rutzen, Alan De	...	Hillside, Kent
Richardson, A.	...	Penzance
Rogers, H. J. (Mayor, 1913)		Haverfordwest
Rose, A. J.	...	Haverfordwest
Richards, A.	...	London
Saunders, C. P.	...	Treffgarne
Spurrell, Walter	...	Carmarthen
Saunders, Hugh A.	...	Haverfordwest
Samson, Louis, J.P.	...	Haverfordwest

Simpson, J. M.	...	Aberdare
Saunders, Wm., B.A., B.Sc., A.R.C.Sc.	...	Llandrindod Wells
Scott, F. A.	...	Haverfordwest
St. Davids, The Very Rev. the Dean of	...	St. Davids
Sinnett, Richard (T.C.)	...	Haverfordwest
Sinnett, Chas.	...	Pembroke Dock
Stooke, Rev. W. G.	...	Haverfordwest
Saunders, E. A.	...	Pembroke Dock
Scourfield, Sir O. H. P., Bart.	...	Williamston
Stephens and Brown	...	London
Summons, Wm. Victor	...	Pembroke Dock
Summons, John G.	...	Haverfordwest
Salmon, David (Principal)	...	Swansea
Thomas, Geo.	...	Cardiff
Tombs, J. S. O., M.A.	...	Durham
Tuckey, H. A.	...	Bristol
Tamlyn, H. M.	...	Swansea
Thomas, Owain T.	...	Haverfordwest
Treharne, Geo. G. L.	...	London
Thurnell, Harry Jas.	...	Royston
Tamlyn, R. J.	...	Haverfordwest
Thomas, Lilian, Miss	...	Haverfordwest
Thomas, M. Mathias	...	Tenby
Thomas, W. Meyler	...	Llantrissant
Thomas, Rev. D. G.	...	Huntingdon
Thomas, B. J. Perrott	...	Haverfordwest
Thomas, Mrs. E. M.	...	Haverfordwest
Thomas, W. Mortimer	...	Haverfordwest
Thomas, James Francis	...	N. S. W., Australia
Vaughan, H. M.	...	Cardigan
Vaughan, R. T. T.	...	Little Newcastle
Vaughan, Walter J.	...	Fishguard
Welsh Librarian	...	Lampeter

THE HISTORY OF HAVERFORDWEST.

Williams, M. E., Miss	...	Haverfordwest
Williams, Walter L.	...	Fishguard
Wilson, Keats	...	Haverfordwest
Williams, R. T. P., J.P.	...	Haverfordwest
Wheldon, P. J., J.P.	..	Carmarthen
Wheatley, Joseph Larke	...	Cardiff
Warren, Grace E., Miss	...	Haverfordwest
Wright, Arthur J.	...	Haverfordwest
Williams, H. A., J.P.	..	Letterston
White, Laura	...	Aberdare
Williams, Miss S. L.	...	Haverfordwest
White, Miss G. M. Esmonde		Llanwrtyd Wells
Weller, Geo. T.	...	Haverfordwest
Williams, P. W. Hood	...	Llanelly
Watts, Thomas	...	Haverfordwest
Whicher, J., J.P.	...	Milford Haven
Wheatley, Robt. A., M.A.	...	Haverfordwest
Williams, J. Lloyd, Rev.	...	Wiston
Walters, Henry, Rev.	...	Treffgarne
White, W. L.	...	London
Wallace, W. M.	...	Cardiff
Yorke, J. C., J.P.	...	Dwrbach, s.o.



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